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WASHINGTON.

Naval Expenses for Equipment and Recruiting.

Special Pension Legislation to be Checked.

The Postage on Letters to be Reduced to Two Cents.

WASHINGTON, April 24.—The secretary of the navy has sent to Congress, in response to a resolution of the House adopted last January, reports from the bureaus of equipment and recruiting and steam engineering as to the money expended under those bureaus on ships in the service between July 1, 1865, and October 1, 1881. As soon as reports from other bureaus on this subject are received they will be sent to Congress. The report of the bureau of steam engineering is one of the most valuable records of the condition of the United States navy ever issued. It gives a list of 91 vessels, their rate, date of construction, material of hull, propulsion, tonnage, displacement, present station, condition of hull; the type of engine, when built, condition, number of cylinders, diameter and stroke; type and number of boilers, when built, their condition and the speed, per cent. of boiler power, indicated horse power and coal per horse power as compiled from the latest steam logs recording greatest power trials. The report shows that of the hulls of vessels existing January 1, 1882, 14 were not worth repairing, 7 were not worth finishing, 25 could be repaired but at considerable cost, 29 were in active service, 4 in good order, 5 rebuilding and 2 fitting for sea. Of steam engines for these 91 ships, 24 were in good order, 24 in fair order, 2 condemned and removed, 2 stored in navy yards, 14 require repairs, 4 can be repaired, 5 very much worn, 4 not yet begun, others are refitting for service, repairing and used for other purposes. Of the steam boilers, 17 are in good order, 19 in fair order, and the others are either worthless, much worn, repairing or used for other purposes. Several pages are devoted to a statement of the expenditures on eighty-nine naval vessels by the bureau of steam engineering, giving the names of the vessels, rate, cost of original machinery and the amounts expended since built, by fiscal years, from 1862-63 to 1880-81. The total amount expended by this one bureau on these vessels within the period above specified was $12,478,435 43. This money was used, it must be remembered, only on machinery, boilers and mechanical stores and outfits for the engineering department of the vessels. It is impossible to give the original cost of the machinery upon which this enormous outlay has been made, as much of it was built under the bureau of construction and repair. A few rich examples, however, are selected. The original machinery in the Pensacola, built between 1863 and '66, cost $468,783 02. There has been expended on her machinery since she was built, $357,507 62. The original cost of the machinery in the Nipsic was $93,443 48. Since then there has been expended in repairs, $314,810 98. The original cost of the machinery in the old Mantonoman was $240,522 31. There has since been expended on the machinery of this iron clad, $498,534 94, but this amount includes money appropriated for the new monitor of that name. The original machinery in the Cautic cost $68,500, and there has since been expended upon it $145,898. The first cost of the machinery in the Franklin was $444,583 25, and there has since been expended upon it $225,007 62.

Special Pension Legislation to be Checked.

WASHINGTON, April 24.—An important report has been made by Senator Mitchell, from the committee on pensions, on a bill granting arrears of pension to Mrs. Annie A. Hayes, widow of the late Brigadier-General Alexander Hayes of Pittsburg. The House passed a bill granting Mrs. Hayes arrears at the rate of $20 per month from May 5, 1864, to July 14, 1870, making in all about $1500. Prior to July 14, 1870, Mrs. Hayes received a pension of $30 per month. After that date her pension was increased to $50 per month. The lady is a complete invalid, and her oldest son is blind, making the circumstance of her application for arrears peculiarly touching. Mr. Mitchell was instructed by the committee to make an adverse report upon the bill. In a letter from the commissioner of pensions accompanying the report, it is set forth that the whole number of pensions given to survivors of general officers killed in action, or who died from wounds while in the service, is sixty-six. Special acts have since been passed for increase of pensions in twenty-one of these cases. Mrs. Hayes' pension was among the number so increased by special act. Between July 1, 1880, and February 15, 1882, ninety-five special acts were passed, increasing pensions in individual cases to $50 per month. The committee finds that to adopt the policy of evening up the deficiency of rates under former laws to the plan of those since established would lead to an almost endless complication of claims and involve an enormous outlay of money. The widows of deceased general officers, who were ranked above lieutenant-colonel, now receive $30 per month, while the pension to a wounded private soldier who has not lost a leg above the knee or an arm above the elbow is $8 per month. In case of the disability last indicated the pension is $24 per month, and it is earnestly proposed to increase the rate to $40. The expenditures for pensions have been made with such prodigality in the past few years that the Senate pensions committee has decided to set its face against further special legislation of the character applied for in Mrs. Hayes' bill.

The Reduction of Postage on Letters from Three to Two Cents.

WASHINGTON, April 24.—It is highly probable that a bill will be reported from the House committee on post offices and post roads within a short time to reduce the rate of postage on letters from three to two cents. The committee held a meeting this morning and discussed the subject for nearly two hours. The preponderance of opinion seemed largely in favor of the reduction. There are half a dozen bills before the committee for the reduction of letter postage, but the committee will draft a new bill and offer it as a substitute for the others. The Post Office Department is now self-sustaining, thanks to the honest and efficient management of ex-Postmaster-General James. There is already a surplus of over $600,000 to the credit of the department for the present fiscal year. Since 1863, when the three-cent rate of postage went into effect, there has been a reduction in the rates of postage on second, third and fourth class matter. The rate on letters, which are first-class matter, has alone been maintained. The government loses money in carrying matter of the three lower grades, and all its profits are made on letter postage and postal cards. The members of the committee on post offices and post roads are of the opinion that in a short time the department by honest management could be made self-sustaining, even if the rate on letters should be reduced to two cents. Mr. Bingham, chairman of the committee, favors the reduction.

Substitute Bill on the Claims Incident to the Death of President Garfield.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 24.—The committee appointed to audit the claims incident to the sickness and death of President Garfield made its report to the House this morning through its chairman, Judge Taylor. The substance of the report has been foreshadowed in these despatches, and the amounts fixed are the only new matters of interest. The report recommends a total appropriation of $98,294 98, of which the doctors and nurses shall receive as follows: Dr. Bliss, $25,000; Drs. Agnew and Hamilton, $15,000 each; Drs. Reyburn, Boynton and Edson, $10,000 each, and Crump, $3000. The other White House employes, some thirty in number, are given a month's extra pay each. It is recommended that Woodward be made a surgeon with the rank and pay of a lieutenant-colonel, the rank he now holds by brevet, and that Surgeon-General Barnes, when retired, be retired with the rank and pay of a major-general. Messrs. Blackburn, Springer and Lefevre submit a minority report in which they assert that many claims have been audited and allowed without sufficient proof, and recommend that the majority report be recommitted and additional proof on claims be demanded. Judge Taylor is not satisfied with the majority report, but, as the committee decided upon it, he acquiesces.

The True Inwardness of the Indian Trouble in Arizona.

WASHINGTON, April 24.—About a year ago extensive deposits of coal were discovered in the San Carlos or White Mountain Indian reservation in Arizona. The Indians became alarmed as miners and prospectors poured into their country, and it was with some difficulty that the reservation was cleared of intruders. Various attempts were made by outside parties to secure control of these coal deposits, and at last the agent secured of the Indians the execution of a lease which places in the hands of one man for fifty years for a cash royalty all coal or other mineral lands in the reservation. The Interior Department promptly disapproved the lease. It was proposed next to remove the Indians, but they objected. Within ten years their reservation has been reduced in size five times. Its present area embraces about 2,500,000 acres, but only about 16,000 acres are capable of being tilled. There are on the reservation 4578 Apaches, including Chiricahuas, who are now on the war path. It is not difficult to infer from the account given by the department that the outbreak which has already lost several lives, was indirectly the result of efforts made to get possession of the coal and drive the Indians to some other place. It was proposed to remove them to the Indian Territory. The head men of the tribe answered that the women and children and old men might be removed by force, but that the young and middle-aged bucks would never go. The commissioner of Indian affairs suggests the enactment of a law authorizing the secretary of the interior to lease the coal lands to the highest bidder and to pay the receipts into the treasury, to offset the amount ($30,000 per annum), expended in the care and support of these Indians.

Bankruptcy Legislation.

A judiciary sub-committee in the House is considering the general question of bankruptcy, and has adopted the outlines of a new bill which is based upon the different features of the several bills which have been referred to it. The House sub-committee consists of Humphreys of Wisconsin, McCord of Iowa and Manning of Mississippi. The work of the sub-committee is well advanced, and portions of the bill are now being reduced to form. The House bill will in general be the Lowell bill, with some modifications, incorporating to a much greater extent the exemptions which are now allowed in the different States under the insolvency laws. The sub-committee will undoubtedly make a unanimous report, and they are confident that the general committee will adopt their report. It is the purpose to have the bankruptcy bill reported from the House committee as early as practicable, in order that when the equity bill shall be reached on the Senate calendar the opponents of that plan in the Senate may move to substitute for it the measure upon which the House judiciary committee shall have agreed.

Those Terrible Rebel War Claims.

In the House Saturday, during the consideration of the bill providing for the judicial ascertainment of private claims, Mr. Springer of Illinois ridiculed the statement recently made by Mr. Camp of New York to the effect that there were rebel war claims to the amount of millions ready to be dumped into Congress if the Democrats should gain control, and declared if there was any party waiting the advent of the Democratic party into power with the expectation that any rebel claim would be paid, that party would wait in vain. In conclusion, he advocated the adoption of a constitutional amendment on the subject of the ascertainment of private claims as the only means by which Congress could escape from that enormous evil.

The Imprisoned American Suspects.

Mr. Robinson of New York arose to a question of privilege in the House Saturday, and asked the speaker how long before the foreign affairs committee would report concerning the imprisonment of American suspects in English jails, and how long such citizens must be held in jail by an impudent and insolent government. Speaker Keifer replied that he could hardly call this a question of privilege. Mr. Cox of New York said: "God help this country if this is the way that committee fulfills its duty to the House and to this country." Mr. Robinson said he thought the British government had treated the House with contempt, and gave notice that on Monday he would offer another resolution of inquiry.

An Appropriation of $75,000,000 Asked for Mississippi River Improvements.

WASHINGTON, April 24.—Mr. Ford of Nevada introduced in the House today, by request, a bill establishing a board of Mississippi levee commissioners, and appropriating for the levees and improvements $75,000,000 — $25,000,000 to be spent above Cairo, on the Mississippi, Missouri and Ohio rivers, the balance on the first named below Cairo; the money to be issued in greenbacks from the treasury for this special purpose.

Naval Review at Hampton Roads.

A naval review will be held at Hampton Roads during the first three days of May. President Arthur will attend with Admiral Porter on the torpedo steamer Alarm. The secretary of the navy will take a party of invited guests on the Tallapoosa, and the heads of bureaus of the Navy Department will go on the Speedwell.

The Fitz-John Porter Case.

It is stated by a gentleman whose relations in administration circles entitle his utterances to full credit, that it has been definitely determined by the President to extend full pardon to General Fitz John Porter.

The Guiteau Case to Come Up May 8.

The Guiteau case came up today in the Supreme Court in banc, before Judges Wylie, Cox and James. Mr. Scoville formally withdrew, leaving the charge of the case to Mr. Charles Reed, and Monday, May 8, is set down for the argument on the bill of exceptions.

Reciprocity Treaty with Canada.

Mr. Cox of New York offered resolutions in the House today to sanction the calling of a peace congress by the President, extending the call to Canada, and extending the powers to the congress to create a reciprocity treaty between the countries.

Washington Notes.

Secretary Chandler has resolved to do away with the custom of having a salute of seventeen guns fired in his honor whenever he visits the navy yard.

The bill amending the agricultural act so as to allow the States which have established agricultural colleges to invest bounty money due them in real estate mortgages passed the Senate today.

The Robinson resolution, that the committee on foreign affairs be censured for delay in reporting on the resolution relating to Irish affairs, was brought up in the House today by the mover. The consideration was postponed till tomorrow.

The bill reported to the Senate Friday "to aid in the establishment and temporary support of common schools" provides for the appropriation of $95,000,000, $15,000,000 the first year, $14,000,000 the second year, $13,000,000 the third year and thereafter a sum diminished $1,000,000 yearly from the sum last appropriated until ten annual appropriations shall have been made, when all appropriations under this act shall cease, which several sums shall be expended to secure the benefits of common school education to all the children living in the United States.

The board of control of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee has appointed the following "finance committee": Hon. H. G. Davis of West Virginia (chairman); W. W. Corcoran of Washington, D. C., August Belmont of New York, Augustus Schell of New York, C. W. Brice of Ohio, George T. Margee of California, William J. E. McDonald of Indiana, Hon. M. N. Nolan of New York, H. E Packer of Pennsylvania, William R. Travers, of New York, General W. B. Franklin of Connecticut, J. L. D. Morrison of Missouri, L. G. Garretson of New York, Hon. Alexander Mitchell of Wisconsin, Hon. Lewis Beach of New York, A. J. Vanderpool of New York, Abram S. Hewitt of New York, J. W. Singleton of Mississippi and J. S. Barbour of Virginia. Representative Philip B. Thompson of Kentucky has been added to the board of control, and selected as its secretary.

A DISASTROUS FIRE.

Nearly a Half Million Dollars' Worth of the Business Section of Lake City, Minn., Swept Away.

LAKE CITY, Minn., April 24.—Probably the most disastrous fire which ever visited the State swept through Lake City Saturday. Beginning on a frame house on the point, and aided by a fierce gale, the flames destroyed five solid squares of business buildings, leaving only three rows of buildings standing in the business portion of the town. The loss is put at $400,000; insurance, $100,000. Among the burned out are Commercial Hotel, American Express Company, post office, Masonic Hall and the hall of the Sons of Hermann. The postmaster saved every letter and paper, and began business in a new place later in the day. The above losses are total. Excepting the insurance buildings, all are razed to the ground. Although many of the burned buildings were occupied by families not a life was lost, and there were no serious accidents.

The Signification of the Aurora.

MONTREAL, April 23.—In answer to letters from all parts of the United States asking for the signification of the recent aurora, Professor Vennor, the Canadian weather prophet, says: The approaching summer will be cold and wet over a very considerable portion of the continent, south and west. He would not be surprised should each month for the remainder of the year bring frosts. In past years brilliant aurora at this time in April at Toronto, New York and more southern points have almost invariably been succeeded by cold and wet summers.

White Slavery in Connecticut.

[New Haven Union.]

A Norwich man who recently visited one of the great cotton mills in the neighborhood of the city found an entire family at work with the exception of a nursing babe that lay asleep on a hard bench. The parents are obliged to bring the infant with tham into the mill each day, and it does not go out again until the stars are shining at night. That's the kind of child training that is telling all around in Norwich life. Yet the talk of "white slavery" in New England is, of course, all Democratic buncombe. Let's have another million to buy watermelons for Southern freedmen.

IF YOUR lungs are almost wasted by consumption Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will not cure you, yet as a remedy for severe coughs, and all curable bronchial, throat, and lung affections, it is unsurpassed. Send two stamps for Dr. Pierce's large pamphlet treatise on Consumption and Kindred Affections. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

FATED PERU.

How Things Worked Together for Her Harm.

The United States Government Her Only Hope.

Death of Peru's Self-Immolated Martyr, Commander Moore.

CALLAO, Peru, April 15.—On the 17th of January, 1881, the Chilian forces under General Baquadano assaulted, and, after a feeble resistance, captured the fortified positions around Lima, thus giving a final blow to the protracted struggle for military and naval supremacy which, for two years previous, had occupied the time and wasted the lives and treasure of the unfortunate inhabitants of both countries. To the commercial world the issue was of interest from the fact that foreign capital figured in a dominant ratio in all enterprises for the development of the manifold resources of both countries, and from the additional fact that the sway of the west coast of South America must forever remain in the hands of the victor. The people of all the Spanish-American republics are naturally "creatures of impulse," and none more so than the people of Peru. From the days of Pizzarro, the Spanish semi-bandit of truth, but the hero of Peruvian history, down to the present day, the record of national progress has been a poor showing for a people so happily placed in the matter of climate and productiveness of soil. The national Spanish characteristic—indolence—assisted by a most profound depth of superstitious church reverence, has culminated in the utter prostration of the general people in a mental sense, and has left them a prey to any designing charlatan who might come to the front with personal ends to serve. Any mark of progress apparent today in Peru is the work of the foreign element, and any ability possessed by her leading men is the result of foreign teachings. How poor, then, was her chance to cope with a rival like Chili is at once apparent. The great difference in latitude between the countries is as great as that which divides us from the Central American States, and the characteristics of the people equally so. The Chilians are a progressive people in themselves, added to which is the fact of a more general absorption of the foreign element, and a natural benefit to them is the result. Her army and navy is officered by able men of

European or American Extraction,

who bring to their several duties the natural native shrewdness of their respective countries, and who can never allow themselves or their services to be overcome by a more degenerate race.

Such, then, was the status of the two peoples at the beginning of the contest, and the end was the only natural result—the "survival of the fittest." The nitrate interests in the province of Tarapaca, in southern Peru, which formed the bone of contention, were monopolized by foreign capital for foreign consumption; so also was the guano interest. The necessary public carriage of these natural products resulted in as much pecuniary benefit to one as to the other contestant, and the Bolivian interest was really but a side issue, upon which were fastened the diplomatic fangs of rival foreign powers, each for its own personal advantage, leaving the fact patent that, all unfitted as she was, Peru was forced into a championship of the Bolivian quarrel, not from any motive of serving her self-interest as a nation, but as the combined work of a set of renegade adventurers, of whom the recreant President Prado was high priest and Nicolas de Pierola the factotum. It was measurably patent to the observer that, as the troubles of Peru multiplied, some more potent hand than that of average chance was at work for her undoing, and the people who were mainly responsible for her defeat upon the field then are those who have figured in the proposed national loan scheme now so malodorous—men who, enjoying a little brief authority, prostituted the trust for personal ends, and no more represented Peruvian interests than could an equal number of the natives of Kamschatka. It is true that the depleted state of the Peruvian treasury rendered urgent action necessary to recompense the victor for his losses; but all requisite funds could have been obtained through legitimate channels, and however in truth any attempt at personal negotiations might be disinterested, the nature of the case should have prohibited any such advances as were made by men of our country, and which have been checked in time to

Save Us from Humiliation

and perhaps something worse. Though the people of Peru are in the centre of the most abject poverty, though they are as thoroughly crushed as their worst enemy could wish, yet a latent pride, born of a tinge of the paternal chivalric spirit of the days of the original conquest, causes wonder, sorrow and anger at the apparently treacherous action of their only reliance, the United States government. Until I shall have heard the finale of the ubiquitous and uniquely original Shipherd, I cannot tell of the true inwardness of the affair from a Peruvian standpoint, but the people here are so used to the mote and beam policy of congressional action in America that they would not be surprised to learn by the next mail that Blaine, Shipherd & Co. were grossly abused and stainless men, who were duped into crooked action by the crafty and worldly-wise statesmen of Peru. Whatever the ending of this disgraceful business may be, however the reeking vase may be shattered, the repugnant scent of a "job" will cling to it, and result in a greater estrangement of the peoples of both countries, a consummation more hurtful to our commercial interests than would appear at first sight. The 10,000,000 of paper currency captured by Admiral Lynch, and forced upon the people by his troops, is now such a dead weight among them that, though no other medium of exchange can be had, they fear to deal in this irresponsible paper, and consequently such business interests as are pertinent to local welfare are cramped, and recent importations of breadstuffs and general supplies lie a dead weight upon the shippers' hands, and become a burden through the onerous ad valorum tax levied by Chilian authority. In this their day of real distress and misery, the general people look towards the American ministerial residence as a source of hope; and, though commercial interests of other nations are greater here than the American, yet it is

To the United States Government

that all intelligent Peruvians look for a solution of their difficulties. Trade is paralyzed, commerce nil, crops not sufficient for home use, and money absolutely unattainable upon home security; hence the hope that decided intervention may come to lift them out of this slough, and direct the minds of the people to the work of rehabilitating and restoring the clogged governmental machinery. No man can tell what form today's laws may assume tomorrow. A recent trip up the road to Cerro de Pasco shows a state of anarchy in the interior and the existence of a species of banditti, who are the remnants of Pierola's adherents, degenerated from brave defenders of the country's sovereignty to commonplace foot-pads, who levy on and rob the industrious indiscriminately, and whose influence does more to check advancement than all the Chilian pronunciamentos ever penned or printed. No effort is made by the Chilian occupants to check this evil, and no power exists in the people themselves; thus until a proper foreign policy of intervention is made manifest there they can only do their best and "bear the ills they have."

At a recent social gathering of a number of the best people, a story became current which outdoes romance, and which is made all the more interesting on account of its peculiarly sad sequel. It will be remembered by your readers that during the naval engagement in the Bay of Arica, the Peruvian frigate Independencia was grounded, and after a vain struggle, was abandoned, and left to the Chilians. The lamented Moore was her commander; and as her loss was the straw which broke Peruvian supremacy at sea, he became a scapegoat for all who whined at her reverses, and being a sensitive man, he suffered much thereby. He became thoroughly imbued with the belief that he alone would be held responsible for all the reverses of the nation.

Over This Matter Moore Brooded

until it wore upon his brain, and in the final attack at Tacna and Arica he threw himself needlessly away and became a self-immolated martyr. It now transpires that Pierola's son was a sublieutenant at the time, and, from his personal prestige, had the "deck," and, contrary to instruction, ported the helm and grounded the ship before Commander Moore could intervene to stop the ship's headway. If this be so, then history has no case wherein the proverbial ingratitude of republics has been so manifest as in this. Moore died as a martyr simply because popular opinion condemned him. He was not of sufficient mental calibre to offset general belief, and he died as a man and a sailor for the flag he had sworn to defend. It is somewhat remarkable that the night previous to the engagement Moore had, in speaking of Pierola, used Crabbe's memorable lines, as follows:

Proud little man, Ambition's slave,
Error's fond child, too selfish to be free.
Say, from the cradle to the grave,
Is not the earth thou treadst
Too small for thee?
This globe that turns thee on her agile wheel
Moves with deep springs which thou canst never feel;
Her day and night, her centre and her sun,
Untraced by thee, their annual courses run.
A busy fly, thou shar'st the march divine,
And flattering fancy calls the motion thine.
Unknown, how soon some hanging ball may burst,
And join thy flimsy substance in the dust.

The South Carolina Election Frauds.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn., April 23.—A Charleston special says the board of county canvassers of Sumter county pleaded guilty to the charge of refusing to count the votes of three precincts in that county. The other counts were not pressed. General Morse, their counsel, explained their conduct, and Judge Bond said that all the government wanted was a vindication of the law and that he would not sentence them to any punishment. They were accordingly discharged.

HURLBUT'S DEATH.

A Suspicion Entertained That the Minister was Poisoned.

LIMA, PERU, March 29.—Hurlbut's death was very sudden and exciting. He had been in the best of health and visiting friends, saying farewell prior to his departure for the United States on April 6. On the morning of the 27th, while playing with his grandchildren, he was suddenly seized with pains in the region of the heart and fell to the floor. His agonizing cries brought all in the house to him. He was unconscious for a long time. The doctors came, and he was raised from the floor. He opened his eyes and exclaimed, "God bless you all. I am dying. Oh, my heart," and expired within twenty minutes from the first attack. Most exciting rumors soon spread, among which was the statement that Mr. Hurlbut had been poisoned by opponents to Blaine's Peruvian policy. An autopsy was performed in the presence of ten surgeons of different nationalities. The majority of the surgeons decided that Mr. Hurlbut died of aneurism of the heart. Two of the surgeons objected, and demanded an examination of the contents of the stomach for traces of poison. The request was granted, and the stomach was removed and given for analysis to Dr. Raimond. The result of his analysis is not known, as he sealed the stomach up in a jar, and today sent it for further analysis to the United States, with the approval of Drs. Schofield and Baldwin.

A GANG OF MASKED BURGLARS

Make an Unsuccessful Raid Upon a Bank in Somers, N. Y.

CROTON FALLS, N, Y., April 24.—A gang of masked burglars made an unsuccessful raid Wednesday morning upon the Farmers and Drovers' National Bank at Somers. The bank is located in the corner room of the Elephant Hotel building. The president, William Bailey, owns the property, and resides across the street, some twenty rods away. The cashier, A. B. Thacker, lives on the main street, about the same distance from the building. The hotel property is rented and occupied by Mr. George T. Chapman, veterinary surgeon, who has as his assistance at this time four men, who board with him and sleep in the building. Mr. Chapman was away, and his wife and sister occupied the sleeping room on the second floor and immediately over the bank. About 1 Thursday morning the ladies were awakened by the crashing open of the door of their apartment, and found themselves confronted by a man, who quietly told them to be quiet, and who proceeded to blindfold and tie them. He then led them to another room and secured them by the use of ropes. The doors of the other sleeping-rooms were simultaneously broken in and the startled occupants quickly secured with handcuffs and cords. Shortly afterward an explosion occurred below, and then all was still. About 4 o'clock Mr. Gulick, one of the horsemen, managed to release himself and give the alarm, when, upon investigation, it was found the outer doors of the safe had been drilled and blown open, but the inner compartment, being guarded by a time lock, recently put on, escaped. The thieves consoled themselves with stealing a horse, wagon and harness from Stephen Brown, a farmer living near, and escaped, leaving behind a sledge, a drill, two packages of explosives and an empty powder flask.

"BY MAN SHALL HIS BLOOD BE SHED."

Charges Made Against George Q. Cannon by a Former Mormon.

NEW YORK, April 24.—It is reported that a statement has been sworn to by one Adolph Razin, formerly a Mormon residing in Utah. Razin swears that George Q. Cannon, recently the delegate in Congress from Utah, some time in March, 1855, urged him (Razin) to murder Alman W. Babbitt, then secretary of the interior of Utah. Cannon told him that, according to the doctrine of blood atonement practised by the church, Babbitt must be killed for offences against the church, and that he (Razin), as Babbitt's best friend and a "Levite" in the church, must shed his blood. Babbitt at the time contemplated a journey to Washington, and Cannon urged Razin to accompany him for the purpose of finding an opportunity to murder him. Razin indignantly refused to commit the murder, but Babbitt was, in the autumn of 1856, assassinated, as he (Razin) believes, at the instigation of Cannon, and in accordance with the Mormon doctrine of blood atonement. The Tribune publishes several affidavits to show that Razin is a man of veracity and good repute.

THE PROVIDENCE TOOL COMPANY.

Statement of the Firm's Liabilities Presented to the Creditors.

PROVIDENCE, April 24.—The creditors of the Providence Tool Company held a meeting Saturday afternoon, at which a statement was presented showing liabilities of $1,000,594 30, including $853,633 78 in notes payable; assets are placed at $2,690,444, including real estate, $513,002; machinery, $1,329,422, and $91,403 in company's stock. The latter is worthless now. A committee was appointed to examine the statement and report in print to the creditors. A committee was also authorized to use cash assets in finishing stock now in process and make it marketable. The committee consists of H. R. Nightingale, Robert Knight, H. H. Thomas, Albert E. Tenney and E. H. Robinson. The meeting adjourned subject to the call of the committee. The amount of indebtedness is larger than had been anticipated. The Providence banks hold about $250,000.

FATAL BOILER EXPLOSION.

A Paper Mill at Claremont, N. H., Wrecked and One Man Killed.

CLAREMONT, N. H., April 21.—This morning at 12.10 the rotary boiler of the Sugar River Paper Mill exploded, badly wrecking the mill and fatally injuring Warren E. Whitney, machine tender. Mr. Whitney was found in the rubbish, and died in half an hour after the accident. The boiler was buried fully 300 feet into Sugar river. It is impossible at present to estimate the loss, but it must be over $20,000. This was one of the best paper mills in New Hampshire. Mr. Whitney leaves a wife and was about to rejoin her near Boston. No others were injured.

Desperadoes Attempt to Rob an Express Car.

ST. LOUIS, April 21.—A passenger train from the West reported at Kansas City that the East bound passenger train on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe road was ditched last Sunday night, near Rincon, New Mexico, and that five heavily armed men attempted to rob the express, but got in the baggage instead of the express car. Before they could get into the right car the train men and passengers appeared in such numbers that the robbers fled. The engine, baggage and express cars were thrown from the track. The fireman was killed and the engineer and Wells, Fargo & Co.'s messenger badly wounded.

A Leap from the Brooklyn Bridge.

NEW YORK, April 24.—A few days since Robert Donaldson of Tain, Scotland, was heard to say that he would bet any sum, from $250 to $1000, that he could jump from the Brooklyn bridge into the East river and alight safely. Thursday an agreement was made in the Police Gazette office, under which Donaldson is to attempt the feat on May 14, Daniel Foster wagering $250 that Donaldson cannot make the jump, and Richard K. Fox wagering the same amount that he will accomplish it. Donaldson has jumped from the parapet over the central arch of High bridge, which is 116 feet above high water. The height of the Brooklyn bridge above high water, midway between the towers, is 135 feet.

A Bloody Battle with a Tramp.

MAYSVILLE, Mo., April 24.—An unknown tramp, who imagined himself one of the James boys, has been prowling about here some weeks, living in the woods, and stopping people on the highway. Charles Alkire of the constable's posse tried to arrest him and was shot dead by the tramp. The sheriff and posse then besieged the murderer in a pile of wood, and after a battle lasting nearly all day, in which the tramp was wounded seven times, he was finally killed.

A Triple Tragedy in Pennsylvania.

EMPORIUM, Penn., April 24.—In a drunken frenzy, Preston Gowers, a house painter of this place, went to the house of Clarence Linsley, his brother-in-law, and deliberately shot and killed him. Gowers then returned to his own house, locked the doors, and cut his wife's throat, nearly severing her head from the body, and then shot himself. Gowers has been considered a peaceable citizen.

A Young Girl Charged With Robbery Dies of Shame and Mortification.

NEW YORK, April 24.—Jennie O'Brien, aged 18 years, when arraigned in the Jefferson Market Police Court on a charge of having robbed a guest's room in the Sturtevant House of $3000, while employed there as chambermaid, fell dead from shame and mortification, after denying the charge.

FROM THE OLD WORLD.

French Electors Neglecting Suffrage Privileges.

Parisian Society and a Poor Circus Rider's Death.

Death of C. R. Darwin, the Eminent Naturalist.

PARIS, April 24.—For want of a more exciting political topic, the papers this week have been discussing Sunday's municipal election. All thoughtful minds have been disagreeably impressed by the growing deficiency of electors in neglecting to make use of the right of voting. Abstentions at last Sunday's elections were greater than ever before. At Toulouse not a single vote was recorded. At Lyons, Marseilles and Rouen, barely one-tenth part of the electors registered went to the polls. Siecle, discussing the matter yesterday, remarked, "that whenever the opinion of the country is virtually unanimous, and the form of government is in no danger of being compromised by the result of the vote, considerable detente may be observed in the public mind, and we willingly put away our weapons, that is, our voting papers. It would be well if the French electors could be brought to understand that the right cannot be exercised intermittently with impunity."

Municipal councils and councillors have troubled Paris this week far less than the death of its spoiled child and idol, poor Emilie Loisset, the circus rider, who was killed in the full flush of youth, beauty and inimitable grace at the Cirque Dete the other day by falling from her horse during a rehearsal. She was a sister of another famous circus rider, Clotilde, now Princess Von Reuss. Like her, she might have been a princess had she lived. Her funeral was attended by thousands of sincere admirers. Prince Reuss walked at the head of the mourners, and among the senders of the 200 wreaths and bouquets, which concealed the hideousness of the hearse, were members of the noblest families in France.

Death of Charles Robert Darwin, the Eminent Naturalist.

LONDON, April 20.—Charles Robert Darwin, the well-known scientist, died today. He was born in Shrewsbury, England, February 12, 1809, was a son of Dr. R. W. Darwin, and grandson of Dr. Erasmus Darwin, the physiologist and poet. Receiving his early education in Shrewsbury grammar school, in 1825 he went to the University of Edinburgh, where he studied for two years; he then entered Christ's College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1831. The same year he volunteered to accompany Captain Fitzroy as naturalist in his exploring expedition around the world in the ship Beage, which sailed from England Dece ber 27, 1831, and returned October 2, 1836. The South American coast, the Pacific islands, Australia, New Zealand were visited and extensively examined, and before his return Mr. Darwin was elected a fellow of the Royal Society. In the narrative of the voyage published in 1839, in three volumes, the last was contributed by Mr. Darwin "On the Discoveries in Natural History and Geology." In 1842 he published "The Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs"; in 1844, "Geological Observations on Volcanic Islands"; in 1846, "Geological Observations": in 1851 and 1853 two volumes entitled "Monograph of the Family Cirripedia," and soon after two other volumes on the fossil species of the same class. In 1853 the Royal Society awarded the royal medal to him, and he received the Wallaston medal from the Geographical Society in 1859. His "Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection," a work which has passed through several English editions, been translated into several languages, including French, German, Dutch, Italian and Russian, and has been the subject of more reviews, pamphlets and separate books than any other volume of the age, appeared in 1859. Mr. Darwin's views have been adopted by some of the most scientific men of the times, while by others they have been denounced as unfounded and absurd. In 1862 appeared his "Fertilization of Orchids," in 1868, "Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication," and in 1871, "The Descent of Man and Selection in Relation to Sex." In this book the author inferred that "man is descended from a hairy quadruped, furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in its habits." His ideas were popularly incorporated under the name of "Dawinism," and have been since the subject of general debate. His contributions to the scientific thought of the age have been, perhaps, greater than those of any other man, and he will be greatly missed in the circle of those engaged in research after the facts and principles of nature.

Funeral of the Duke of Bailen.

MADRID, April 22.—There was a magnificent display at the funeral of the Duke of Bailen, the last male descendant of the famous victor over the French in the war of independence. Five thousand carriages of the nobility, ministers, diplomatists and the official world followed the hearse. The royal carriages were also in the line with an escort of halberdiers. The late duke was a grandee of the first class. The heiress to the titles and princely fortune of the deceased is a girl of 19 years, a niece of the duke.

The Imprisoned American Suspects.

LONDON, April 24.—The Standard confidently asserts that there is no foundation in international law for suggesting that the British government has exceeded its rights in regard to the imprisonment of American suspects, or that the United States has a shadow of ground for addressing either complaint or remonstrance in regard to their imprisonment to the ministers of the crown.

A Boston Man Secures Second Prize in a Literary Competition in Paris.

PARIS, April 23.—The prizes offered by the late Isaac Periere, for essays on social questions, have been awarded. The second prize, which was given for an essay on education, was awarded to a competitor in Boston, Mass., who, however, omitted to forward his address. There is only one other case in which a prize was secured by a foreigner. The judges were MM. Jean Baptiste, Dumas and Camille See and Senator Carnot. There were 400 papers on pauperism, fifty-one on education and forty-five on taxation.

Continued Persecution of the Jews.

LONDON, April 23.—Private despatches state that the persecution of the Jews in southern Russia has been renewed with such violence that 17,000 Jews have been rendered homeless the past few days. The Vossiche Zeitung says the number of homeless and destitute is 27,000. The authorities are doing nothing to protect the Jews or repress violence.

Conditional Liberty Again Offered American Suspects.

LONDON, April 22.—In an interview between Mr. Lowell and Mr. Forster, the latter renewed his offer to release the Irish-American suspects provided they left Ireland and remained away during the operation of the coercion act. Eleven suspects now claim that they are Americans, but it is disputed that several of them were ever out of Ireland.

The Queen's Would-Be Assassin Acquitted.

LONDON, April 24.—The grand jury has returned a true bill for high treason against Robert MacLean, who attempted to shoot Queen Victoria at Windsor March 2, and he was at once placed in the dock. He pleaded not guilty, and was acquitted on the ground of insanity.

Continuous Earthquake Shocks.

PARIS, April 23.—An earthquake shock has been felt since Monday in the provinces of Vandois and Jura. Telegraphic communications have been seriously affected by the aurora, which produced violent oscillations of the needles, making it impossible to transmit messages. Other Swiss and and south of France stations were affected.

A Threat to Blow Up Glasgow's Municipal Buildings.

GLASGOW, April 24.—The provost of this city has received a letter in which a threat is made to blow up the municipal buildings here because the constabulary has arrested Mr. Crofters of the island of Skye, a leading "No Rent" agitator in Scotland.

To Flood Sahara.

PARIS, April 24.—The French government has appointed a ministerial committee of inquiry to consider and report upon the project of making an inland sea of the desert of Sahara by cutting the isthmus at Gabe.

Wholesale Slaughter by the King of Burmah.

LONDON, April 21.—A despatch from Rangon says the King of Burmah has massacred his inferior wife, two sisters, the finance minister and fifty palace officials.

Cable Notes.

Mr. McDonough, leader of the Irish bar, is dead.

Sixty families have been evicted on the estate of the Marquis of Sligo, Ireland.

A serious riot has occurred at Ruabon, Wales, owing to a strike of the colliers. The rioters did great damage to property.

Annie Kirke, a member of the Ladies' Land League of Dublin, has been arrested at Tulla by order of Mr. Clifford Lloyd.

There are seven regiments of cavalry, twelve batteries of artillery, three companies of engineers and thirty-two battalions of infantry now in Ireland.

Reynolds, alias Rev. Mr. Lemeseurier, one of the men arrested in London in connection with the robbery at the Hatton Garden post office, says he is a native of Chicago.

LABOR TROUBLES.

The Harmony Mills at Cohoes Closed.

COHOES, N. Y., April 24.—The Harmony Mills are closed today. A platoon of police is on duty in the vicinity. At 6.30 o'clock today the streets were deserted. There is no excitement. The employes who have worked their "notice" will be paid tomorrow, and others will wait until regular pay-days. The committee of thirteen, which became famous in the strike two years ago, has been revised. Soliciting committees were organized today. Public opinion is strongly with the working class in their resistance of the 10 per cent. reduction. The Harmony Mills comprise a group of six, occupying 200 acres of ground. Three storehouses give them a capacity of 40,000 bales of cotton. Their tenements number 900, and the number of operatives 3500 boys and girls and 2000 men and women. The mills contain 7000 looms and run 3250 spindles. The motive power is equivalent to 3700 horse-power and derived from the Mohawk river. The consumption of cotton is 400,000 pounds per week. A protracted struggle is looked for.

Small Prospects of a Settlement at Toronto.

TORONTO, Ont., April 21.—The boot and shoe manufacturers passed a resolution today that they would not re-employ female strikers so long as they are connected with a union. The strikers denounced the resolution and determined never to return to work under the terms laid down by the employers. The prospects of a settlement are indeed meagre. At a meeting of boss painters today it was resolved not to treat with the strikers in any manner.

Continued Trouble at Fall River.

FALL RIVER, April 21.—The trouble at the Fall River Iron Works continues. Tonight the platemakers struck for an advance, and unless the trouble is settled the nail mill will be obliged to shut down as soon as the stock of plate on hand is exhausted.

The Salt Boilers at Syracuse.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., April 21.—The strikes among the salt boilers continue and have become general. Most of the manufacturers have large stocks on hand and as yet are not embarrassed. It is thought that the strikers will not hold out much longer.

Labor Notes.

The hands at Seville Schofield's mills, Manayunk, Penn., who had decided to strike against a reduction have had the old pay restored.

The workmen in the Easton shovel works have asked an increase of ten per cent. in their pay, consequent upon the high cost of living.

Nearly all the boss painters of New London, Conn., have acceded to the demands of their employes, and increased their wages from $2 to $2 25 and $2 50 per day.

The plasterers of Haverhill recently demanded an increase of pay from $3 to $3 50 per diem, being the same as paid in Boston. The employers acceded and raised the wages as demanded.

STORY OF SUFFERING AND DEATH.

Want, Misery and Death on the Steamship Lydian Monarch.

NEW YORK, April 24.—A terrible tale of suffering and death was related today by Dr. Wray, an officer, and by Mrs. Clara B. Warner and a passenger of the steamship Lydian Monarch. Mrs. Warner said: "The American public should know, as I mean the English people shall through their press, the horrors connected with this trip." It seems a man named Dudley Wood chartered the steamship Nemesis of the Black Star line and advertised her to sail from London for the purpose of carrying emigrants to New York. About 3000, from nearly all parts of Europe, congregated in London to take passage. Wood collected the money for their passage and absconded. Most of the deluded people were without shelter, and had no means to obtain food. At last the government was forced into cognizance of the case and paid the passages of the sufferers to this country. The Lydian Monarch brought 884 of them. When they came on board their condition was terrible. One family named Johanesen, consisting of the parents and five children, had not tasted food for a week. The whole number of patients clamored for food, and ate so voraciously that it made them worse on account of their weak stomachs Seven died and were buried at sea. Their names were Karl F. Johanesen, Oscar D. Johanesen, Peter Jacobson, August Albin, Mrs. Eva Labula, Henry Padbury, James C. Game. The death of Mrs. Eva Labula was peculiarly distressing. She was accompanied by her husband and her daughter, 4 years old. On the 13th inst. she gave birth to twins, and died the next day. The little ones are still living. They were taken care of by Mrs. Warner, who put them in her saloon berth, and made her own couch on a sofa.

PARDONED BY COVERNOR LONG.

The Petition is Granted and a Universalist Minister is Set Free.

DEDHAM, April 24.—James C. Powers, the Universalist minister who was sentenced by Justice Ely December 21 last to the house of correction for the term of ten months, upon a charge of vagrancy, was pardoned this afternoon by Governor Long, on account of the vast amount of influence brought to bear in his case. several prominent ministers, including Rev. Dr. Miner, being among the influential powers. Mr. Powers was a well-educated man, receiving his education in the highest academical schools in New York. He was ordained a Universalist minister of a prominent church in Brooklyn, and also occupied the pulpits of churches in Vermont and Massachusetts. While in Vermont the death of his wife occurred, which grieved him so that he retired from the ministry and took up journalism, contributing articles of science to the North American Review, and to New York and Philadelphia daily papers. He continued to grieve so much at the loss of his wife that he took to the life of a tramp. He will now, by the aid of friends, receive a good situation.

Indian Massacres.

TUCSON, Ari., April 24.—Runners from Eagle Creek say that McMaster and six Mexicans were killed there. A large force of Indians remain on Eagle creek. A party from Safford says that at Eagle creek yesterday morning there were three prospectors killed on the Apache road. The bodies were warm when the troops came up with them. The Indians destroyed freight, shot some horses and carried others off with them. They also tried to set fire to the wagons. Later news say there were ten Mexicans killed at Eagle creek, including McMaster's wife and children. He also states that one of his Indian herders, who was taken prisoner by Natze and Jun, escaped, and says that Newland, McMurren and party are killed. A special from San Carlos says the Chiricahuas made a raid in there after Loco's band and scooped everything before them, killing twenty people as far as heard from. There are not sufficient troops to protect the place.

Grateful Louisianans.

NEW ORLEANS, April 24.—The following letter was last week sent to the President:

To Chester A. Arthur, President of the United States, Washington, D. C.: The New Orleans Cotton Exchange, representing a large agricultural constituency of this State and the commercial interests of this city, tenders to you their grateful acknowledgments for your statesmanlike and patriotic message to Congress. Your appreciation of the vast interests in the Mississippi valley, so seriously imperilled by recent devastation of floods, will stimulate our almost discouraged people to renewed efforts to contribute to our common country the inestimable wealth to be derived by the measures so ably recommended by you.

(Signed) THOMAS L. AIREY, President.

Texas Train Robbers Again at Work.

DALLAS, Texas, April 21.—As the west-bound express pulled up at Bangor, a small station 121 miles west of here, this morning, the engineer was seized by a band of eight outlaws disguised as Indians. Marching him in front they entered the express car and rifled the messenger of $350. Four rangers or State troops in the coach were awakened and opened fire on the robbers, who returned it. Forty shots were exchanged as the quasi Indians retreated into the bush. It is supposed one of them was mortally wounded as he fell, but was taken away by his companions. The express coach was splintered by the shots and the station agent slightly wounded.

Crop Reports From the South.

A prominent cotton firm in this city today received a letter from its correspondent in New Orleans, in which he states that in Texas, where a 20 per cent. increase in the staple for the coming crop was expected, it will probably not be more than last year. The crop of corn and other cereals will be large. In the rest of the Southern cotton belt cotton will be largely decreased, fully 30 to 40 per cent. less of fertilizers being used, but that the crop of corn and other cereals will be the largest ever known. As the water is receding the planters are putting in their seed.

BLAINE AS A WITNESS.

The Ex-Secretary of State Cool and Sarcastic.

He Characterizes Shipherd as An "Unmitigated Liar."

What He Has To Say About Those Much-Talked-of Interviews.

WASHINGTON, April 24.—The examination of ex-Secretary Blaine before the House committee on foreign affairs was begun this morning. Mr. Blaine reached the committee room at 10.30. He was accompanied by his young son and a messenger who brought several bulky envelopes containing all the State Department correspondence relating to the Chili-Peruvian matter that has been printed, and some unimportant addenda necessary to complete the continuity of the correspondence. The entire time of the session of the committee was occupied by Mr. Blaine, who, with but few interruptions, made a statement of his knowledge of the affairs of the Peruvian Company and the Cochet and Landreau claims.

The ex-secretary appeared in excellent health, and he made his statement with all the vim, dash and sarcasm that characterized his appearance before another investigating committee some years ago, when a Mr. Mulligan complained of having been robbed by Mr. Blaine of a number of interesting letters. The statements made by Shipherd, manager of the Peruvian company, were considered seriatim. Mr. Blaine produced by documentary evidence that Shipherd was an unmitigated liar. He described him as a person who made falsehood as his employment, and

Perjury His Pastime.

The witness described his interviews with Shipherd, which he said were of much less length than Shipherd had reported, after he denied that Shipherd had ever said to him that he had offered Hurlbut $250,000 of the premium stock. That statement Blaine described as "flat," "an absolute perjury," "a story made out of whole cloth," and "an irredeemable, absolute lie." Shipherd in his testimony had sworn that he told all the counsel employed by him in the case that he had offered to give Hurlbut $250,000 of stock. Blaine read letters from Senator Blair, ex-Senators Cragin, Boutwell, Collector Robertson and Scott Lord, Shipherd's counsel, denying that he had ever made any such statement to them. Mr. Blaine also read a letter from William M. Evarts showing that Shipherd had forged opinions purporting to emanate from Mr. Evarts. He also read a letter from the Peruvian minister, Mr. Elmore, showing that Shipherd had committed perjury in certain statements made before the committee about the minister's connection with the company.

At the Conclusion

of this criminating testimony Mr. Blaine said that if there was any strength in the statutes, and if the committee did not feel disposed to show mercy, Shipherd should be sent to a grand jury for indictment. Mr. Blaine repudiated the "Go in Steve" expression in the strongest terms, and said when the committee were laughing at the picturesque vigor of his language that he thought the denial covered the ground, but he could throw in a few more adjectives if desired.

The most dramatic scene in the examination was when Blaine asserted his belief in the assertion of Shipherd that Hurlbut was sent to New York by President Garfield to tell the manager of the Peruvian Company that he (Garfield) believed the concern had as strong a claim in law and fact as could be imagined. With uplifted hand Blaine declared that he would take the most solemn oath conscience could bear that General Garfield died without ever hearing of Shipherd or the Coctrel claim.

The day's proceedings ended with a little tiff between Blaine and Mr. Belmont, the former affirming that Belmont, in his examination of Shiperd, had attributed words to Mr. Blaine that he had never used. Mr. Belmont did not successfully vindicate himself.

A MOLLY MAGUIRE STORY.

An Esteemed Citizen of a Pennsylvania Village Burns His Neighbor's Barn and Secretly Threatens More Calamities.

READING, Penn., April 24.—The village of Mifflin, Schuylkill county, is excited over the arrest of Elias Klinger, a prominent citizen of that place, on the charge of arson and sending threatening letters of a Molly Maguire nature. The facts connected with the affair are as follows: Some months ago the barn of George Wagner, also a resident of Mifflin, was burned to the ground. The fire was the work of an incendiary, but who could not be discovered. Wagner was notified by an unknown party by letter that if he attempted to rebuild the barn it would again be burned down. A short time ago he received a letter, evidently written by the same party, that if he and his family did not leave the place his house would be burned. This was followed by several other letters of the same nature. Becoming alarmed, Wagner called in a detective and laid the matter before him. Thus it remained quiet for a few days, when an unknown party, disguised as a tramp, appeared on the scene and formed the acquaintance of several in the neighborhood. He was in Klinger's company most of the time. From information thus obtained, the tramp, who was a detective in disguise, charged Klinger with being the guilty party, and had him arrested on the charge. The affair causes quite an excitement in the community, as Klinger has heretofore had a good character. He is 35 years of age, married and has a large family and is the owner of a flour and grist mill.

THOSE AWFUL MORMONS.

An Alarming Instance of Their Immorality—Uncongressional Conduct on the Part of an ex-Congressional Delegate.

[New York Tribune.]

Ex-Congressional Delegate Hooper was recently in Washington with members of his family, and while there received a telegram from Salt Lake City announcing the fact that a suit had been begun against him by the government for taking 300,000 feet of timber from the government land. Mr. Hooper, who became acquainted with Secretary Kirkwood when both were in Congress, at once called upon the secretary, and said:

"You know me and know that I never try to evade my responsibilities. I admit I took that timber. I had to have it, and I am ready to pay for it. You have only made one mistake. I took at least 500,000 feet of lumber." Secretary Kirkwood asked Mr. Hooper to make his statement in writing, to which the latter readily assented. The facts were as follows: A railroad in which Mr. Hooper was largely interested was building, and the land upon which the timber stood was unsurveyed, and therefore could not be bought. Neither could the timber upon it be purchased. Therefore it was taken, and a strict account was kept of it upon the books of the company. A letter was written by Secretary Kirkwood to the attorney-general recommending that the suit against Mr. Hooper be discontinued. The official from whom the fact was learned said that the transaction illustrated the necessity for the passage of some law to provide a way for making the timber lands of the West available to settlers and for public improvements.

Scalded by a Cook.

FALL RIVER, April 24.—On the last voyage of the bark Veronica, from Fayal island to New Bedford, there came a Portuguese lad, who is stopping in this city. His story is as follows: When the bark was a day out, he had some trouble with and was brutally assaulted by the cook, who was a full-grown man. After the boy was knocked down, his assailant poured a kettleful of boiling water upon him, and his legs and body were flayed to the flesh, and he suffered excruciating agony. He had no friends in this country, but was told that he might possibly obtain work in Fall River after he got well. He came here about ten days ago, and was cared for, though he is by no means well yet. An application was made to the United States District Court in Boston for a complaint against the cook, but, as the cook was not an officer of the vessel, and the assault not being made with a dangerous weapon the law does not reach the offender.

A Whiskey Flood.

The large bonded warehouse at the Broadford distillery in Fayette county, Penn., gave way about 2 o'clock Thursday morning under the great pressure exerted by the 4200 barrels of whiskey stored away in it. Hundreds of the barrels collapsed and the liquor ran down into the Yough river. Men and boys ran with buckets and jugs to get a part of the flowing juice. Others got down on their knees and sipped the fluid to their hearts' content. The loss of the whiskey cannot be estimated exactly as yet, but will probably amount to several hundred barrels.

Baby's Petition.

Life is restless, days are fleeting,
Children bloom, but die in teething;
Warning take all friends and mothers,
Watch the precious girls and brothers;
Read the home life of Victoria.
Children nine, all had C[illegible]toria;
No sleepless nights by baby squalling,
Like larks they rise in early morning.

AROUND THE FARM.

[FROM OUR AGRICULTURAL EDITOR.]

FERTILIZERS.

An Interesting and Valuable Analysis.

BY ANDREW H. WARD.

[Written for The Boston Weekly Globe.]

In the analysis of fertilizers the ingredients of principal commercial value are nitrogen, phosphate of lime and potash. The difference in form, combination and mechanical condition in which these substances are found greatly affects their value. The present method of analyzing fertilizers recognizes these distinctions only in regard to phosphate of lime, and the values founded upon these analyses are altogether false and erroneous. In regard to nitrogen, the most costly, we are not informed as to the amount of soluble or insoluble, but it is usually stated as an organic substance "yielding ammonia," but we are left in ignorance as to when these changes take place in the soil. As to the other constituents contained in fertilizers no mention is made of them, as if they were valueless, although they usually comprise nine-tenths of the whole weight, and are of value, and when giving an analyses the whole should be given, and the form and condition in which they exist. Then it will be known

WHAT THE FERTILIZER IS COMPOSED OF,

and an estimate of its agricultural, as well as its commercial value, can be found, otherwise, by the present methods, which do not recognize these distinctions, the conclusions drawn from them are uncertain, unreliable and of questionable value. A fertilizer can be made containing every element of plant-food in abundance and yet be practically worthless. The potash or feldspar, the phosphoric acid of massive apatite, the nitrogen of leather are nearly innutritious for crops, because they are locked up in insoluble combinations. In commercial fertilizers the nitrogen is estimated at from fifteen to twenty-five cents a pound; this is the commercial value, for the reason that it cannot be obtained in a form suitable for commercial purposes for less than that, but can be obtained in the form of fish-scraps, dried blood and meat scraps, at about ten cents a pound; but the agricultural value is quite another thing, and it should not be estimated at a higher rate than it can be produced for in an agricultural form. Peat contains 2½ per cent. of nitrogen, and there are but few farms but

HAVE AN ABUNDANCE OF IT ON THEM

or in its vicinity; as it is dug out, its nitrogen is locked up in insoluble combinations, but by composting the peat with any alkali (soda ash at the present time is the cheapest) in sufficient quantity to neutralize its acid properties, will render it soluble, and fit it for food for plants at a cost of about two cents a pound for nitrogen, as is well explained in "Dana's Muck Manual." It is a well recognized fact that next to temperature, the water supply is the most influential factor in the product of a crop, poor soils giving good crops in seasons of plentiful and well distributed rains or when skilfully irrigated, but insufficient moisture in the soil is an evil that no supplies of plant-food can neutralize. Peat properly composted with an alkali is a great absorber of moisture and tends to keep the soil moist, even in times of drought, and as it is decomposed, gives off carbonic acid gas, a powerful solvent of the soil, thus liberating and rendering soluble other elements of plant-food to nourish the growing crop. Professor Stockhardt, of the Royal Academy of Agriculture at Tharend, in his chemical field lectures, says: "If a farmer desires that a manure met with in commerce should undergo examination, he will act wisely in proposingto the chemist who is to institute the analysis,

THE FOLLOWING DISTINCT QUESTIONS:

First—What quantity does it contain in 100 parts nitrogen?
Second—What quantity does it contain in 100 parts organic matter?
Third—What quantity does it contain in 100 parts salts potash?
Fourth—What quantity does it contain in 100 parts salts soda?
Fifth—What quantity does it contain in 100 parts phosphate lime?
Sixth—What quantity does it contain in 100 parts gypsum?
Seventh—What quantity does it contain in 100 parts carbonate of lime in connection with magnesia?

Secondly—In what combination is the nitrogen principally present? as an ammoniacal salt? as a nitric-acid salt? as an organic substance of easy or of difficult decay? By the reply to the first inquiry he is placed in a position to calculate the approximate value in money of the manure in question, whilst from the subsequent answers he acquires tolerably certain information as to the slow or rapid action that may be anticipated from its use. In the Massachusetts Agricultural Report of 1875-6, page 364, in Professor Goesmann's report as State inspector of fertilizers, he says: "Agricultural chemists distinguish very properly between actual and potential ammonia. The latter refers to the ammonia, which, in the course of time, will result from the decomposition of the nitrogen containing organic matter. In some instances this happens very rapidly; in others it requires months, and even years, to bring out the full amount of nitrogen for action. Our dealers in fertilizers have not yet been seriously asked to recognize

THE GREAT DIFFERENCE WHICH EXISTS

between the values of nitrogen in the form of ammonia compounds, guano, meat, fish, blood, etc., and in that of hair, horn, woollen refuse, leather scrap, etc., although in the form of the latter it is scarcely worth one-half the amount of the former." For the farmers' interest, is it not time the question should be seriously asked? On page 367, he says: "Fertilizer dealers are charging thirty cents a pound for nitrogen, without reference to the form in which it is present." In report of the 1876-77, page 258, he says: "The phosphoric acid in the bones steamed and raw genuine, is valued according to the mechanical condition of the bones. The same rulee applies with equal force to the valuations of the nitrogen in their nitrogenous matter." On page 382, report of 1874-75, he states: "The most important information which the farmer needs to secure to himself the full agricultural value of any commercial fertilizer offered for sale consists in knowing the exact kind, the amount, and the chemical and physical condition of the essential articles of food it contains; without it a

RATIONAL SYSTEM OF MANURING

becomes impossible. The laws in vogue do not require this information to be given, and therefore of what value are the laws, except possibly to mislead. Page 381, report 1874-75, "Manufacturers of fertilizers ought to take into consideration that the articles they offer for sale have not only a commercial, but also a peculiar agricultural value, and that the latter is independent of the former, for both are determined by quite a different standard. The commercial value depends here, as well as elsewhere, on the relation of demand and supply in the market, and is controlled by competition. The agricultural value depends on its peculiar crop-producing capacity, and is determined by the judicious application of the farmer. A shovelful of lime may do more good under certain circumstances than several times its weight of more costly dried blood."

THE POULTRY YARD.

Care of Sitting Fowls.

The season has now fully arrived when every one interested in poultry has made arrangements for eggs for hatching purposes. One drawback to the successful issue of plans is the imperfect manner in which they are carried out. Often (if eggs are purchased) they are placed under an indifferent sitter, and seldom or never looked after until the chicks are expected to appear. Or the sitter may be a good one, but indifferently cared for. Hence comes failure. The same result may attend sitting eggs produced on the premises. In every respect constant care is the price of early chickens. The weather is variable, the sitting hens are many times uncomfortable, consequently unsteady, and the early eggs require the closest attention. Early chickens are always the more profitable and require the most attendance. As many hens as possible should be set at one time. This greatly lessens the work of the keeper. In order to accomplish this result, extra care and feed should be bestowed during the preceding fall and winter, so that the fowls may be ready to brood when desired, having laid out the regular clutches of eggs, without which no fowl will do for a sitter. The care and management of the hens the preceding season brings about good results the following spring. Generous feeding at all times is necessary, but this is not sufficient. The fowls need a warm, roomy and comfortable house, that they may be contented and quiet. The most important item, and one too frequently neglected, is fresh, clean water at all times, in winter as well as summer. Hens will not lay without it. When it is very cold, some method must be invented to furnish a continual supply. One way is to provide iron drinking vessels. Any disused pot or kettle that does not leak is as good as anything.

FILL THEM WITH BOILING WATER.

The water heats the iron, at the same time cooling the water sufficiently for the fowls to drink. When accustomed to it they will take it pretty warm. Where there is a large flock, by the time they have all taken the morning draught, the vessels will be considerably lowered, but they will not freeze for several hours. After drinking a gill or so apiece, the fowls are ready for their food, and for laying eggs, and not moping around in sullen inactivity. By 11 o'clock the drink should be replenished and thawed up with more boiling water, thus keeping the drinking vessels open until night, when they should be emptied and turned upside down. By persevering in this method, and keeping an eye over the flock, that they go forward instead of backward, the sitters will have laid out their eggs and be ready to go into the incubating room early in the season. The hens should be so trained that they have no fear of the keeper, and are gentle and docile on the nest; may be handled and removed from the place of laying to one of sitting, where hens and not incubators are employed to do the sitting. A dozen may be attended to nearly as easily as one, where they have a room furnished separate from the layers, and are confined on the nests, and not allowed to come off only at such times as the keeper allows. They must be provided with fresh drink and food, and limited as to time of remaining from the nest, according to the state of the weather. Often hens do not manifest a disposition to leave the nest oftener than once in two days, but should not be allowed to sit longer than this, as the course of nature requires a relief to keep the birds in health. Hens are, in a greater or less degree, mere machines, and may be led to respond readily to the wishes of the keeper if said keeper understands thoroughly their habits and natures, supplying them cheerfully, giving relief and comfort in every condition, and moreover educating them in the ways they should go.

BEET CULTURE.

Mangels at Three Cents Per Bushel.

How to grow beets cheaply, and on a scale extensive enough for feeding sheep or other stock, has long been a study with farmers. The past season I followed a method which gave me much satisfaction as well as a large crop at an exceeding small cost, and believing that it will be of interest to those of your readers who have followed the old practice of raising beets, either sowing by hand or with a hand-drill in the garden, or on some small plat of ground where horse cultivation is impossible, I will give some details of the plan adopted: The ground chosen for the crop was ploughed and fitted at the same time and in the same manner as if intended for corn. In fact, it was located on one side of the field planted to corn, and the marks for the drills were made corn width. Had I made them the usual width for beets I have no doubt that the large yield might have been increased at least one-third. The seed sown was of the variety known as English Yellow Tankard, and was purchased of Mr. William Crozier, and recommended to be the best variety that he could procure, and the same as grown for his own feeding. I use on my farm a Champion grain drill, which has a corn-drilling attachment, and into the grain hopper, over one of the corn-distributing tubes, I fitted a small hopper of sufficient size to hold the seed required. All that was needed for this purpose were two pieces of boards fitted down tight on the cups. Here let me state that any other grain cup would have answered the purpose equally well. This corn cup was selected because it was at the desired distance from the ground wheel, which would guide me in returning across the field and make the drills of a uniform and of the desired width. I drilled the seed in one morning,

JUST BEFORE A HEAVY RAIN,

and in a considerable hurry, as it looked as though it might pour at any minute. I did not sow enough to suit me, using only one and a half pounds to the half-acre; but there was no time for delay, and as I followed the drill, I could notsee much of the seed being delivered, and felt then and afterward that my experiment would prove to be a failure. When the little beets began to show and when we thinned them out, I saw that they were plenty thick enough. Of course, at the ends of the drills near the fence we had to transplant in a few, as we could not drill entirely out. We cultivated through the rows whenever we worked in the corn, and hoed them twice thoroughly, thinning them out to stand a foot apart in the row. In the fall, when ready to secure the crop, I procured a carpenter's adze, and walking on one side of a row topped them by one clean cut, nearly as fast as a person could walk. Then, with a team hitched to the potato digger, I lifted them on the top of the ground, where they could be picked up and thrown into the wagon with great rapidity. I had dreaded this part of the work all the season through, as I feared it would be a long, tiresome job. But two men topped, dug and pitted the half acre in one day. It will be seen that it was not so much of an undertaking after all. I estimated the crop at 500 bushels, there being eight double-box wagon loads, and the box holds between sixty-five and seventy bushels. I am now feeding them to wethers which I am fattening, and find that they will digest a much larger ration of corn than where no beets are fed. The cost of this crop is a trifle over three cents per bushel, as will be seen from the figures appended. I am so well satisfied with the outcome of my experiment that I shall grow a much larger quantity the coming season. My horses, hogs, cows and sheep eat them with great relish. Items of expense of growing one-half acre of wurzel beets: Ploughing, 75 cents; dragging and rolling, 50 cents; drilling, 50 cents; seed, 1¾ pounds, $1 31; thinning, two days' work, $1 26; cultivating four times, 75 cents; hoeing twice, four days' work, $2.52, topping, digging and pitting, $3 62: rent of land, $5; total, $16 21.—[Country Gentleman.

THE MAPLE.

An Ornamental and Profitable Tree.

The sugar maple (Acer saccharinum), also known as rock maple and hard maple, is one of the most valuable trees grown in the Northern States. It will also do well in the mountainous and hilly sections of the South. It requires dry ground, and will do well on soil comparatively barren; hence it is adapted to rough hillsides and mountainous districts. The wood has superior value for cabinet work, and when kept under cover makes excellent timber. This is the kind of maple from the sap of which syrup and sugar are made. The tree is one of the most beautiful for shade, and grows rapidly. It is not hard to make live when transplanted, provided the top is cut away to correspond with the roots. I have no difficulty in making it grow when taken out of the woods if the limbs are all removed and the trunk cut down to about six feet in height. New limbs will push out from latent buds and rapidly form a new top. This is the best way to prune them when transplanted, and the trees will also be healthier and grow more symmetrical in form than when straggling limbs are left on them which develop leaves before the roots are prepared to sustain them and cause the tree to die. Sugar maples may be easily propagated from the seeds which grow abundantly on them. The seeds ripen in autumn, when they should be gathered and immediately sown, or they may be packed in sand in a box and left out of doors until they are wanted for planting in the spring. When not gathered in autumn the seeds may be collected from the ground under the trees where they have dropped. They should be gathered as soon as they are visible in spring, and kept moist in a cool place until the ground is fitted for planting. The seeds may be put into a bed and the trees transplanted from it, when two or three years old, to the spot where they are designed to grow. If the ground can be cultivated the seeds may be sown in drills six feet apart, and thinned out afterwards from time to time to such distance as will admit of a healthy growth. Four feet by six will be found to be about as near together as they will do well.

THE LAND SHOULD BE CULTIVATED,

if it will admit of it, sufficiently to keep the weeds down and the soil mellow. This will hasten the growth. Wood ashes are the best fertilizer for maple trees, and if they cannot be obtained in sufficient quantity, a dressing of potash will be found highly beneficial. Lands in which lime rock abounds are natural to maple trees, and in such soils they will be found in greatest perfection. It is not uncommon to find scores and even hundreds of young sugar maples, self-planted, growing in the spring under parent trees. The seeds should not be planted more than an inch in depth, and after they come up a mulch of leaves or straw would help their growth if the ground cannot be cultivated. This is the best plan to pursue when the seeds are planted in rough places. There are thousands of hillsides where maple groves might be started. The average yield of maple trees in sugar is stated to be in Vermont about twenty pounds per season. It is estimated that sixteen quarts of sap will on the average make a pound of sugar. In twenty years from the time of planting maple trees will be large enough for tapping. From these facts it is apparent that sugar orchards can be easily multiplied and made profitable. Young, thrifty trees afford more sap in proportion to size than old ones. Young trees may be kept healthy and vigorous, notwithstanding the tapping, if the holes are properly plugged as soon as the sap stops running. The plugs should be made tight, and driven in far enough to allow the new wood to cover the orifice without being obliged to grow outward. In these days of glucose adulteration it behooves farmers to provide as far as possible for themselves their own sweets. Hence the importance of growing sugar maple trees, which will in a few years furnish them a permanent and satisfactory substitute. The seeds of locust trees may also be picked up on the ground where they have fallen from the trees and planted. The action of the frost will cause them to grow without any further trouble. There are many tiresome side-hills which could easily be made a pleasure by planting on them a grove of sugar maples, and rough, untillable spots may be made ornamental and profitable.

SOWING AND PLANTING.

The Use of the Feet in Sowing and Planting.

BY PETER HENDERSON.

It may be useless to throw out any suggestions in relation to horticultural operations to such a body of practical men as is now before me. Yet I candidly admit that although I have been extensively engaged in gardening operations for over a quarter of a century, I did not fully realize until a few years ago the full importance of how indispensable it was to use the feet in the operations of sowing and planting. For some years past I have, in writing on gardening matters, insisted upon the great importance of "firming" the soil over the seeds after sowing, especially when the soil is dry, or likely to become so. I know of no operation of more importance in either the farm or garden, and I trust that what I am about to say will be read and remembered by every one not yet aware of the vast importance of the practice. I say "vast importance," for the loss to the agricultural and horticultural community from the habit of loosely sowing seeds or planting plants in hot and dry soils, is of a magnitude which few will believe until they have witnessed it; and it is a loss all the more to be regretted when we know that

BY "FIRMING" THE SOIL

around the seed or plant there is, in most cases, a certain preventive. Particularly in the sowing of seeds, I consider the matter of such vast importance that it cannot be too often or too strongly told; for the loss to the agricultural and horticultural community, by the neglect of the simple operation of firming the soil around the seed, must amount to many millions annually. For the mischief done is not confined only to the less important garden operations, but even corn, cotton, wheat, turnips, and other important crops of the farm often fail, in hot and dry soils, by being sown without being firmed sufficiently to prevent the dry air shriveling or drying the seeds. Of course the use of the feet is impracticable in firming the seeds on the farm, but a heavy roller applied after sowing is an absoluto necessity, under certain conditions of the soil, to ensure perfect germination. From the middle of April to nearly the end of May of last year, in many sections of the country, there was little or no rain. Such was particularly the case in the vicinity of New York city, where we have hundreds of market gardeners who cultivate thousands of acres of cabbage, cauliflower and celery, but

THE "DRY SPRING" HAS PLAYED SAD HAVOC

with their seed-beds. Celery is not one-fourth of a crop, and cabbage and cauliflower hardly half, and this failure is due to no other cause than that they persist in sowing their seeds without ever taking the precaution to firm the soil by rolling. We sow annually about four acres of celery, cabbage and cauliflower plants, which produce probably 5,000,000 in number, and which we never fail to sell mostly in our immediate neighborhood to the market gardeners, who have, many of them, even better facilities than we have for raising these plants, if they would only do as we do, firm the seed after sowing, which is done thus: After ploughing, harrowing and levelling the lands smoothly, lines are drawn by the marker, which makes a furrow about two inches deep and a foot apart; after the man who sows the seed follows another, who, with the ball of the right foot, presses down his full weight on every inch of soil in the drill where the seed has been sown; the rows are then lightly levelled longitudinally with a rake, a light roller is passed over them and the operation is done. By this method our crop has never once failed, and what is true of celery and cabbage seed is nearly

TRUE OF ALL OTHER SEEDS

requiring to be sown during the late spring or summer months. On July 2, 1874, as an experiment, I sowed twelve rows of sweet corn and twelve rows of beets, treading in, after sowing, every alternate row of each. In both cases those trod in came up in four days, while those unfirmed remained twelve days before starting, and would not then have germinated had not rain fallen, for the soil was as dry as dust when the seed were sown. The result was that the seeds that had been trodden in grew freely from the start, and matured their crops to a marketable condition by fall; while the rows unfirmed did not mature, as they were not only eight days later in germinating, but the plants were also, to some extent, enfeebled by being partially dried in the loose, dry soil. This experiment was a most useful one, for it proved that a corn crop, sown in the vicinity of New York as late as July 2, could be made to produce "roasting ears" in October, when they never fail to sell freely at high rates, but the crop would not mature unless the seed germinated at once, and which would never be certain at that dry and hot season, unless by this method. The same season, in August, I treated seeds of turnips and spinach in the same way.

THOSE TROD IN GERMINATED AT ONCE

and made an excellent crop, while those unfirmed germinated feebly, and were eventually nearly all burned out by a continuance of dry, hot air penetrating through the loose soil to the tender rootlets. I beg to caution the inexperienced, however, by no means to tread or roll in seed if the ground is not dry. The soil may often be in a suitable condition to sow and yet be too damp to be trodden upon or rolled. In such cases these operations may not be necessary at all, for if rainy weather ensue the seeds will germinate of course, but if there is any likelihood of a continued drought the treading or rolling may be done a week or more after the seed has been sown, if there is any reason to believe that it may suffer from the dry, hot air. Another very important advantage gained by treading in the seeds is, that when we have crops of beets, celery, turnips, spinach or anything else that is sown in rows, the seeds to form the crop come up at once, while the seeds of the weeds, that are just as liable to perish by the heat as are those of the crop, are retarded. Such of the weed seeds as lie in the space between the rows when the soil is loose will not germinate as quickly as those of the crop sown; and hence we can cultivate between the rows before the weeds germinate at all. Of course this rule of treading in or firming seeds after sowing

MUST NOT BE BLINDLY FOLLOWED.

Very early in spring or late in fall, when the soil is damp and there is no danger from heated, dry air, there is no necessity for doing so, or even at other seasons the soil may be in a suitable condition to sow, and yet be too damp to be trodden upon or rolled. In such cases these operations may not be necessary at all, for, if rainy weather ensue, the seeds will germinate of course; but if there is any likelihood of continued drought, the treading or rolling may be done a week or so after sowing, if it is at such a season that there is reason to believe the seed may suffer from the dry, hot air. Now, if firming the soil around seed to protect it from the influence of a dry and hot atmosphere is a necessity, it is obvious that it is even so in the case of plants whose rootlets are even more sensitive to such influence than the dormant seed. Experienced professional horticulturists, however, are less likely to neglect this than to neglect in the case of seeds, for the damage from such neglect is easier to be seen, and hence better understood by the practical nurseryman; but with the inexperienced amateur the case is different. When he receives his packages of trees or plants from the nurseryman he

HANDLES THEM AS IF THEY WERE GLASS,

every broken twig or root calls forth a complaint, and he proceeds to plant them, gingerly straightening out each root and sifting the soil around them, but he would no more stamp down that soil than he would stamp on the soil of his mother's grave. So the plant, in nine cases out of ten, is left loose and wagging; the dry air penetrates through the soil to its roots; the winds shake it; it shrivels up and fails to grow; and then come the anathemas on the head of the unfortunate nurseryman, who is charged with selling him dead trees or plants. About a month ago I sent a package of a dozen roses by mail to a lady in Savannah. She wrote me a woeful story last week, saying that, though the roses had arrived seemingly all right, they had all died but one, and what was very singular, she said, the one that lived was the one Mr. Jones had stepped on, and which she had thought sure was crushed to death, for Mr. Jones weighs 200 pounds. Now, I do not advise any gentleman of 200 pounds putting his brogan on the top of a tender rose plant, as a practice conducive to its health, yet, if Mrs Jones could have allowed her weighty lord to press the soil against the root of each of her dozen roses, I much doubt if she would now have to mourn their loss. It has often been a wonder to many of us, who have been workers in the soil for a generation, how some of the simplest methods of culture have not been practiced until we were nearly done with life's work. There are few of us but have had such experience; personally, I must say that I never pass a year but I am confounded to find that some operation can not only

BE QUICKER BUT BETTER DONE

than we have been in the habit of doing it. These improvements loom up from various causes, but mainly from suggestions thrown out by our employes in charge of special departments, a system which we do all in our power to encourage. As proof of the value of such improvements which have led to simplifying our operations, I will state the fact that, though my area of green-house surface is now more than double that which it was in 1870, and the land used in our florist's business one-third more, yet the number of hands employed is less now than in 1870, and yet, at the same time, the quality of our stock is infinitely better now than then. Whether it is the higher price of labor in this country that forces us into labor-saving expedients or the interchange of opinions from the greater number of nationalities centreing here that gives us broader views of culture, I am not prepared to state, but that America is now selling nearly all the products of the green-house, garden, nursery and farm lower than is done in Europe admits of no question, and if my homely suggestions in this matter of firming the soil around newly-planted seeds or plants will in any degree assist us in still holding to the front I shall be gratified.

THE MANURE HEAP.

Absorbents and Manure Pits.

The deceptive character of absorbents should warn us against trusting them. Farmers who are desirous of enriching the soil by the application of liberal quantities of manure have expended much time and strength in procuring and using absorbents to save the liquids of the stables. Often the absorbent has but little fertilizing power, or none at all, therefore the entire value as a manure is added to it at the barn. It must be admitted by all that the urine can be saved without absorbents, in a cemented pit under the stable, or in such situation as to receive the drainage of the stable. If, then, absorbents are not necessary, are they so desirable as to pay for handling? If sand is used, and it is very dry, then it will take 1500 pounds to absorb 500 of urine. Any one can try an experiment by weighing a peck of sand; it will weigh about twenty-six pounds. Now, pour the measure full of water and it has increased in weight nine pounds, but it will not steadily hold that amount. The quantity of sand needed will correspond to the time the cow is stabled; for half the year six tons for each cow will be none too much. The effect of sand upon the soil is only a mechanical effect, lightening up heavy clay land. Muck is a popular absorbent, and is not usually used so dry as to take up more than its own weight of urine. It requires more labor to dig and cart it than sand; unless carefully used cows bedded with it take up the fine particles in their hair, and these show in the milk. It is claimed that its effect upon a sandy soil is to darken it and dampen it; by being darker it becomes warmer in the sun and hastens the growth of crops; by its holding water the soil is better able to withstand drought. Both these alleged advantages are not fully proved. On such soils East and South immense amounts of chemical or commercial fertilizers are used with perfectly satisfactory results. With me

MUCK ALONE GIVES NO GOOD RESULT

and when mixed with ashes or lime, or saturated with urine, the fertilizing elements are in the other articles. Some black soils are barren; some white, gray, or red soils are fertile. In the great experimental stations, potash, nitrogen and phosphoric acid are considered valuable, and carbonaceous matter of little worth as manure. Sawdust for bedding is superior to muck, and, as an absorbent, just as good. Farmers should use it freely where it is available. Where it has been used in large quantities twenty years, no injurious results appear in soil or crops. It is a good divisor of the solid dung, and spreads easily and evenly. Leaves are chiefly valued for bedding for stock. Straw is valued most when it absorbs the least. Rye straw, on account of its firm texture, allows the water to pass through to the floor and gives a dry bed to the horse; it is kept as dry as possible and used several nights without renewal. If a farmer chooses to handle the large amount of sand or muck that will be necessary with a herd of cattle, if the urine is absorbed to his satisfaction, he had best have the cemented pit also, and in nearly every case he will be surprised to find it full every year. When sand, muck or sawdust is thrown dripping out of the stable window or into the basement, it begins immediately to part with its moisture, and as day after day more is thrown upon the heap, the pressure of the mass upon itself causes the water to pass off, and the earth quietly conveys it away and leaves no record of the amount; but if there is a well near by, unless very deep, we find the treacherous absorbents have parted with so much that the earth is saturated ten, fifteen or twenty feet down. Yet there is a rich pile of manure left, and the impression prevails that it is all there. If a pit was dug below the manure pile, whether it is outside the barn or in the basement, and covered with planks with cracks between, there would generally be found in the pit every spring a liquid in quantity measured by tons, in quality, superior to any other manure collected about the barn.

Application of Liquid Manure.

The comparative advantages of applying fertilizers to land, in liquid form, or after the liquid has been taken up and made solid by absorbents, have not been fully settled by intelligent farmers generally. Liquids have the advantage of immediate action when applied; while, on the contrary, the soluble portions of solids must be first dissolved or washed out, requiring a considerable length of time. On the other hand, liquid manure can only be secured by more perfect and expensive buildings, and the facilities for conveying it to the fields include pumps, tanks and sprinklers. In addition to these care must be taken to prevent the inconvenience of freezing in winter. On a large scale, and with complete tanks and appliances, the use of liquids may be attended with less labor in applying than if they were all first absorbed and then drawn out in solid form. With a good pump, and with the tank or tub not much higher than the cistern, a laborer will load a liquid ton, ready for drawing, with less labor than he can throw a solid ton on a wagon with a fork. Through the sprinkler he spreads it with no other labor than driving the wagon across the field, and it is more evenly distributed and finely diffused than by any spreading with the fork and breaking with the harrow—in which it is scarcely equalled by Kemp's spreading cart, which pulverizes and scatters the manure with no labor to the driver. This manure spreader is the most perfect contrivance yet brought into use for making manure available by fine pulverization; and next to this is the fall spreading of manure and breaking it fine by suitable harrowing—the autumn and winter rains washing out the soluble parts into the soil. Very few farmers have barns, stables, drains, cisterns, pumps and tubs for drawing to enable them to use and spread liquid manure advantageously. Most of

THE STABLE FLOORS ARE NOT WATER TIGHT,

and the liquids leak through and are absorbed by the earth beneath, or are lost. On grain farms, where there is an abundance of straw, enough may be used as litter to hold all or nearly all the liquid, and large quantities of this coarse or strawy manure, thrown into a heap and exposed to weather and rains, will rot down and may be drawn out in the following autumn. A question here occurs, which we suggest for investigation—namely, how much gain in the labor of drawing out solid manure is obtained by the spontaneous evaporation of the water of the liquid manure as it lies in such a heap? When absorbents cannot be had the liquid may be saved by excavating a shallow cistern beneath the stable, making the sides so sloping that the water-line mertar may be spread on the smooth face of the earth. In this way the expense will be moderate. The contents of this cistern are pumped out as needed and drawn to the fields in the water-cart. There are two difficulties with this method. If the cement is not made with the sharpest and purest sand, and the best water-lime, the frost of cold winters will crumble it. The fœtid odor from the liquid may interfere with the maintenance of the pure air which should always exist about every good farmer's buildings. To prevent these two difficulties is a subject for careful investigation, which will be differently answered, according to circumstances. A large use of absorbents in the cistern would defeat the attempt to carry off its contents by pumping. The object of these remarks is to open the question for examination, and to invite the statements of those who have tried the different modes for securing and applying liquid manure under the most favorable circumstances. The three points to be taken specially into consideration are the comparative advantages of: 1. Using the clear liquid with good and suitable appliances; 2. Employing an abundance of straw and other absorbents in the stable; and 3. Conveying the liquids by means of tight floors and gutters to compost heaps of earth, peat or turf, placed under or near the barn. —[Country Gentleman.

The Value of Kelp as Manure.

Farmers who live within a few miles of the ocean have at least one advantage over those whose farms are located in the interior; as they can, without any cash outlay, wonderfully improve the condition of a run-down farm, by expending their labor in carting and applying the kelp, which every year lands in large quantities on the sea-shore. This material, although not as good, ton for ton, as stable manure, yet it is for many crops a valuable manure; it is very rich in potash, and contains a fair proportion of nitrogenous compounds, but is not particularly rich in phosphates. The fact that it contains so large a proportion of water is really the reason that its value per ton is below animal manures. There is a great choice in kelp, even more than in barn manures. That which has once been landed on the shore in large heaps, and remained undisturbed long enough to heap, and then again floated and washed by the water, is very much reduced in value, at least one-third, if not more. Many farmers who live near the sea-shore make it a practice to keep up their mowing lands by covering them over every few years with kelp. While by this practice they are able to get good crops, if the land be moist, we do not think it the best way to use it. There are several objections to this surface application: First, there are always more or less stones and mussels attached to the kelp which must be picked off before moving; second, there are always mixed with the kelp other sea-plants that will not decay on the surface the first season, and are always in the way of the mower. Third, unless applied early in the season and gets well pressed down into the ground by the snow and rain, and the spring is not a wet one, a considerable portion of the kelp will be lifted up by the growing grass, and thus not only fail to furnish plant food, but obstruct the mower and injure the quality of hay. Applied to land in the autumn and lightly ploughed in in the spring, it makes an excellent manure for potatoes; but if one can do it, it is always best to use it in connection with other manures, those that are rich in phosphates always being preferred. When kelp is to be applied on the surface for grass, moist land should be selected, and it should be applied as early in the season as possible. To apply it to grass on high, dry land, after spring opens, is often an injury rather than a benefit to the crop.

THE CORN CROP.

Corn at Ten Cents Per Bushel—A Valuable Statement.

BY ANDREW H. WARD.

[Written for the Boston Weekly Globe.]

PRO FORMA ACCOUNT OF TEN ACRES IN CORN.

Interest and taxes on land	$25 00
Ploughing	15 00
Harrowing	5 00
Applying fertilizer broadcast	3 00
Seed, and steeping the same	5 00
Planting with corn planter	5 00
Harrowing with smoothing harrow	2 50
Cultivating	4 50
Cultivating a second time	4 50
Carting	22 50
Cutting up and shucking	25 00
Husking and shelling	100 00
	$217 00

SOIL DEPLETED OF

1400 nitrogen, 5c., 70.00, ¼ is..	$17 50	
1540 potash, 3c., 46.20	46 20	
640 phosphoric acid, 3½c	22 40	86 10
Total cost of crop		$303 10
1000 bush. corn, 10.31 per bush.	$103 10	
40 tons stover, 5c. per ton	200 00	
		$303 10

Recent investigations and past experience show that corn requires only about one-fourth of the nitrogen to be supplied as compared with what the crop contains, which reduces the quantity of nitrogen necessary to apply to 350 pounds, and the cost of nitrogen $17.50 instead of $70, difference of $52.50, or 5¼ cents on each bushel of corn. In the charges against the crop manual labor is reckoned at $1 per day, horse labor seventy-five cents a day, fertilizer used is not charged, but that only taken by the crop; if that amount is not added the soil is diminished in value, and if more is added the value of the soil for another crop is increased. The fertilizer is spread broadcast after the ground is harrowed, and frequently after the corn is planted; the corn is planted with a corn-planter, first manuring the seed to invigorate and protect it from worms and birds, and to make it germinate quickly. After the corn is up, it is harrowed with the smoothing harrow, which destroys the weeds as they commence to make their appearance; afterwards it is twice horse-hoed, which is all the cultivation required, as by using chemicals instead of barn manure there are no weed seeds added to the land to foul it, and a great saving in time and expense by using manure in a concentrated form; and the time is saved in the farmer's busiest season (planting time), and by the use of concentrated manure there is not so much team required to be kept on the farm, and consequently less grain has to be consumed, which leaves more for sale. "A penny saved."

Cost of corn per bushel, not deducting value of stover		30.31
Cost of corn per bushel, deducting value of stover		10.31
Cost of fertilizer per acre	$8.61	
Cost of labor per acre	18.70	
Cost of fertilizer for bushel of corn, with stover		0.86
Cost of labor for bushel of corn with stover		1.87

The Rural's Method of Corn Cultivation in Brief.

The teachings of our experience with corn raising at the Rural Experiment Grounds may be summed up as follows:

1. Sod ground is best. If farm manure is used it is better to harrow it in than to plough it under. If spread upon the sod and ploughed under, do not plough deep.

2. If concentrated fertilizers are used, plough and harrow, and then sow the fertilizer and harrow until the ground is thoroughly fitted. All dry concentrated fertilizers—as raw bone flour, for example—should be well mixed with an equal quantity of moist earth, otherwise a considerable part of the finest of the bone flour will be blown away. A more even distribution of any kind of chemical fertilizer can be made if extended with soil than if not.

3. A surface dressing of from 400 to 500 pounds of concentrated fertilizer on sod ground, if well prepared, is a sufficient quantity.

4. Do not manure in the hill or drill with concentrated fertilizers. Of all methods of manuring this is, in the end, the most wasteful and ineffectual. Plant in drills, dropping one kernel every six inches. Mark the drills four feet apart if the variety of corn grows as tall as ten feet, and at the first hoeing cut out every other plant where the stand is full.

5. Never use the plough after a field is planted to corn. Give shallow cultivation with the object of stirring and mellowing only the surface. The roots of corn plants meet in the rows after the plants are one foot in height, and the roots should never be disturbed. The objection to planting in drills, viz., that the corn can be cultivated by horse-power only one way—is really of little weight. If the rows are straight, the cultivator may be run quite close to the plants, and but very little hand-hoeing is needed. The Rural's method of corn cultivation has been tried by very many of our readers, and we have yet to hear from one who, having tried it, does not approve of it.

WHAT FARMERS SHOULD KNOW.

Hints About the Farm.

The old-fashioned plan of forming asparagus beds in some out-of-the-way corner of the garden is greatly to be discouraged. I tender the advice that if you must stint some crop in the space allotted, do not let it be the asparagus. Better purchase your supply of the green-grocer—and that is bad enough counsel for even your worst enemy. The ground should be light, very rich, and kept perfectly clear of weeds. Set in rows two feet apart, and ten or twelve inches in the row. The result of close planting is thin, sickly shoots, unworthy of the table. What you want and should have is thick, juicy, succulent stems, grown in the shortest possible time, just peeping through the soil one morning and suitable to cut the next. Frequent cultivation, strong fertilizers, with an annual dressing of salt, and a light soil with warm weather, will do it. Another of the mistakes of our ancestors which it is difficult to get rid of is the belief that asparagus should be bleached, and to do this it must be cut several inches beneath the surface. I never see a person in a vain endeavor to extract a little nourishment from such masses of tough, woody fibre without experiencing a desire to invite him to test a specimen of my luscious, tender shoots, cut exclusively above ground. To procure the desired end, the old-fashioned plan was to bury the roots so deep that very many of them met a premature death, but I plant rather shallow than otherwise, and so far am satisfied with my system.

The following is an experiment with Stockbridge manure by J. F. C. Hyde, agricultural editor of the Congregationalist: "We have talked about two or three tons of hay to the acre, and been accused of telling large stories. We have a larger one to tell now, and one that is true, too, and can be proven. We ploughed up several acres of meadow land last fall, that had not been ploughed for at least fifteen years, and during that period had had little or no dressing of any kind, and harrowed the same well with a Thomas harrow, put on some commercial fertilizer (Stockbridge), about $16 to $20 worth to the acre, sowed the land with timothy and redtop in usual quantity, rolled it as smoothly as possible, and so left it. The grass over the five acres or more was very heavy, and the men employed to cut it declared that there were five tons to the acre. As time was precious and the hay scales some little distance away, we did not think best to weigh the hay from the whole lot, but selected the piece last sown to grass, less than one-third of an acre in extent, and weighed the same, and to our surprise found that we had on this piece at the rate of over four tons to the acre at this one crop. We do not expect our readers will accept our statement, as it is so large; but, if any doubt, we are prepared to prove every word of it by perfectly reliable witnesses, whose testimony would be taken in any court. The question may be asked, What is the use of telling these large stories? Our answer is, That others may go and do likewise."

It very often happens that an orchard tree, the top or grafted portions of which has proved too tender to endure all the trials of the weather and has begun to decay, may have under it a hardy, healthy root, capable of giving vigorous support to a new top, if not kept too long without its full summer crown of leaves. In such a case it is poor policy to destroy these established roots, and attempt to get a nursery plant established on the spot; to become, sometimes, another tree. Rather take the far less troublesome and more promising course of putting a graft or two upon sprouts from the old roots (after cutting away the old stem close at the ground and coating the stump with gas-tar or paint). Let all grow at will the first year; only pinch shoots that threaten to outgrow the grafts, and in the next March prune so as to leave only the one best stem. Be sure this time to select a hardy sort, capable of enduring the hardest climatic trial that the locality has ever known.

Four-rowed and two-rowed are the kinds of barley commonly grown in this country. The former is botanically known as Hordeum vulgare, the latter as H. distichum. In Europe there are two kinds of six-rowed barley—the large six-rowed and the small six-rowed—known respectively as H. hexastichum densum and H. hexastichum sanctum. The last is the most common and ancient variety, frequently represented as plaited in the hair of the goddess Ceres. H. hexastichum is commonly known as autumn or winter barley. It is always sown in the fall, and ripens the first in summer. There is also in Europe another variety, known as the fan, spatt or battledore barley—H. zeocriton. Change of climate and soil often improve the same variety of grain, and this is very likely the case with this. This six-rowed barley has a smaller kernel and stiffer straw than the two-rowed. Barley will always be plumper and do better on land where it has not been raised for some time.

More care is required to make fine, velvety lawns than is usually supposed. It is necessary to have plenty of rich loam, sufficient well-rotted manure or good fertilizer, and the best of seed. If the subsoil be sandy or gravelly, a greater depth of loam is needed, or the bottom must be partially puddled with either clay or peat. If not, any manure or topdressing of any description soaks away and disappears entirely. The finest lawns in the Eastern States, with one or two single exceptions, are probably at Newport, R. I., the climate of which is more like that of England than anywhere else here, it being quite damp and somewhat foggy, without ever being very cold for any great length of time. Newport subsoil is invariably either clay or ledge. The loam is from twelve to twenty inches in thickness, and frequently the lawns are kept watered daily, in addition to being mowed and rolled every four or five days.

The fact that in so many farm gardens in summer there is no strawberry bed, incites me to say a word about it here. A small bed of good strawberries will supply a family with all they can use on the table and for preserving, and the little amount of labor required to keep the weeds out and the soil in a loose, friable condition, will be repaid a hundred-fold. There is no piece of ground on the farm, of equal size, that pays so well as the garden, and no part of the garden that gives better returns or more enjoyable than the strawberry bed. This spring, when the garden is ploughed, set apart a portion for the "strawberry patch." Procure three or four of the best varieties, such that you may have a succession in ripening, and when the good housewife heaps up your dish with "strawberries and cream," you will wonder why you have not given her an opportunity to do so before.

Among early potatoes there are several competitors for popular favor; but for good quality, earliness, and yield the following are worthy of mention: Beauty of Hebron, Early Ohio, Clark's No. 1, Early Vermont, Early Snowflake, Early Rose. The last, however, seems to have had its day in some localities; yet, by some farmers, it is put at the head of the list. "Shall we plant in hills or drills?" is a question often asked. Experience has shown us that hill cultivation is preferable for keeping the weeds down, and with less labor, since the cultivator can be run both ways and the hand-hoe used to better advantage. As to yield, there is but little difference. In some instances the one way has given better results, the other in others. Flat cultivation of both potatoes and corn is being successfully practiced by some farmers.

Every one realizes the benefit there is in applying fertilizers to garden and field crops, but they quite forget the fruit orchard. The reason why apple trees often bear fruit only on alternate years is that nature is giving the trees a rest. It is quite as reasonable to suppose that good crops may be taken from a field where no manure is used year after year as to expect good yields of apples, pears, plums, etc., when the orchard soil is not aided in recuperating its "wasted energies." Manure should not be piled up about the trunks of the trees simply, but spread out certainly as far as the branches extend. The soil about small trees especially should be kept loose and not allowed to harden and bake.

The grape may be grafted now or as late as May or June. If not until the latter time, the scions must be kept in a dormant state until they are to be set. Cleft-grafting, similar to that of trees, is the method, perhaps, most commonly practised, only it is performed below the surface of the ground, at a distance of four or five inches from the root. Much care in uniting the bark (liber) of the scion and that of the stock is necessary. No wax need be used if the earth is carefully packed about the stock and scion. Some advise covering the scion with an inverted flower-pot, for instance, to protect it, until it is united to the stock. Remove all the shoots that may appear on the stock. They rob the scion of sap.

For garden culture on the hill system, set the strawberry plants in rows one foot apart, the rows two feet apart. Spade the ground deeply, enrich it with old manure, using as a surface dressing ground bone and wood ashes, if one can afford this expense. Cut off the runners as they appear. Old plantations should be thoroughly weeded and the surface of the ground rendered mellow by the hoe or fork, but do not disturb the roots by deep spading until the crop is gathered. If very large fruit is desired, the vines must be mulched with hay, straw or something of the kind. Use liquid manure, and thin out the fruit stems.

For common table use one or two varieties of corn are as good as a dozen. The Dolly Dutton, Tom Thumb and early Marblehead are the earliest, which may be followed for second early by Triumph and Egyptian or Washington Market. For a late kind plant Stowell's Evergreen. To have a succession the order would be Tom Thumb, Triumph, Egyptian, Stowell's Evergreen. If but a single variety is to be planted select a medium early kind, as Triumph, and as soon as the ground is in condition to till make the first planting, and as soon as this attains a growth of three or four inches plant another row, and so on until the first week of July. In this way "green corn" may be had for several weeks.

Farmyard manure well decomposed is specially suitable for grass lands, because it is slow and continuous in its action, and is invariably found to maintain or restore a good variety of grasses, clovers and other bottom herbage. The best success commonly follows the application of such manure in the fall. The sole application of salt or nitrate of soda has a natural tendency to encourage the growth of luxuriant grasses to the destruction of clovers and the finer kinds of grasses. This is a general tendency of ammoniacal salt, while superphosphate of lime, on the contrary, encourages the growth of clovers and leguminous plants generally.

Crops which are planted in beds or drills require a large amount of manual labor unless on ground free from the seeds of weeds. A successful cultivator of the strawberry says it will pay well to devote the season previous to setting out a plantation to thoroughly summer-fallowing the ground, going over it every time with the plough, cultivator or harrow before the weeds can get above the surface. This work is done rapidly and cheaply with horses; but if omitted a vast amount of unpleasant work must be performed the next season by hand. This management will apply to other crops, such as carrots, turnips, etc.

Plaster usually encourages the growth of rye and also of clover, whether on a sod or on a new seeding; 100 to 250 pounds is the quantity usually applied. You will get about double the quantity of fodder from oats and pease mixed as from either singly. Sow the Canada field pea, one-and-a-half bushel per acre, with two-and-a-half bushels of oats, and cover the seed well. The seed is best covered with a cultivator; a harrow does not cover pease well.

In selecting trees for spring setting, choose small to medium sized ones with plenty of roots, rather than large ones with few roots. It is generally safer to purchase direct from some good nurseryman than from "treepedlers." You will be more certain of getting the varieties you bargain for, and it is just as cheap.

The annual product of wheat in the world is about 1,590,000,000 bushels Of this the United States already produces 450,000,000 bushels, one-third of which we send over the sea. Ten years from now we shall produce a much larger portion of the whole, and shall send a much larger fraction of it abroad.

Tendency to disease is hereditary in pigs, therefore it is well to know the pedigree and past history of your boars. Ninety per cent. of the stock of a large Yorkshire boar were more or less affected with lung disease. On inquiry, it turned out that the sire of the boar had died of inflammation of the lungs.

The Texas cattle drive this season will amount to about 300,000 head, including those from the Indian nation. The three and four-year-old cattle will be scarce, it is stated.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

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THE POET'S COLUMN.

CONCORD BRIDGE.

BY HORATIO NELSON POWERS.

I go where the pines of the lane
Sing low to the beautiful stream,
With an awe like the throbbing of pain,
With a wonder like one in a dream.
The scent of the meadows is sweet,
The landscape in dewy calm lies,
Holy ground is under my feet,
And holy the light to my eyes.

How still is the bridge in the sun,
With the fairy reflections below;
How softly the cool waters run
Where the beds of the pond-lilies blow:
The splendid white lilies that lie
Subtle-scented in passionless rest,
With bosoms of gold to the sky,
Like saints in the peace of the blest.

Musing on in the musical shade,
My heart like a dove drifts away:
What now?—gleaming banner and blade—
Am I caught in the thick of the fray?
Faces set, musket flash, smoke and din,
Whizzing shot, and the drum's pleading beat,
Then huzzas from the yeomen who win,
And curses from ranks that retreat.

There is blood on the grass, and the stain
Of the river is red by the shore;
I count not the battle the slain,
For a nation is born in its roar.
How hot grows its heart in the word
Of freedom's prophetic command,
How terribly swift leaps the sword
To defend the rights of the land!

I see through the wearisome years
The patience of faith unto death;
'Mid the gloom of disaster and tears
Floats the flag on a prayer-laden breath:
Stern and grim is the courage that's born
As the blood of the martyrs is sown;
Self-devotion, defiant with scorn,
Meets the wiles and the threats of a throne.

Oh! the strife where the timid grow brave,
And the hands of the feeble grow strong
In a passion to succor and save,
In a hatred of king-cradled wrong.
I yearn with the heroes who bear
In their trust the high hopes of a world,
And pant in their triumph to share,
When to dust the oppressor is hurled.

Lo, the thunders!—they suddenly cease;
The battle clouds scatter and flee;
Shine on, sacred sunshine of peace!
Lift your heads, O ye gates of the free!
The scent of the meadows is sweet,
And pleasant is summer's soft beam,
Holy ground is under my feet,
And the lilies are white on the stream.

RAMON.

Refugio Mine, Northern Mexico.

BY BRET HARTE.

Drunk and senseless in his place,
Prone and sprawling on his face,
More like brute than any man
Alive or dead,
By his great pump, out of gear,
Lay the peon engineer,
Waking only just to hear
Overhead,
Angry tones that called his name—
Oaths, and cries of bitter blame—
Woke to hear this; and, waking, turned and fled!

"To the man who'll bring to me,"
Cried intendant Harry Lee—
Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine—
"I will give to him," he said,
"Fifteen hundred pesos down
Just to get the rascal's crown
Underneath this heel of mine;
Since but death
Deserves the man whose deed,
Be it vice or want of heed,
Stops the pumps that give us breath—
Stops the pumps that suck the death
From the poisoned lower levels of the mine!"

No one answered, for a cry
From the shaft rose up on high;
And shuffling, scrambling, from below
Came the miners each—the bolder
Mounting on the weaker's shoulder—
Grappling, clinging to their hold, or
Letting go,
As the weaker gasped and fell
From the ladder to the well—
To the poisoned pit of hell
Down below—

"To the man who sets them free,"
Cried the foreman, Harry Lee—
Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine—
"Brings them out and sets them free,
I will give that man," said he,
"Twice that sum, who, with a rope,
Face to face with death shall cope!
Let him come who dares to hope!"
"Hold your peace!" some one replied,
"There has one already gone, whoe'er he be!"

Then they held their breath with awe,
Pulling on the rope, and saw
Fainting figures reappear,
On the black rope swinging clear,
Fastened by some skilled hand from below;
Till a score the level gained,
And but one alone remained—
He the hero and the last—
He whose skilful hand made fast
The long line that brought them back to hope and cheer!

Haggard, gasping, down dropped he
At the feet of Harry Lee—
Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine;
"I have come," he gasped, "to claim
Both rewards! Senor, my name
Is Ramon!
I'm the drunken engineer!
I'm the coward, Senor!" Here
He fell over—by that sign
Dead as stone!

AT PARTING.

BY PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON, THE BLIND POET.

I put my flower of song into thy hand
And turn my eyes away;
It is a flower from a most desolate land,
Barren of sun and day,
Even this life of mine.
As two who met upon a foreign strand,
'Twas mine with thee to stay;
I put this flower of song into thy hand
And turn my eyes away,
And look where no lights shine.

By phantom wings this desolate air seems fanned,
Where sky and sea show gray;
I put my flower of song into thy hand
And turn my eyes away,
But to no other shrine.
My hopes are like a little Christian band
The heathen came to slay;
I put this flower of song into thy hand
And turn my eyes away;
Keep thou the song in sign.

Some day, it may be, thou by me shalt stand,
When no words my lips say,
And, holding then this song-flower in thy hand,
Shalt turn thine eyes away,
And drop pure tears divine.
We part at fate's inexorable command;
We part to meet no day;
I put my flower of song into thy hand
And turn my eyes away—
These eyes that burn and pine.

Thy way leads summerward, thy paths are spanned
By boughs where spring winds play;
I put my flower of song into thy hand
And turn my eyes away
To life's dark boundary line.
Fair are thy groves, thy fields are bright and bland,
Where exile has no sway;
I put my flower of song into thy hand
And turn my eyes away,
To meet Fate's eyes malign.

Sometimes, when twilight holds and fills the land,
And glad souls are less gay,
Take thou this song-flower in thy tender hand,
Nor turn thine eyes away,
There in the day's decline.
My life lies dark before me, all unplanned;
Loud winds assail the day;
I leave my song-flower folded in thy hand
And turn my eyes away,
And turn my life from thine.

WAIT, MY HEART!

BY MRS. HELEN RICH.

Groping, groping, under the snow,
Wee white fingers are reaching about,
Feeling for sunbeams' warmth and glow;
Here comes peering a cautious scout.
Ha! little Violet, modest minx,
Why did you venture abroad today,
Stealing a march on the grassy pinks?
Back to your bed in a jiffy, I say.

Sleep till April, you venturesome child,
Hasten and cover your head with mould;
Beguiling sunshine has made you wild;
Wait for the song of the robin bold,
List for the frogs at their vespers loud,
Wait for the babble of happy streams,
The thunder will come from a murky cloud,
And shake you out of your winter dreams.

Hark for the beat of the partridge drum,
As it beats reveille to the dozing brood,
Hear if the crow with his croak has come,
When the blackbirds cry in the distant wood,
Watch for the timid anemone,
Wait till the zephyrs arbutus kiss,
Then you can stand in your beauty free,
And nod and smile in a silent bliss.

Wait, O heart! for the slow, sad hours,
The dreary round of the cheerless days,
Longing in hope for the dew-sweet flowers
To set the world in a lovely blaze
Of bud and blossom, and waken the song
Of sweet-toned wildbird to usher the May;
Winter is death, and its sleep is long;
Spirit of beauty, ring in the day!

REDPATH'S REVISION

Of Tennyson's New Poem—A Toast to Irish Freedom.

First pledge our "suspects," friends, and then—
"To Irish freedom" be our toast;
He best will aid the rights of men
Who hates our English foeman most!
May Erin's sun forever shine
With brighter light from day to day,
Until its effluence divine
Shall drive the English mists away!
Hands all round! God the tyrants' plans confound!
"To Irish independence," drink, my friends,
And the dear name of Erin, round and round!

To all the Irish hearts who long
To free their native land oppressed;
To all her exiled sons, the strong
New Ireland of the mighty West;
To Ireland of the southern skies
Who lashed the lightnings to outspeed
Our Canada, whom we love and prize,
In succoring bleeding Erin's need!
Hands all round! God the tyrants' plans confound!
"To Irish independence," drink, my friends,
And the dear name of Erin, round and round!

To all our patriots, so they be
True leaders of the land's behest!
Whate'er his method, trust will we
The man who hates the tyrant best.
We sail wherever ship can sail,
We sway in many a mighty State;
Pray God our vengeance may not fail
From craven fear or English hate!
Hands all round! God the tyrants' plans confound!
"To Irish independence," drink, my friends,
And the dear name of Ireland, round and round!

A Society for Instruction in Crime.

[Portland Argus.]

This place is a sort of headquarters for the sneak thieves of Lewiston, Biddeford, Bangor and other places. Some time ago one of this fraternity, who had read of the numerous societies formed here for benevolent and other objects, conceived the idea of forming a society of prison and jail birds. The organization numbers some ten or fifteen criminals of the lowest class, and their meetings have been held in an old building not far from the corner of Franklin and Fore streets. In this room have been conceived and planned many of the breaks which have occurred in this and other cities, and no doubt, if the members were so disposed, they could give the particulars of the recent burglaries in Lewiston and Biddeford, as well as in this city. They call themselves "Fagin's Imps," and they have regular officers, those deepest in crime holding the favored positions. The president is a person who is said to have killed his man, and who prides himself on having committed more thefts than any other three men in the society. After a break those of the gang who are in the city meet at the rendezvous, and the successful ones pay for the stuff, and they hold a carousal.

HINTS TO GOOD HEALTH.

The Health of Teachers and Scholars.

BY D. F. LINCOLN, M. D.

It is idle for a person of average mental powers to expect success in life without a vigorous constitution. Geniuses have seemed to triumph over the weakness of their natures; but the remarks which follow are not intended for the use of this limited class of persons. Teachers and older scholars are usually conscious of a limit to their powers of endurance; they have learned that rest has its uses, that sleep cannot be cut down beyond a certain point; that food, air, recreation, exercise, are as necessary to the mind as water, fuel and rails are to the locomotive engine. To persons who have already observed these facts, and who desire to be guided in accordance with the rules of their system, the remarks following are respectfully presented, in the hope that they may help in the work of building up and sustaining human strength.

CLOTHING.

A deficiency of clothing is more likely to be seen in girls than in boys. Apart from considerations of fashion, a belief seems to exist that the former require less clothing. Much is due to habit, doubtless; but the attention of parents ought to be called to the fact that certain children (boys and girls) are by constitution too delicate to endure the low necks and short sleeves which are customary at certain ages. It is necessary to ascertain this in the case of each child. Among older persons, there are many whose health would be improved by wearing flannel from neck to ankles at all seasons; and this observation is as true of women as of men. The teacher may confer a most important service by attending to the condition of the children's feet, particularly in winter. Some will walk to school through wet snow or mud, in shoes which are unfit to stand a moment's exposure; such cases of indifference to health and comfort should never be overlooked. The child should be obliged to dry his or her stockings and shoes, and to sit with the feet covered, or over a register until this is accomplished. Children should not sit in wet clothes. Their outer garments ought to be placed in a separate room, where there is space enough for each to hang freely and dry quickly. Attention to the use of door mats and scrapers will not be beneath the dignity of the teacher.

FOOD.

It is best for the student to avoid strictly all eating out of meal times. The stomach, like other organs, acts best when its tasks are performed at quite regular periods. It needs a period of rest after the completion of the digestion of a meal; this rest is generally obtained when the intervals of meals are about five hours. The chief point, however, to be attended to is regularity. Many persons in perfect health require but one or two meals; and some in equally good health eat five or six times a day. For children in school, however, and for many teachers, it would be safest to eat four times a day, viz., a substantial breakfast before going out; a lunch at eleven; dinner at two or half-past two, and supper at six or seven. Where schools have two sessions three meals may suffice. Some additional cautions may be of use. Food eaten when the body or mind is much fatigued is not well digested. If it be really necessary to eat when fatigued, a cup of tea may be taken first. It is better, however, in all cases, to rest before eating; some may need to rest five minutes, some half an hour; and some persons, after a hard day's work, ought to lie down for their rest before eating. Exercise and study are equally causes of fatigue to the system. Severe exertion, made just after eating, is pretty sure to injure digestion. Study ought not to commence within one hour of a hearty meal like dinner; certainly not within forty minutes after breakfast; while as regards lunch, that needs no special remark. It is a very good practice to begin afternoon school with light tasks requiring little concentration of thought. Perhaps the worst fault the student is likely to commit is that of omitting a meal. Nothing could be worse for the health than to come to school in a hurry, as many do, without breakfast. As regards the use of stimulants, a distinction ought to be made between the requirements of children and those of adults. Children can change their habits so readily that in a few months they forget all desire to go back to the old way; adults find change very hard, and, indeed, often trying to the health. A child does not naturally crave stimulants, and I can see no good reason for allowing them. Tea and coffee do no visible harm to great numbers of adults, while others are greatly injured by their use; the same is true of tobacco and alcoholic liquors. All of these, and many others which might be named, produce distinct, often violent effects on the nervous system; and for that reason they ought rarely to be given to children. I will not say never. They cannot be considered as simply articles of food, but as medicinal agents, liable to injure a certain proportion of children, rendering them excitable, disturbing sleep, impairing digestion. The majority of American children, it is safe to say, are already in a condition of sufficient nervous excitement without the addition of stimulants of this class. It is supposed that fish and milk are brain-making foods. It would be safer to advise students to eat as simple and as nourishing food as they can get; and, if they have to choose between fish and other foods, to take which they like the best, provided it agrees with their stomachs. Oatmeal well cooked, eggs, fish, oysters, milk, roast meats, Indian meal, graham flour, are standards; turkey, cabbage, pork and beans, and fried dishes are often indigestible for students; fruit ought to be eaten, and also green vegetables, daily. Sugar is usually wholesome and digestible, if taken in moderation; fat and butter are valuable foods, not being injurious to the health or complexion, as is popularly believed, although if overheated (fried) they become very unwholesome—whence the objection to "made gravies."

SLEEP.

Seven hours is the well-known average which suits most adults. Young persons in their teens require eight or nine hours; under ten, a longer time. Students had better find by trial that length which best suits them, and keep to it. They will not succeed in winning time for study by curtailing their hours of sleep; the effort may be sustained by force of will for a considerable time, but is highly dangerous. In order to produce its legitimate result sleep should be sound, and taken at a regular time. It is best for most persons to get a considerable portion of the night's rest before midnight, and this custom should be maintained, if formed, with regularity, for late rising on the succeeding day will not make good the fatigue which comes from occasional late study the night before. Bad sleep is often caused by an overloaded stomach or overtaxed brain. A very hearty meal should not usually be eaten within two hours of bedtime; for both the sleep and the digestion are likely to be badly performed in such a case. And no exciting mental occupations should be engaged in at the close of an evening. The last half-hour before bedtime had better be given to recreation, very light reading, or a walk. Sometimes sleep is prevented by fatigue and hunger. A person who eats a light tea at six and goes to bed after an industrious evening at eleven, will often find it beneficial to take a cracker or a glass of milk or some other light nourishment shortly before going to bed. There ought to be abundance of fresh air in the sleeping-room. The windows should be opened, even in winter, two or three inches.

EXERCISE.

It is useless to fix a rule for the amount of work to be done by each person. But all sound persons ought to do some work (or take exercise) with both body and mind every day. It is not at all necessary that the student should have the ambition to increase greatly the size of his muscle, or to perform great feats of strength or agility. His object may be presumed to be the maintenance of vigorous health; and for that purpose light gymnastics and little walking will suffice for most men, or at least for a majority. Growing children, boys or girls, ought to be developing their muscular systems; they ought to have vigorous sports with plenty of running and leaping. There is an objection to the game of base ball as now played; it has a tendency to make the body one-sided. The military drill is a good partial exercise, by no means adequate to secure good muscular development. Football is occasionally played in a way dangerous to the limbs. Boating is excellently well adapted to most persons of either sex. Walking ought to be practised in company, or else with an object, such as exploration for geological or botanical specimens or insects, or with the gun and rod. Horseback riding is the king of all exercises. Nevertheless, there is hardly any one form of exercise which, if taken alone, suffices to produce even tolerable development of all the muscles. Persons under the college age ought to have at least from two to four hours a day to play or exercise in, if possible, in the open air. A feeble chest may be developed and enlarged by a series of light gymnastics. Light wooden dumb-bells, light clubs, light wands are used to vary the exercises. Their advantage lies in their convenience and the cheapness of the apparatus required. The greatest caution should be used in taking severe exercise (as running) before breakfast. A short walk or a certain amount of household labor before breakfast is beneficial to many. The tendency to curvature of the spine, so common in girls, is due to a want of muscular strength in the back. It is to be corrected by giving exercises for the trunk and arms. Curvature is exaggerated by bad positions in writing or drawing. The body ought to be erect, with the arms hanging down; the elbows, when they swing freely at the side, should be about one inch lower than the edge of the desk. It may not be out of place to remark, that health and strength, with the firm, well-sustained and graceful movements which characterize the well-developed body, constitute so many forms or elements of beauty, and that it is not desirable to despise them on that account.—[Youths' Companion.

HOUSEHOLD ART.

Window Hangings—The Window Lambrequin—A Beautiful Cabinet—Table Covers—Leaf Photographs—Wood for Scroll Sawing—How to Paint Peacock's Feathers—Passion Flowers in Water Colors—Wood Baskets—Imitation Ground Glass—How to Make a Rug—Gilded Rattan Chairs.

The reign of the lambrequin is virtually over. That be-shirred, fluted, and plaited, and fringed, and tasselled, and painted, and appliqued, and embroidered, and otherwise decorated appendage being relegated to the upper stories in fashionable dwellings, or where retained on the drawing-room floor, being confined to the mantel-shelf, where in course of time it will cease to be popular, and disappear with the stiff and ungainly marble mantels, whose ugliness and inappropriateness now furnish an excuse for its existence. In some cases what is termed a "window-cap" or valance is used, especially with printed drapings, such as the new French crepes and momie cloths. The valance is simply a plain chaste width of the material from a foot and a half to two feet deep, fringed in colors harmonizing with the pattern, and hung without fold or gather across the top of the two curtains; this is useful chiefly for upper rooms. Where rich and heavy draping is hung, the curtain is without border or window-cap, the massive metal rings and exquisitely-designed poles in arrow and lance form, and other ornamental devices, in carved real woods, or brass, furnishing sufficient ornament. In the more expensive and new light drapings are seen lovely borders enclosing all-over patterns in subdued colors; also dado and frieze, all of which furnish sufficient decorative effect, and make the beholders rejoice in the retirement of the lambrequin. Among popular fabrics in window draperies may be mentioned "Bokharada stripes," a double-faced, reversible fine plush fabric, showing tapestry stripes in quaint designs thrown up in dull reds, blues and yellows, lighted by threads of gold, alternating with bars of solid color, such as olives, deep dull blues and pomegranate reds, crimsons and old golds. "Lampas," a sort of silk tapestry, is also exhibited in different designs; a prominent house showing a "Lampas Indian" in in peacock blue,

OVER WHICH IS STREWN ORIENTAL FIGURES

in black and bronze, with notably fine effect. The same house exhibits extremely rich silk Turco mans, reversible, in cross stripes of maroon, olive and deep ivory, lighted with a thread of tinsel, a popular style for window hangings, but more especially for portieres. Very luxurious is a set of hangings now on view, composed of deep garnet triple piled plush, with a wide border embroidered in an Egyptian design, derived from the lotos and palm in olive, sage-green, old gold, deep dull reds, blues and maroon, heavily outlined in gold. The new imitation gobelin needlework tapestries can be recommended to housekeepers for beauty, economy and durability; especially charming is an example of this fabric, showing a "reseda" ground, over which are sprinkled floral figures in full deep reds and blues, outlined in black, and lighted by a suggestion of gold, the whole presenting a quiet, though rich effect. In heavy material the "fashion drapery" is probably one of the most inexpensive, yet effective goods; it retains its popularity, and comes fifty-eight inches wide, at ninety cents per yard in all colors; it is a fine double-faced Canton flannel, having a silky lustre. Among thinner textiles for summer use "Crete" is lovely and new, and shows an exquisitely fine cotton ground, creamy in tint; upon this is printed a design in Queen Anne style, composed of blocks enclosing conventional flowers in subdued tints of salmon, terra-cotta, pink, blue and brown, the whole enclosed by a conventional bordering in the same tones. Diaphanous and charming are the "Madras" and "Cabul" curtains, some of which, with their transparency and beauty of coloring when seen through the light give almost the effect of stained glass.

NOTICEABLE IN THE FORMER GRADES

is a set of curtains with old-gold ground, on which is shown a "set" pattern in salmon, pomegranate and pale bird's-egg blue; also a set in warm gray, with a conventional design in dull blues, greens and red, with pale old gold inclining to lemon-colored border, on which are shown groups of blue and red lilies. "Madras" coming by the yard shows lovely patterns, among which, conspicuously remarked for its appropriateness, is the dull deep-red Indian passion flower and foliage flatly rendered. Madras comes in exquisitely fine cotton, cotton and silk, and all silk, the prices ranging in the first two from $10 to $30 a window, and in silk as high as $200 per window. "Cabuls" form effective window drapings; on a ground of black grenadine are shown flowers in old gold, leaves of olive greens, the whole, or rather each figure being enriched and lighted up outline of chain stitch in gold, giving at once the effect of richness and brightness. Among white curtains cool and very lovely appear the "Clunys" and "Antiques," the former composed of creamy Russian grenadine, with a broad insertion and border of "Cluny" lace; the latter in white grenadine with "Revere" borders, enclosing bands of lovely drawn work, the whole edged with deep and fine "Antique" lace. For very elegant drawing-rooms, the fine Brussels lace curtain, with its exquisitely-wrought garlands and devices of flowers, still holds its own, never going out of date. Among minor novelties, now that silk window shades are going out, are ecrue dull-finished holland shades, embroidered just above the lower edge in outline designs of buttercups, sunflowers, poppies, daffodils and grasses in silks or crewels. Cotton gobelins, French crepe cretonnes, and a new and rich style of momie cloths, furnish lovely bedchamber draperies, and appear well with parti-colored fringed valance or window-caps.—[The Art Interchange.

A Beautiful Cabinet.

My cabinet is truly a thing of beauty. It is made of black walnut, beautifully carved and polished. The whole cabinet is eight feet high, four feet wide and one foot deep. The inside is painted white and varnished. The base is one foot high and nineteen inches deep (or from front to back); it contains two drawers side by side, two feet wide, nineteen inches deep (or from front to back), and five inches high. On this base the top part is fastened by means of bolts. The top portion is seven feet high, four feet wide and one foot deep. It has five shelves one foot wide. The back edges of these shelves are a trifle higher than the front edges. All have a tiny black walnut molding on the front edge, rising a trifle above the shelves, to keep specimens from falling against the glass. Underneath each one of these wide shelves (except the bottom one) I have one narrow shelf, four inches wide, resting on tiny brackets, about midway of the space left between the wide shelves. This makes nine shelves in all; besides the bottom is the same as another wide shelf. The space between the top of the cabinet and the first shelf from the top is nearly two feet. It is so arranged for convenience; on this shelf we intend to have some pretty stuffed birds. Glass doors down the front; and this is my convenient and roomy cabinet. This differs materially from my first model, but I think it an improvement. Am almost afraid it will not hold more than half of my specimens. Have not as yet found time to arrange them in their new home, but am in hopes to be able to do so soon.

Wood for Scroll-Sawing

can be obtained from dealers in scroll-saw materials, by whom it is furnished in great variety, and of various thicknesses. The thicknesses most used are from one-eighth up to one-quarter inch. It is best to buy them dressed on both sides; sandpapering and polishing can be done after the design is sawed out. The woods that give the most satisfaction are walnut, holly, mahogany, oak and satinwood. In buying white holly, care should be taken to get it a pure white. It then requires care in handling, as it stains with moisture and warps very easily. The woods should be kept under pressure, to prevent warping. In starting work, it is best to make the hole for the saw at a place where the design comes down to a point. This prevents disfigurement. When the pattern is too long for the reach of the machine, the wood can be sawed in two at some place where the joint will not show, and afterward rejoined by gluing. In sawing the harder woods, beeswax or oil is sometimes applied occasionally to the teeth of the saw, but this should not be done if it discolors the wood. In sawing, the wood should not be forced against the saw, but kept gently to it, and guided by both hands; and it is important to have the tension quite stiff, so as to keep the saw straight and firm. A pair of pincers will be found useful, and an awl should be kept at hand, to punch out the sawed pieces when they have a tendency to lodge in the work. The finishing is an important part of the work. Scroll-saw work requires a good eye, steady hand, patient care and much time to do it properly, and when it is well done it is worth a fine finish. Varnish is rarely used, except on the edges of the work, which should have at least two coats of shellac, and completing it with an oil finish. An oil finish should not be applied to white holly, but French polish may. When French polish is used the edges of the work should always be double shellacked. Skilful carving and inlaying greatly enhance the beauty of a scroll design; but these are each arts in themselves, which require study and a great amount of practice to secure good results.

Table-Covers.

I have seen lately quite a number of pretty covers for small tables, made of various dark rich shades of double-faced canton flannel. One in particular I thought very handsome and effective in design, which I will attempt briefly to describe. A yard square of olive-green canton flannel was button-holed all round the edge with gold-colored silk, the stitches being taken some little distance from each other. A band of garnet flannel three inches wide was placed at a distance of four inches from the edge of the cover. This band or border, before it was placed on the olive-green flannel, was first embroidered at intervals; little Japanese fans and butterflies alternating with each other. Each fan was about the size of a silver dollar; its outlines only were embroidered with stemstitch with gold-colored silk, their handles being worked also with the same color. The butterflies were embroidered in various colors, the upper and lower wings generally of some bright, contrasting colors, with gold spots. This border was fastened with feather stitching on the table-cover; and in each corner of the cover were embroidered with crewels, groups of field flowers, daisies, and sunflowers in two corners, cat-tails and poppies in the remaining ones. One can buy beautiful designs of flowers, etc., all ready worked, which require only to be sewed neatly on your material; these can often be purchased most reasonably, and at a cost less than you could procure the materials for working them, thereby saving all the time it would take otherwise while embroidering the design. A table-cover of garnet flannel with a band of old gold would be very pretty, and look very handsome with groups of daisies in each corner.

Leaf Photographs.

A very pretty amusement, especially for those who have just completed the study of botany, is the taking of leaf photographs. One very simple process is this: At any druggist's get an ounce of bichromate of potassium. Put this into a pint bottle of water. When the solution becomes saturated—that is, the water has dissolved as much as it will—pour off some of the clear liquid into a shallow dish; on this float a piece of ordinary writing paper till it is thoroughly moistened. Let it become dry in the dark. It should be of a bright yellow. On this put the leaf—under it a piece of black soft cloth and several sheets of newspapers. Put these between two pieces of glass (all the pieces should be of the same size) and with spring clothes-pins fasten them together. Expose to a bright sun, placing the leaf so that the rays will fall upon it as nearly perpendicular as possible. In a few moments it will begin to turn brown; but it requires from half an hour to several hours to produce a perfect print. When it has become dark enough, take it from the frame and put it in clear water, which must be changed every few minutes till the yellow part becomes white. Sometimes the leaf-veinings will be quite distinct. By following these directions it is scarcely possible to fail, and a little practice will make perfect.

How to Paint Peacock's Feathers.

Take the peacock's feather you wish to copy and place it before you, with some appropriate background. A sheet of light-gray paper will do, to which you may pin the feather, or otherwise arrange it so that you may study the relations of tones as they are in nature. For the dark rich blue in the centre, use Prussian blue, rose madder, and black, with a touch of cadmium where it shades into green. The bright copper-colored tones are made with cadmium and vermilion. In the light-green tips, shading into purple, use Prussian blue, cadmium and rose madder. Wash in your tones at first in flat washes, afterwards deepening the accents, and washing out the highest lights with a small brush full of water, and then taking up the color with a sharply-pointed piece of blotting-paper. This is much better than to use white paint, which makes everything opaque with which it mixes. In finishing, use a fine brush, but do not stipple.

Passion Flowers in Water-Colors.

In painting a passion flower with water-colors, use cobalt and rose madder for the pale violet tones, and make the greens with Prussian blue and gamboge or light cadmium, toning with black and rose madder. The following list comprises all the colors necessary for an outfit, and when properly combined are sufficient for painting any subject whatever. The fewer colors you can use the better; your painting will be more simple, and to thoroughly master the combinations of a few that are really valuable, is much better than to have your box filled with a number of ready-made tones, upon which you learn to depend. Silverwhite, yellow ochre, light cadmium, (Schonfeldt); orange cadmium, light red, Indian red, vermilion, madder lake, rose madder, cobalt, permanent blue, Antwerp blue, burnt sienna, raw umber, Zinnober green, terre verte, bone brown, ivory black and blue black.

Wood Baskets

are much used for both parlor and drawing-rooms to hold the logs of wood, cedar and cones that make such brilliant looking fires. The baskets are of strong wicker work, stained brown, painted black or gilded, and are partly covered with a thick fringe or handsomely embroidered bands and points. When there is a lid (for there is much variety in the forms), it may be covered with plush, on which is worked a design in coarse embroidery in crewels, tinsel or applique. Large tufts finish the corners, and tassels are on the points and bands, so that but very little of the basket shows, thus giving it the appearance of a handsome ottoman.

To Make a Rug.

For a rug use a piece of small-figured Brussels carpet. Around this place three rows of thick cloth, cut in scallops three and one-half inches deep and two and one-half wide. Make the first and third rows of black cloth, worked on the edge of each scallop in buttonhole stitch, with scarlet Germantown yarn. Make the second row of drab cloth worked with blue. Put a strip of drab worked in feather stitch with blue. Cover the seam where the first row is sewed on. The whole is then sewed on another piece of carpeting to keep it in place on the floor.

Imitation Ground Glass.

Cut from tissue-paper, or thin white muslin, fancy figures, and then with transparent gum fasten them upon the glass. These are good for hall doors. The same end may be obtained by applying to the windows with a brush a hot solution of sal-ammoniac, Glauber's salts or Epsom salts. The crystallizations in the first will be in straight lines; the Epsom salts will produce four-sided prisms, and the Glauber's salts six-sided ones. A perfect and beautiful screen can be formed in this way.

Gilded Rattan Chairs.

A piece of furniture now in demand in fashionable drawing-rooms is a gilded rattan chair, upholstered in embroidered plush. The designs may be flowers, executed in Kensington work, set figures in outline work, or any other pattern that suits the owner's taste. Sometimes stamped plush is chosen, the designs being outlined in colored silks or tinsel threads; the latter is very effective.

THE LADIES' BAZAAR.

Some Considerations on the Subject of Gifts—What American Women Can Do by Buying American Silks.

How many of the gifts that pass between friends, how many social favors and pleasantries—dinners, parties, luncheons and all the pleasant recreations of life—really mean the things they are supposed to mean? How many are merely the paying off of debts in similar lines, at once the recognition and the discharging of a supposed obligation? More, doubtless, than it is pleasant to consider. For many people seem to think that when they receive a gift from a friend they should be careful to return another of equal monetary value, perhaps not immediately, but eventually it is sure to come. The length of time elapsing between the giving of the gift and the returning of another will usually correspond with the elevation of the views concerning friendship held by the one deeming it incumbent upon her to make a return. If Mary presents to Marie a sumptuously bound and finely illustrated copy of her favorite poet, a book that is in itself a picture, or a poem, then if Marie's ideas of friendship are on a rather materialistic foundation and she dislikes the idea of "being under obligations" Mary will receive in a few days a piece of jewelry the value of which will correspond very closely with the price paid for the book. But if Marie has a slightly higher idea of the real meaning and intent of a gift, but still feels restive under the idea that she is not quite square with the world, she will wait a few weeks, perhaps a month or two, before making her return gift, in order that it may not appear quite so much like a signed receipt for value received. While in social affairs there is one continual repaying of obligations. Friendship with many people is nothing but a book of debits and credits, and life with them is a long struggle to keep the account even. But any friendship that is worthy of the name is as far distant from all thoughts of obligation as is the sun from the moon.

But we are a money-loving, money-making nation, and the idea of monetary value runs through all we think or do; and yet that is a very low and uninspiring view to take of friendly regard or affection, which shows their value only by the light of financial consideration, or which measures their depth by the value of the presents they make. And it is a dark and ugly light in which to look upon friendship which can show any "obligation" resulting from what friendship does. Friendship is then no longer friendship, but becomes mere business, and is of the earth earthy. As well might Mary and Marie attempt to give to each other evidence of their mutual affection by meeting some day and exchanging in legal tender the cost of the presents by which they attempt to disguise the business transaction of freeing themselves from some former fancied obligation.

Business is business and friendship is friendship, and the two should never be mingled or confused. Friendship that is founded on personal affection and the mutual recognition of qualities that attract and please receives a grievous hurt whenever it sees that a money value has been placed upon the manifestation it has tried to make of its regard. In any friendship that is worthy the name gifts are but the outward and inadequate expression of the inward feeling, the awkward materialization of the perfume from the flower of affection, and as well might the attempt be made to gather up the perfume of the rose floating about in the air of the garden where it grows, bottle it and sell it to the perfume dealer, as to recognize or attempt to return the financial value of a gift that speaks with the voice of affection. As well might Marie think herself under obligations to return in exact measure the affection that Mary bestows upon her as to endeavor to repay the financial value of the gifts by which that affection seeks expression. Her own regard may attempt to voice itself at times, but if their friendship be a real friendship its expression will have no reference, either in the value of the gift or in her thought in procuring it, to the other's token. Love recognizes no debt and permits none to be a debtor. A great novelist, whose death the world has very recently been called upon to mourn, once said that the highest form of love is that which demands no return—a conception of affection which there are few mortals sufficiently unselfish to endorse, but a saying which there are few so selfish that they cannot apply it to the concrete manifestations of affection.

Which?

Which is it better to buy, American or foreign silks? How each lady answers this question for herself is a matter of a good deal of importance, not only for the lady herself, but more especially for the industries of the country. It has been of much interest to watch the effects of the efforts made by Lady Bective to make fashionable woollen goods of English manufacture, and so stimulate that industry. She will wear, no matter where she goes, only goods of English manufacture, her sole reason being the desire to stimulate the manufacturing of those goods and so add to the prosperity of the country. At first she was rather laughed at, and her idea was regarded as a mere caprice, but she has finally succeeded in enlisting the sympathies of both fashionable people and statesmen. Not long ago Lord Salisbury, in a speech at a large meeting, referred to what Lady Bective has done and to the importance of her example being followed, saying: "Of course ladies are not asked to prefer the worse for the better, or to set aside any solid recommendation which goods of foreign manufacture may have; but in respect to the enormous mass of their purchases, which are merely dictated by those motives collectively included under the name of fashion, they are asked to remember that something more than the gratification of their own taste, however legitimate that gratification may be, depends upon the selection they make, and that it is in the power of each in her sphere, and in proportion to her purchases, to determine whether or not large bodies of English artisans and large bodies of English agriculturists shall flourish or decay." It looks very much as if Lady Bective will succeed and that English made woollen goods will become quite fashionable. Her courage and her patriotism, in any event, are to be greatly commended.

It is not necessary that American women follow her example closely. There would be for them no need of the publicity and the assertiveness that she has found necessary. But the opportunity lies before them of doing a most patriotic thing, and aiding in the development of a new industry that will add immeasurably to the prosperity of the country, and that too in a most quiet and unobtrusive way. The silk industry with us is just now in its infancy, and needs every aid for its development which can be brought. If ladies will always ask for American silks and will buy none of foreign make they will find that by so doing they not only encourage an important industry, but also benefit themselves. For so much of the silk of foreign make is adulterated that in wearing qualities it seldom equals the American. And there are few of even the finest French silks that are not equalled by those bearing American brands. But so insistent has been the demand of fashion for imported goods that a large proportion, almost all in fact, of the native manufacture is sold as foreign goods. So that the lady who determines to wear only silks of native make will probably be sold goods from the very same mills whence have come her elegant "French" importations. The only difference will be in the name, or if there is ever a difference it will lie on the side of the American goods.

Echoes.

Greyhound blue or gray will be a favorite color for travelling and utility suits.

Plain skirts, with trimmed polonaises, will soon rival trimmed skirts with plain basques.

There are 1000 women artists in New York City.

Cashmere serges in broad stripes, and with raw silk broche effects in borders and designs, are late novelties.

In gloves the tan and ecru shades are used even in preference to colors matching the costume. They fit the arm closely to the elbow or wrinkle to the wrist.

Dress skirts are wider this season. They measure two and a half yards around at the bottom. The draperies are more bouffant and eloborate than last season.

Miss Rosa Rosenthal of Atlanta, Georgia, has the honor to be the first young lady in that State to receive a diploma which entitles her to write M. D. after her name.

The ladies of the New York Decorative Art Society have done well in establishing a "Lending Library" of books on subjects connected with decorative art. It is intended for people living out of the city, to whom the books are sent by mail at one cent per day.

In spite of the large importations of elaborate dresses, composed of two or several fabrics, plain costumes, all of one stuff, and with but little trimming, are seen everywhere, and are most worn by the women who are considered authority in matters of dress and fashion.

KNITTING AND CROCHET WORK.

Feather-Edged Braid Edging.

Have a crochet hook that is all the way of a size. Hold the braid in the left hand. Join the thread to the upper right-hand loop in a short crochet. Make a chain of five, miss two loops (on the upper edge of course), and work three trebles into the next loop; this forms one group. Miss two loops, work three trebles into the next loop; this makes another group. Make two more groups in the same way; having four groups in all, and mark particularly the last stitch of the last group, which may be called the "hub," since from it as from a centre certain spokes are to proceed. Now make a chain of four, miss two loops of the braid, and join to the next loop by a single crochet, that is, the hook is put into the loop, and the thread is drawn through this loop and the one on the hook at the same time, then make a chain of four, and join to the hub by a single crochet; this makes what we may call a spoke. Chain four, join to the third loop by a single crochet, chain four, join to the hub by a single crotchet; this makes a second spoke. So continue till you make three more spokes, so there will be five in all. Miss two loops and work three trebles into the next loop of braid, and join the last treble of this group to the upper treble of the fourth group by a single crochet, miss two loops and work three trebles into the next loop, join the last treble of this group to the upper treble of the third group by a single crochet, make two more groups in the same way and join to second and first groups the same as you have joined to the fourth and third groups. Now, make a chain of five, miss two loops, and join to the next loop by a single crochet. So far you have a U-shaped scallop; now bend the braid over towards you to where the last chain of five was joined to the left-hand side of the U, so that the little loops will come opposite each other in a double row; put the hook through the first loop in front and the one behind it, and draw the thread through both loops on the braid, keeping the loop on the hook as in afghan or tricotee style, raise fourteen more stitches in the same way, putting the hook through both the front and back loops every stitch; draw the thread through two of the loops (that are on the hook) at a time, till you have only one loop on the hook. This has joined the left side of the first scallop to the right side of the second, and brought you back to the top of the bend, ready to commence the next scallop, which is made precisely the same way as the one already made.

Child's Coat in Points.

Make a chain of seventy-two stitches, crochet three treble in first three chains; in fourth chain put three stitches, then three more in next three chains—one chain. This forms one point. Miss one chain and repeat until you have nine points. The second round is like the first, except you widen the point in the centre with five stitches; third row widen with three stitches, and fourth with five stitches. Each alternate row is widened with three and then five stitches. At the ninth round form the sleeve; leave two points on each side for the fronts, three for the back, and one point on shoulder for the upper part of sleeve. Make five rows across each front and back; on the fifth row join with nine chain stitches. This forms the armhole. Next round make another point on the nine chains. Twenty-four rows from armhole complete the coat, but the eighteenth row may be crocheted open to run the cord through for the waist. The sleeve is a continuation of the point on the shoulder, and two others formed on the sides of the armhole. Thirteen rows complete the sleeve. In each open stripe between the points run a heavy cord, finished off with a tassel. Cord and tassels round the waist and neck. The coat must be closed from the waist down. Any kind of pretty scallops, shell-stitch, etc., may be used as a border. Every one nearly knows some kind of bordering. I will, however, give directions for a pretty border that may be used if fancied. Border for coat—Four treble stitches, miss two, then four treble; repeat all round the coat; second row—four treble in first stitch of four treble, four treble, first stitch of next four, repeat; third row—in the middle of the four stitches of last row, crochet one treble stitch, three chain; put the needle through the top loops of the stitch and fasten the three chains in a round loop; repeat this five times and you have a feather-edged scallop. Between the scallops make a single stitch with three chains fastened as above. Hope I have made this plain enough. The coat will be large enough for a child two or three years old, if made of double zephyr or coarse yarn. It is a very handsome garment and quite easy to make. Don't crochet too loosely. A great deal is in the kind of stitch.

Knitted Counterpane in Diamonds.

Use No. 12 cotton. Cast on one stitch, increase one stitch at the beginning of every row.

First row—Over, knit one.
Second row—Over, knit two.
Third row—Over, seam two, knit one.
Fourth row—Over, seam one, knit two, seam one.
Fifth row—Over, seam one, knit two, seam two.
Sixth row—Over, knit two, seam two, knit two.
Seventh row—Over, knit two, seam two, knit two, seam one.
Eighth row—Over, knit one, seam two, knit two, seam two, knit one.
Ninth row—Over, knit one, seam two, knit two, seam two, knit two.
Tenth row—Over, seam two, knit two, seam two, knit two, seam two.
Eleventh row—Over, knit the remainder plain.
Twelfth row—Over, seam the remainder.
Thirteenth row—Over, knit plain.
Fourteenth row—Over, knit plain.
Fifteenth row—Over, seam the remainder.
Sixteenth row—Over, knit plain.

Repeat the three last rows three times more, then knit ten rows of two seamed and two stitches knit plain, alternately, continuing to make one at the beginning of every row, and reversing the stitches after every two rows. Repeat the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth rows seven times, then knit ten rows of two seamed and two stitches knit plain, alternately, continuing to make one at the beginning of every row, and reversing the stitches after every two rows. Repeat the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth rows nine times, knit six rows of two seamed and two plain stitches, alternately, making one at the beginning of each, and reversing the stitches after every two rows. This makes half the diamond. The other half is done in the same way, only decreasing at the end of each row instead of increasing.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Marketing—Meats in General—Meat in Pickle—Globe Receipts—Griddle and Hominy Cakes—Minced Veal and Eggs—Breakfast and Codfish Cakes, Etc., Etc., Etc.

Mutton requires long keeping after killing, even more imperatively than beef, not less than a week in a cool place being necessary, while in the winter at the North three or four are quite practicable. This protracted hanging, if not too long, does away with the "woolly" taste so often complained of as the characteristic of mutton and makes even tough meat tender. Perfect mutton will be firm and juicy, a rather dark red in color, and with a good deal of hard, clear, white fat, much more in proportion than beef. The animal is divided into sides and quarters like beef, the hindquarter, consisting of leg and loin, being the most desirable cut. As such a quarter in a fine animal will weigh from twenty to thirty pounds, a small family will find the leg alone sufficient. This, though higher in price than any other cut, has much less proportion of bone, and is therefore most economical. The loin includes six ribs, the meat being rather lighter and more delicate than that of the leg. The flank should be removed, as it dries up in roasting, and a trimmed piece, though higher in price, is more really economical. A saddle of mutton, a favorite Virginia roast, is simply the two loins joined. Chops are cut from the loin—called "long" when the flank is left on, and "short" when it is removed. Occasionally the bone is taken from the long chops and they are sold rolled up, but let no one be persuaded by the attractive appearance to buy them, as they are tough and stringy, and dear at any price. The forequarter includes both shoulder and breast. The shoulder-blade, so dreaded by all carvers, can be taken out by a small French boning knife, and the shoulder stuffed and sewed or trussed in shape makes a good roast. The breast can also be roasted, but is better used in stews or cut into rib chops. Mutton costs less than beef,

BUT IS REALLY DEARER,

as if good it must be very fat, and the fat is practically useless in cooking, save that a very small proportion can be, if carefully prepared, mixed with dripping or lard for frying croquettes, or anything that has been rolled in egg and crumbs. For potatoes or ordinary frying, it gives a rank and unpleasant flavor, and unless the cook is exceptionally careful, may better be used as soap-grease. Lamb is in season from May to September, and is cut and sold like mutton, but cannot be kept, as it taints much more readily. The bones have a reddish look, and the fat is firm and white. Whether veal should be eaten at all is a disputed point among dieticians, and it requires long and very thorough cooking, being even then much less digestible than beef or mutton. It is cut in precisely the same manner. The lower part of the leg, called the knuckle, is epecially good for white soup; the leg itself can be roasted whole for a large family, but affords several pieces, the fillet being the nicest. This fillet is simply a piece of solid meat from the upper part of the leg, and can be larded or stuffed or simply roasted. The neck and breast are used chiefly for stewing. The fat of veal should be firm and white and the lean have a pinkish tinge. If the calf was too young the meat will be bluish and soft and flabby. "Bob veal," as it is then called, is actual poison, no meat, save diseased pork, seeming to have more power for harm. From April to September is the season, and the price is then at its lowest. The fillet ranges from twenty to thirty cents a pound; cutlets from the leg usually thirty cents, as dealers object to spoiling a possible fillet or roast; the loin for roasting about fifteen cents, and the breast ten to twelve. The knuckle, like the shin or shank of beef, should not be over three or four cents a pounds, its chief use being for stock. Pork is last in order, and in regard to its buying one is tempted to give Punch's advice to all young couples intending marriage—"Don't."

ARGUMENTS AGAINST IT HAVE NO ROOM HERE.

Fresh pork should be firm, the skin a clear white, the lean a pale red and the fat white. If the fat is soft and of a yellowish tinge, the pork is of inferior quality. It is cut much in the same manner as mutton, though in more pieces, the chief being leg, loin, rib-piece, shoulder, neck, flank, brisket, head and feet. In a large hog two or three inches of fat are cut away with the skin from loin and ribs, the latter taking the name of spare-ribs from this fact and being a favorite roasting piece, the loin coming next in popularity. Chops and steaks are cut from both loin and ribs, the legs and shoulders being smoked, and other portions corned, the trimmings forming sausage meat. The head may be corned or used in making head-cheese; the feet boiled fresh or pickled, being in either case more digestible than any other portion of the animal. Lard is now so adulterated that the safest plan, if a pure article is any object, is to buy the "leaf lard" and try it out at home, straining into a large stone jar, and keeping in a cold place. Where salt pork is bought in small amounts it can be kept also in a jar or tub half filled with brine, and the pork must not be allowed to come above it, a plate, smaller round than the jar, serving to keep it under.

Preserving Meat in Pickle.

Some years since, in discussing the uses of salt for domestic purposes, I consulted various authorities in regard to preserving meat in warm climates, about which the Texan inquires, and, too, I know that many farmers in our temperate climate (43°) fail to corn their beef so as to have it in the best condition for keeping and for table use, hence a little advice in this direction may not come amiss. First, for a temperate climate, taking 100 pounds of beef: One gallon of finely-ground and perfectly pure salt; one quart of molasses and four ounces of saltpetre; mix thoroughly; see that the cask is sweet, if it has been before used; if it is new, give it a thorough scalding with strong and hot brine until the wood is filled with salt where it is to come in contact with the meat. Sprinkle a little dry salt, coarse as grains of wheat, over the bottom, so as to barely cover it. Having cut the beef into proper-sized pieces, rub them with the preparation of salt, molasses and saltpetre, especially on bloody places (but have as little blood on the meat as possible); pack the meat closely in a layer over the bottom, and rub on top of the layer some of the preparation, and lay down another course of meat, and repeat the process until all the meat is in place. Put a weight on top and add no water or brine until three or four days have passed, then examine and see if the beef is not covered with self-made brine. If the beef was packed very soon after the animal heat had all gone out, there will be a full supply of brine to cover the meat, but if it had been hung up several days, and thus had lost much of its natural moisture, it will not make a sufficient supply of brine. In such case, tip up the cask and pour out what brine there may be, and add to it sufficient water (salted so as to float an egg) to cover the meat, and pour it on. When the meat has been under the brine about ten days, take it all up and scald the brine, removing all scum that may rise on it; return the meat to the cask, being careful to so change the places of the pieces that surfaces which before had not received the pickle will be sure at this second packing to be so exposed as to get the proper proportion. By this time the beef will be in condition to be cooked, taking some care to use the smaller pieces at first, as they will be soonest corned. Take care that the meat is not exposed to the air, but is kept under brine, and place the cask in as cool a place as convenient. As warm weather comes carefully watch the brine that it may not lower, and that there be no scum on it. If there are appearances of coming evil, take up the meat, repack it and make new brine of salt and water alone, and make it strong enough to float a potato, and use the meat while it is good. Beef corned in this way will not be salt enough to keep well during the hot weather of summer, but will be just right for use during winter and early spring. Twice as much salt, perhaps more, would be required for keeping in warm weather.

Codfish Cakes.

Cut the codfish in pieces and soak these for an hour or more in lukewarm water; then remove the skin and bones and pull the fish into fine shreds and place over the fire in some cold water. When it begins to boil change the water for some that is fresh and bring this to the boiling point, but do not let it boil, for that will make the fish tough. While preparing the fish boil some potatoes; mash these while still hot and add a little butter. While both are hot mix the fish and mashed potatoes, in the proportion of one part fish and two parts potato. Form into thick, flat cakes. Fry these cakes in a saucepan with a little hot butter. Be sure to mix the potatoes and fish while both are hot, for the cakes will be very much better than if this is done when the ingredients are cold.

Minced Veal and Eggs.

Take some slices of roasted veal, trim off all the browned edges and mince finely. Chop one small onion very fine. Put a tablespoonful of butter into a saucepan, and fry the onion to a light brown. Shake in a little flour from a dredging-box, and add two or three tablespoonfuls of the gravy left from the roast, with pepper and salt to taste, and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. When boiling hot turn in the minced meat. If not sufficiently moist add a little boiling water. When it has simmered five minutes serve on a hot platter with small diamonds of wheat bread fried in butter for a garnish, and three or four poached eggs upon the top of it. It makes an excellent breakfast or lunch dish.

To Stain Pine, Maple or Satinwood a Light Color.

Water, one-half gallon; madder, four ounces; fustic, two ounces. Boil; lay it on with a brush while hot. This imitates a very light mahogany; if to be lighter, put in less madder. A beautiful orange-yellow tone may be imparted to oak wood by rubbing it in a warm room with a mixture composed of three ounces tallow, three-fourths ounce wax, added to one pint oil turpentine, mixed by heating together and stirring. Rub in this mixture until it acquires a dull polish, then coating it after an hour with thin French polish, and repeating the coating of polish to improve the depth and brilliancy of of the tone.

How to Take Care of Furs.

Ladies, it has been remarked, as a general rule, imagine that care in putting away furs is all that is required; they think they can wear them when and how they please, provided they expend a few pence for camphor when they lay them aside. This idea should be corrected. More harm is done to furs by wearing them for a week after the weather has become warm, than during a whole cold season. When they are put aside they should be brushed the right way with a soft brush; an old linen handkerchief folded smoothly over them, and a piece of gum camphor kept in the box all the time, to scare intruders in the shape of moths.

How Gilding and Graining is Done.

For gold-leaf make a sizing of chrome yellow, linseed oil and Japan dryer. Apply with a brush; let it stand until nearly dry, or at least until tacky; then apply the leaf. Some use what painters call a tip; others cut the leaf into narrow strips and apply it from the paper it comes on. Press gently with a little raw cotton. Silver-leaf is used in the same way, only using white instead of yellow to make the sizing. When gold, silver or copper bronze is used varnish the surface to be gilded with quick-drying varnish, and when nearly dry apply the bronze with a piece of chamois skin or a soft woollen cloth. When the bronze is thoroughly dry brush lightly and then varnish over. To grain, cover the surface with the lightest desired shade; let it dry and then cover with a darker shade of the same color. Then take a coarse, middling fine steel comb and copy the grain of the wood you wish to imitate. With a cloth held over the fingers form knots in the wood. Practice makes perfect.

Corn Meal and Gluten Griddle Cakes.

Two pints of gluten flour, half tea-cup of sifted corn meal, three teaspoonfuls of royal baking powder (well mixed through the flour and sifted), one pint of cold milk, one pint of cold water. These can also be mixed up at night by scalding the meal and stirring in one quart of tepid water, no milk, and half of a yeast cake dissolved in a portion of the water. Left to rise until morning, then baked on the griddle. If too thick, thin them with a little tepid water. Tepid water is made with one part boiling water and three parts cold water as it comes from the well or pipe, say 40° Fahrenheit.

Float.

One quart of milk, the yolks of four eggs, four tablespoonfuls of white sugar, a pinch of salt, two teaspoonfuls of corn starch. Let the milk with the salt come to a boil, reserving a little of the milk to mix the corn starch with. Beat the yolks and sugar very light, and mix the corn starch with them, first dissolving the corn starch in cold milk, then pour the boiling milk slowly into the whole. Place over the fire again, stirring very fast. When nearly cold, flavor. Beat the whites with a little sugar just before serving, and place it on the top of the custard.

Graham Griddle Cakes.

Two pints of graham flour, one pint of white flour, one tablespoonful of corn meal, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one pint of milk, one pint of cold water; sift the graham, white flour and corn meal together in a pan; stir in the baking powder, then mix well and sift all again. Then add the milk and water, or only water to the extent of a quart. Bake on a hot griddle. If the mixture seems too thin add more graham flour; if too thick add more water. Bake as soon as mixed.

Breakfast Cakes.

Take the remnants of a cold boiled ham, fat and lean together, and chop them finely, or pound them in a mortar. Soak an inch-thick slice of wheat bread in half a pint of warm milk, and when very soft pound it with the ham. Add two well-beaten eggs to the mixture and a little pepper and catsup or Chili sauce. Roll into cakes, dip into beaten egg and breadcrumbs and fry in pork fat, or put it into a baking dish and cover it with breadcrumbs, and bake in the oven for fifteen minutes.

To Ebonize Pine Wood.

Wash the wood with a boiling decoction of logwood three or four times, allowing it to dry between each application. Then wash it with a solution of acetate of iron, which is made by dissolving iron filings in vinegar. This stain is very black, and penetrates to a considerable depth into the wood, so that ordinary scratching or chipping does not show the original color. Some recipes direct the solutions of logwood and iron to be mixed before being applied, but this is a great mistake.

How to Clean Hair Brushes.

It is best to clean two at a time, in this way: First, comb them well, to remove the loose hair or dust; then dip the bristles only in very warm water; sprinkle each brush with plenty of powdered borax and rub the two together; after they are cleansed thoroughly, have a pitcher of hot water and pour it over the bristles; keep the back of the brush as dry as possible. Shake the water well out, and dry quickly in the sun. Brushes washed in this way will retain their stiffness.

Potato and Ham Croquettes.

Take six good-sized boiled potatoes, rub them through a colander, and add to them three tablespoonful of finely-chopped boiled ham, fat and lean together. Add a little pepper and some chopped onion or parsley, and two well-beaten eggs. Roll into small rolls; dip into egg and breadcrumbs; fry in hot pork fat, and serve with watercresses or parsley for a garnish.

Mutton Pie.

Take the mutton chops from the forequarter, season highly with pepper and salt and put into a baking dish with alternate layers of apples, pared and sliced, and a little sprinkling of chopped onion. Put a crust of not very rich pastry over the top, and bake for twenty or thirty minutes in a hot oven.

Hominy Cakes.

Two cups of fine hominy boiled and cold; one cup of white flour; one quart of milk; three eggs, well beaten; one teaspoonful of salt. Beat the hominy smooth; stir in the milk and salt; add the flour, and lastly the eggs. Bake at once in oval cakes on the griddle. Keep the mixture well stirred, and have the griddle hot.

Stove Blacking.

The most lasting polish is said to be obtained by covering the stove with a mixture of lampblack and soluble glass and after letting it dry for twenty-four hours, then apply a mixture (consistency of cream) of black lead and mucilage and polish at once.

To Cleanse a Mattress.

Remove the hair from the tick, souse it up and down in warm soapsuds for a few minutes, then rinse in clear water, and dry in the sun. Wash the tick, and then replace the hair.

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Boston Weekly Globe.

TUESDAY, APRIL 25, 1882.

DUNN BROWN AND HIS DOUBLE,

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The San Francisco Chronicle comments on the signs of prosperity in that city, saying that at no time since 1876 has so great a demand for houses and so few unrented as at present, and adds: "Booms do not strike San Francisco as rapidly as they do Eastern cities, but when they do they are more enduring in their character." That long depressed city is to be congratulated alike on its returning business activity and the complacent view which it takes of its "booms." To people outside of California, if there has been any one thing by which the booms of San Francisco have been marked it is the very great suddenness with which they have struck that much boomed city, and the very short time which they have remained. And when they have struck the city they have struck it so hard and knocked things up so high that they have done almost as much harm as good. But the present boom has probably a different source than the speculations from which its former booms received their impulse, and if this is so it will prove more permanent and beneficial than did they.

The project for the admission of Dakota as a State having practically died out, the Republicans now turn their anxious eyes to Washington Territory. They must have two more senators and three more electoral votes before the next national election, or their chances of securing a majority will be alarmingly reduced. How would it do to admit Alaska?

The New York Mercury says: "British prisons hold 571 'suspects,' and not one of them has been told the crime of which he is accused. Had this wholesale system taken place in Russia there would have been public meetings in London to denounce it as a crime against civilization. The cuticle of John Bull is extremely thick.

If Mr. Stewart could have realized before he died that his firm name was to disappear in 1882, probably he would not have cared if the whereabouts of his body were unknown after his demise. Judge Hilton says he would have closed out the business before, only he wished to spare Mrs. Stewart's feelings. She hates to have the sale made, but is powerless.

The Augusta Chronicle manifestly needs a little more reconstructing. From the other side of the bloody chasm it makes up faces at the North as it shouts across: "Rich people in the North tried coffee houses in opposition to saloons, but they have been abandoned. The fact is some people get the devil in them, and cold water and coffee cannot exorcise the foul fiend."

The business outlook is much brighter than it has been for a long time, according to reports yesterday. Information from thirty leading cities to the Bradstreet company shows that trade has improved greatly, and last week was better than any since the 1st of January. Collections have been quite satisfactory, and the general outlook for crops is most favorable.

The whaling business has "taken a new twist," so to speak. The hardy seamen who go in search of these monsters of the deep have hitherto been animated only with a desire to secure oil and bone; but now, when an extraordinarily fine specimen is captured, he is towed into port in his entirety, embalmed and shipped to the interior to delight those who have no opportunity of seeing him disport in his native element.

Fitz John Porter has made another strong and manly appeal to the President for justice. Let us hope that some legal and constitutional method can be found to wipe out a stain unjustly and ignorantly placed upon an honorable name by men who were unscrupulous enough to take advantage of the exciting days of the rebellion to gratify personal grudges by infamously branding a brave and honorable soldier as a traitor and a coward.

The San Francisco Post has had a happy thought. It says: "We have several hundred Chinese thieves and murderers in our State prisons and jails. Massachusetts likes Chinamen. We don't. Wouldn't it be a good idea to pardon all of our Chinese criminals, and arrange for their quiet transportation to Boston, as we arranged for the transportation of our lepers to China? The necessary funds could easily be raised among our citizens."

Hallett Kilbourn, the head centre of the real estate pool which flourished in Washington under Boss Shepherd, was imprisoned for contempt of the House of Representatives in 1876. He has recovered $100,000 from John G. Thompson, the then sergeant-at-arms, for false imprisonment. He was in jail just sixty-five days and fared sumptuously. For every day's incarceration he is to be paid just $1538 46. He doubtless would be willing to take another term of the same duration at the same figures.

The Chinese problem is of such grave importance that neither political party in the Pacific States dared to favor unrestricted Chinese immigration as long ago as when the war of the rebellion was in progress. Even then each party seemed to be trying to outdo the other in the adoption of the most stringent planks in their political platforms. The Republicans of the New England stripe have shouldered the Chinaman and placed themselves in the awkward position of encouraging and sustaining a foreign monopoly in our midst that the most rapacious one amongst them can never hope to imitate.

For the benefit of the Christian portion of the community, and any stray Western men who may be sojourning in Boston, we print the following from the Philadelphia Times: "If people who eat pork would take the trouble to cook it thoroughly, we should hear much less than we do of trichinosis. No doubt a great deal of the salt pork that is sold is really unfit for use, either because the meat was diseased or because it was imperfectly cured, but in most cases it is certain the fault is in the kitchen. The recent case in Frankford illustrates this. Some of the household found the ham underdone and had it recooked. None of them were affected. The others, who ate the parboiled ham, suffered the consequences. Pork in any form must be thoroughly cooked before it is fit to be eaten. When so treated—unless it be such obviously bad meat as nobody should buy—the danger from it is slight. People who feed their children with raw ham ought to expect them to die."

The destruction of the United States search steamer Rodgers in the Arctic regions adds another to the long line of disasters that have strewn the northern seas with wrecks and the bodies of brave men who risked their lives in the effort to lift the veil which has so far shut out the North pole from human ken. The Jeannette and the Rodgers having both disappeared, and the crews of both being in distress, another vessel must be sent out to their relief; another will in all human probability be needed to rescue her or her crew, and so the interminable procession may be kept up until our last naval ship and our last available officer shall have been offered up as a sacrifice on the altar of scientific research. We think it would be just as well to let the North pole remain a mystery. When it is found, if it ever is to be found, we would not know what to do with it. It would be of little value of itself, or, because of the knowledge of its location, to the commercial world; certainly not enough to compensate for all the lives and treasure wasted in the search for it.

The Detroit Free Press joins THE GLOBE in opposing the payment of $85,000 for professional services to the late President. It argues that payment in excess of the regular rates would not be expressive of sympathy with the family of Mr. Garfield, and if it expressed sympathy at all it would be with those who were not in need of it and did not deserve it. "So far," says the Free Press, "as the service of the doctors and nurses was sentimental in its character, it should be compensated in sentimental fashion, with votes of thanks. So far as it was of a professional and business character, it should be paid for on business principles. The minority of the committee outlined very concisely and closely the nature of the public money obligation. It is to save the late President's family from the expense of his last sickness, not to enrich Drs. Bliss and Agnew, Boynton, Edson and the rest. The method pointed out by the minority, of arriving at the just compensation due, is also clear and concise, as well as business-like. It ought to be followed."

SECTIONAL FEELING IN A NEW DIRECTION.

The swift course of pardon in the case of the takers off of Jesse James, will doubtless call forth from New England papers another round of self-righteous condemnation of "Western civilization," similar to that of which they delivered themselves when the outlaw was killed. Without saying anything whatever upon Governor Crittenden's action as to either right or expediency, we think there is room for criticism of those who have judged him in this matter and who have hurled wholesale abuse against the Western people.

New England's attitude toward the West of wilful misunderstanding, blind self-complacency, ridicule and self-righteous patronage is forming and nourishing a spirit of prejudice between the two sections which assuredly can do no good, and may some time do harm. It is even now a mild reflex of that felt years ago between the North and the South. It has none of the bitter hatred in it which characterized the other, but is mainly a good-natured, laughing spirit, with a large admixture of self-importance, assumption and ignorance. It not only does the West injustice and unkindness, but it prevents to a certain extent the growth of harmony and kindliness between the two sections.

The present outburst concerning Jesse James is but one of many instances. The habit of misrepresentation of everything Western shows itself in this instance as plainly as it does where there is less need of misrepresentation to make a startling case. For instance, our esteemed contemporary, the Journal, talked about "a race of men wearing knives and pistols in their belts" resisting the course of civilization, as if certain portions of the West were inhabited mainly by such as these. Possibly the Journal thinks this to be true. Possibly it has just awakened from an antebellum sleep and really doesn't know but that affairs have not changed since that time. But the fact remains that the New England papers have been misrepresenting the people of the West, not only in this instance, but in many others. Whether it is done through ignorance of the real condition of affairs in the West, or because of the opportunity thereby given of exalting a corner of the country, such a course is alike undignified, unworthy and productive of ill-feeling and discord.

MAHONE'S DECLINE.

The righteous scheme concocted by the party of great moral ideas to break up the Democratic party in the South by "Mahoneing" that section of the country seems likely to result in disaster and malodorous decay. The eternal principle of repudiation does not possess sufficient cohesive power to preserve the Virginia coalition, and there is not patronage enough at Mahone's disposal to go round.

The pestiferous little fraud lorded it in arrogant style over the Republican party for a time, and became so inflated with conceit and supposed power that his own State has not been big enough to hold his estimation of himself since. But in the Virginia State Senate there are men who refuse to submit to his dictation, and will not be bribed, and Mahone finds that making a bargain and delivering the goods are widely different things. It may be remarked en passant that certain gentlemen from Massachusetts made a similar discovery last year.

His gerrymandering game is blocked, all his other dodges are looking dubious, and there are unmistakable symptoms of serious revolt in the Readjusters' ranks. The misguided Democrats who joined the coalition realize that they have been sold out to the administration, as Mahone has plainly declared the alliance, and all the indications point to a coming cold day for Mahone and his jobbery.

The great moral idea of a new departure in Southern politics on a basis of public dishonesty must be abandoned soon, and Republican supremacy maintained at critical times by the old plan of counting out, and by reliance on the eternal principles of returning-board frauds.

THE PERUVIAN COMPANY.

The Peruvian Company, of which Mr. Jacob R. Shipherd was the leading and chief directing spirit, as has been heretofore pointed out, had its headquarters originally in Philadelphia. The owner of the Cochet claim, Mr. Peter Hevener, lived there, and many of the subscribers to, and victims of, the great bubble reside in the City of Brotherly Love. Hevener's associates have, from time to time, furnished materials for his biography, which, if fully written up, would make a very interesting chapter in the history of great schemes of the "Sellers" order. But this is hardly the place to go into that branch of the subject, the salient points of his connection with the Peruvian Company's origin and progress up to the bursting of the bubble being the only feature of general interest at present.

James B. Mantrop, one of Hevener's coworkers, and who is now an inmate of Moyamensing prison, has furnished the New York Herald with a list of the leading stockholders in the Peruvian scheme, and also with an idea of the manner in which its projectors set about putting it on the market. It seems from his statement, which bears evidence of authenticity, that half of the claim was divided into ten blocks, most of which was purchased for cash. Senator McPherson of New Jersey, according to Mantrop, believed in the plausibility of the enterprise to the extent of $10,000, which he paid for one-twentieth of the company's stock. (The senator indignantly denies the charge.) Martin, Fuller & Co. paid the same amount for an equal interest. Four or five Philadelphians purchased blocks of various dimensions from $4500 up to $10,000.

General Grant, it appears, was heavily interested, but there is not much evidence of his having invested any large sum of money. In fact it was understood by most of those "on the inside" that he was a dead-head. Still there are those who have a suspicion that the $250,000 subscription raised by the New York Times went into the bottomless pit of Shipherd's wild speculation. Mantrop says the general paid $5000 in cash on allotment at the outset, but he does not know how much he paid in since. We do not see that there was anything reprehensible in the conduct of the gentlemen who purchased the stock as long as they believed in the validity of the claim and the ability of its owners to push it to a successful settlement. There was no suggestion so far as we can see, in the early stages of the enterprise, that any official action would be solicited either from the executive or the legislative department of the government. Senator McPherson was therefore no more debarred from investing his money by any public consideration than he would be from investing in any private speculation which his judgment told him would bring in a good profit.

Mr. Mantrop's revelations derive their principal value from the fact that they throw some light on the points over which Mr. Shipherd passed so deftly during his examination. They may lead eventually to the discovery of the "bottom facts" that are needed for a final determination of the question whether any officials of the United States government were in league with the speculators, or whether the brilliant foreign policy of the ex-secretary of state rested solidly on the guano and nitrate beds of Peru, which were expected to enrich those who had been "let in on the ground floor," while bankrupting the wretched republic for which Mr. Blaine seemed to entertain so much tender solicitude. The public feel that there was something rotten in the whole business, and that Shipherd has succeeded in saving the men with whom he was associated. The whole truth should come out; nothing less will satisfy the people, and if these revelations of Mantrop's can be of any assistance to those who are trying to unravel the mystery, they are to be welcomed.

OUR GROWING LABOR TROUBLES.

The fact cannot be winked out of sight that the industrial condition of the country is gradually becoming critical. Labor is dissatisfied, restless, aggressive; strikes are numerous and daily increasing; manufacturers and contractors are troubled. Lawrence led off with a formidable protest against the inadequacy of wages to the demands of the operative's family. New York, Cohoes, Fall River, Philadelphia and other large centres are now convulsed with difficulties existing between capital and labor, and difficulties which will require an expenditure or loss of millions to adjust. The infection has spread rapidly until it has reached the iron regions of Pennsylvania. Where it will end, or how it will end, is a question that can only be met on the wide and undefined field of conjecture.

But it may be well to inquire into the causes. For surely there are causes, and sufficient ones, for this sweeping and rapidly-rising wave of industrial disturbance. The country seems to be generally prosperous; the crops give promise of a bountiful harvest; money invested in legitimate business and solid speculative enterprises brings in good returns; there is no financial stringency, and there is nothing to indicate the advent of a panic or a falling off in the volume of our products. Why should there be labor troubles then? There can be only one reason, and that is plain to every observer of our national affairs—high and unnecessary taxation.

Industry is obliged to pay into the treasury of the United States every year about $150,000,000 in excess of the legitimate needs of the government. This enormous surplus, with the cost of its collection, is deducted from what ought to be the profits of labor and trade. High taxation means higher prices for necessaries and lower wages—the two strongest foes of material prosperity and progress. When the mechanic or the laborer finds that the price of meat, flour, butter, clothing and fuel and the rent he pays for his tenement are increased, while his wages are left at the old figures or cut down, he is naturally disposed to protest. The problem of life is made dark and difficult, and he regards with an unfriendly and sometimes menacing look the gorgeous turn-out and luxurious ways of his employer. It is a notorious fact, which every housekeeper and hotel proprietor will vouch for, that the common necessaries of the table have advanced in price from 5 to 20 per cent. within a year. A New York butcher said Monday to a reporter that he had never known meat to be so dear. He was obliged on that day to pay $8 65 per hundred pounds for best bullocks, live weight, when last year during April the highest price was $6 50. With no corresponding increase in wages, it is easy to understand why labor is dissatisfied, and why the striking epidemic is spreading so rapidly.

If the present Congress was elected to perform any one particular duty it was to bring about a reform in the tariff regulations which would lighten the burdens of taxation. It has neglected this work and seems determined to prevent any action thereon for perhaps years to come. We will still pay in our $150,000,000 a year surplus for the benefit of jobbers and claim agents; prices will continue to go up and wages to go down, and we will have strikes and disturbances and dissatisfied laborers, and consequently a taste of "bad times," unless some remedy be applied; unless the people rise up and demand relief from the unnatural drain upon their resources which Congress has set itself to perpetuate.

OUR INDIAN PROBLEM.

The Indian policy of the government has been for years a dark disgrace, a blot upon the history of civilization; and much has been said and written in the way of condemnation of its course in dealing with the aboriginal tribes. Abuses have been pointed out, acts of gross injustice and stupidity made manifest and reforms suggested, and still the same policy of fraud, deceit and outrageous cruelty is continued. True it is that various desultory experiments have been made in other lines of policy under the sanction of the Interior Department, by persons having pet theories on the Indian question, and in isolated cases the results have been highly beneficial; but the general policy of the government has not been affected. The old story of broken faith, territory invaded, rights ignored, resistance and final subjugation of the abused and resentful "hostiles" has been told so often that it is accepted as a matter of course in explanation of nearly all Indian outbreaks. These things have been said over and over again, until everybody understands that the Indian policy is a gross outrage and ought to be changed radically, but no well-defined scheme of reform has been advocated with the persistency and unanimity of public opinion back of it necessary to command the serious attention of those who hold the power to change the policy of the government.

A movement has been started in Philadelphia that may possibly lead to more satisfactory results, by awakening the public conscience and bringing the combined power of public opinion to bear in one direction. The press of Philadelphia, including nearly all the leading papers, has issued an address to the press of the whole country asking co-operation in urging upon Congress the adoption of a proposed Indian policy, set forth in a platform of principles. In general terms these principles are: Good faith; inviolability of Indian territory; prompt enforcement of laws protecting life and property, and punishment of individuals instead of tribes; the creation of a separate Indian department free from political influence; abolition of privileged traderships and the rum traffic; non-intercourse between soldiers and Indians; no removals; education; holding of lands in severalty, and citizenship for self-supporting Indians.

Without discussing the details of such a policy, it is evident that the general principles are correct, and that the greatest evils of the present system would disappear under their operation. Treat an Indian like a man, hold him responsible as an individual, and give him the rights that he sees others about him enjoying, and he will usually accept the situation and soon cease to be a mere abstract portion of a tribe, without identity or personal responsibility. Rescue him from the plundering hands of the post trader and he will learn to place more confidence in the promises of white men and in time admit that some of them are actually honest. Educate him, give him land and let him understand that he must earn his own living and cannot remain a perpetual pauper, and more than half the difficulty disappears. The remainder will disappear when the government begins to keep its faith with the Indian in all matters.

The wild Indian is not the romantic noble red man of the sentimentalists by any means, and he is not a bad sort of fellow when treated half way decent. He does not like work, to be sure, but he should not be judged harshly for that. Very few white men really like to labor, and some have been heard of who cannot be induced to make themselves useful under any circumstances. The natural repugnance of humanity to unleisure is so deep-seated that it crops out unconsciously, and the man who speaks most eloquently to the workingman of the dignity of his social position will in the same breath piously assent to the theory that labor was imposed upon humanity as a curse for original sin. So, if Lo is lazy he is not lonesome in that respect. He is uncleanly, too, in his natural state, but there are civilized men who are unacquainted with the uses of soap.

The Indian will recover from his laziness when he realizes that he must work or starve, like other folks, and not a moment sooner. When he will take a bath no man can tell, and no man need care. Upon the score of honesty, the less said the better—for the white man. All the horse thieves don't wear breech-clouts and paint their noses. The savage is a cruel, fiendish foe; but if he can perpetrate any more atrocious outrages than the white troops have been guilty of in the Indian wars of the past quarter of a century he is worse than he has ever been painted. In short, the Indian has much of human nature in his make-up, and will behave himself like other people when treated as he sees them treated.

It is a fact that where the Indian is permitted to go about his business and mingle with white people on a reasonably fair footing, he gives no trouble to the government nor to his neighbors. Clothe him with individual rights and their attendant responsibilities, make him amenable to the law and protect him in all his legal rights, compel him to work for his living and quit lying to him, and there will be no occasion for hunting the Indian every summer and murdering his squaw and pappooses in the winter.

NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

Judge Hilton seems to bear up cheerfully under the incessant interviewing to which he is just now subjected. He is as full of "little stories" as an almanac is of figures. There is a certain flavor of antiquity, moreover, about his stories which also suggests the almanac.

In introducing Charles Dudley Warner once at a public dinner, Mark Twain said: "As my fellow-citizen I respect him, but as a neighbor whose turnip patch adjoins mine I watch him."

A New York broker claims that he has married a "spirit bride," the nuptial knot having been tied by a "spirit clergyman." This is dealing in "futures" with a vengeance!

An Oil City child was observed to be occupied an unusual length of time in saying her evening prayer. In reply to questions she told her father that she had been saying the Lord's prayer over twice. "You see," she explained, "in the morning I have to hurry to get to school in time and don't have time to pray, and so I just say it over twice at night."

Only forty-two members of an ultra-liberal House of Commons could be found to vote against the extra grant of $75,000 a year to the Duke of Albany, increasing his annual income to $125,000. Royalty is an expensive luxury, but it is the pride of the sturdy Briton's heart, and he certainly does himself credit by the willingness which he displays to pay for his whistle.

A Michigan revivalist enters the field this season with the announcement that he has "the most complete camp-meeting outfit ever invented, consisting of a handsome pavilion, splendidly painted, and portable stand, reed organ, and gilded cross in the pulpit."

Switzerland has had a Charley Ross case. A seven-year-old son of Herr Brukli Marcuard of Berne was abducted one day, and a few hours later his father received a letter informing him that if he did not deposit 50,000 francs in a certain place before a given time the boy would be murdered. This letter was handed to the police. A few days later, through information given by an accomplice, the child was found at an isolated house near the city and the criminals were arrested. Great excitement has been caused by the occurrence.

Justice appears to be lame and halt as well as blind in Illinois, if the Chicago Tribune is to be believed. "No man," it says, "who has money can be convicted and punished for crime in Illinois, no matter what crime he commits, while his money holds out." Wonder if Howgate hasn't gone to Illinois.

A company of French financiers and priests, who are now in Rome attempting to establish a new bank, sought the blessing of the Pope upon the scheme. For an answer the Pope wrote on the back of the memorial submitted to him, "Let the money-changers be turned out of the temple."

The Railroad Journal has been sitting up nights in an attempt to discover which is the safest place in a railway train for a passenger who doesn't desire his name to figure conspicuously in the newspapers in case of accident. It concludes that next to the forward car the rear car is probably the most unsafe in a train, and that the safest seat is probably near the centre of the last car but one.

John and Ellen Scripture, husband and wife, of Decatur, Ill., are under arrest on suspicion of being receivers of stolen goods. The people of Decatur just now, if never before, are obeying the oft-repeated injunction, "Search the Scriptures."

Another case of conscience: The chaplain of the Ninth New Hampshire regiment, has just returned to the owner, Dr. W. F. Johnston of Fredericksburg, Va., an Episcopal prayer book, which fell into his hands when Fredericksburg was occupied in 1862.

Paris pays $12,000,000 a year for her laundrying. Why doesn't the heathen Chinee try the climate of Paris for a change?

The Denver Tribune has "sized up" Secretary Teller, and affirms that "his integrity is as rugged as the mountains beneath whose sturdy massiveness he grew in years and honors." In other words, says the Lowell Courier, he could not Teller lie.

It is estimated that the strongest New England factories pay an average of 7 per cent. on the investment.

With the new steam-power apparatus used for cleaning horses at the Third avenue railroad stables in New York the animals are brushed at the rate of 100 in ten hours. By putting on extra speed a horse may be run through in 1 minute 15 seconds. Why can't somebody invent a steam-power barber who will reduce the intervals between "nexts" by a proportionate amount?

John Kloss of Newark has found catching muskrats and gathering cat-tails a most profitable employment. Now he is 60 years old and worth $40,000. So says a veracious New Jersey paper, which doesn't inform us what other business John has carried on.

A motto for young lovers: Sofa and no father.—[Columbia Spectator.

Thirteen hundred years ago there were but nine books in all England. Think what a change there has been since then! Verily, of the making of books there is no end—especially at Epsom or the Derby.

Missouri has been vilified, abused and misrepresented for fifteen years for not getting rid of the train robbers. And now that she has done so we fail to see the consistency in the abuse that is heaped upon us for doing it. —[Kansas City Times.

Church-going by telephone is all very well, but it will never become popular with the ladies until somebody invents an attachment which will afford a good view of the bonnets in the front pews.

Hortense Kittrell was appointed a clerk in the Nevada Legislature. Henry H. Welch, the chief clerk, at first objected to the presence of a woman in the office. But his prejudice has been overcome during the present session. Miss Kittrell is now Mrs. Welch.

A strange compound of bashfulness and courage has been discovered in the person of a Concord (N. H.) bachelor. He does not hesitate at the fearful thought of plunging headlong into matrimony, but he is afraid to pop the question in the good old-fashioned way. In this dilemma he advertises for some good-looking young lady of good reputation who is willing to marry him, and offers to settle $10,000 on her on the wedding day, with reversion of all his property should she survive him.

The Harvard Echo recently kept for a number of weeks at the bottom of its first page an advertisement beginning "Stylographic Pens, Fine and Course." No wonder Harvard professors advocate spelling reform.

People who sling slang are respectfully informed that they musn't say, "Well, I should smile!" any more. The Vassar girl's, "Well, I should give a silvery ripple!" is now the correct thing.

"The meanest job I ever undertook," mused a Colorado man, "was that of apologizing to a widow on behalf of a vigilance committee which had hanged her husband by mistake. It was hard to find just the excuse that would satisfy her."

Mr. Kingsley Diffenderfer, a Kentucky engineer, was injured not long since in a wreck on the J., M. & I. railroad. As the heavily-loaded train was descending a steep grade Mr. Diffenderfer was leaning out of the window of the cab, when a portion of his name in some way got under the driving wheels, and in an instant the locomotive was thrown from the track.

It is customary, in some localities, to teach children to think of a text as they drop their pieces of money into the contribution box. A certain little girl at Sunday school recently saw the box approaching and began to search in her memory for a text. She hesitated for a few moments, dropped the dime into the box and exclaimed triumphantly: "A fool and his money are soon parted."—[Bath Times.

Two persons went out for a drive at Camden, O., last Monday afternoon. Neither alighted from the buggy, and yet only one returned to Camden. Their names were Silas Foutz and Frank Ford. Rev. Hiram Johnson, whom they met during their drive, was the worthy pastor who made them one. Silas is a wealthy grocer, and Miss Frank is said to be a very charming young lady.

And now the rate of letter postage is to be reduced from three cents to two. Just our confounded luck! Bought seventy-five cents' worth of three-cent stamps only day before yesterday.

Pedro Pini, the Zuni chief, is a prudent brave, who fully appreciates the value of an adroit compliment. When conversing with ladies in Washington he has always been careful to say that he considered all the American women, without exception, beautiful. He has occasionally, in the language of Indian courtesy, said to middle-aged women: "You are my mother," but he is always prompt in adding, "Not that you are old enough to be so, but you are so much wiser than I am that I learn from you."

Cyrus W. Field says that Judas Iscariot was no worse than thousands of Americans who have their price and accept the cash whenever it is offered. Cyrus is evidently working round to setting up a monument to Judas.—[Wheeling Register.

THE LIBRARY TABLE.

The May Century.

The May Century presents the third of the five covers designed by Mr. Vedder, the chief items of which are the figure of a young girl (spring), with sunlight, flying bird, and a frame of blossoms, the three appropriate signs of the zodiac being combined as before in a medallion at the left, and the blossoms are carried up into the borders of the title. The general effect is animated, and the composition of the page is well arranged. The emphasis thus laid upon the outside has its counterpart in the table of contents. Here, and also accompanying their several contributions (an innovation which, despite its drawbacks, seems to be called for, and is to be permanent), we find the names of Thomas Carlyle, James Russell Lowell, John G. Saxe, E. C. Stedman, W. D. Howells, Mrs. F. H. Burnett, Miss Constance F. Woolson, Uncle Remus, Richard Grant White, Emma Lazarus, Archibald Forbes, H. C. Bunner, Edward Everett Hale, Lang and Gosse, the English poets, and Tooker and Saxton, two promising writers among the younger poets of this country. The opening paper is entitled "The Canadian Mecca," the subject being the Catholic pilgrimages to the village of St. Anne de Beupre, on the St. Lawrence, and its alleged miracle-working spring. This is fully and interestingly illustrated by Henry Sandham. The article is a picturesque one, and is written by Dr. W. George Beers. Mrs. Mitchell's Sculpture paper is on "The Hellenic Age," and the relations at that time of Greek life and art are treated in a popular way. The article contains a number of beautiful engravings of the period under consideration, and the series is likely to be of permanent value in both text and cuts. It is already being widely used in reading clubs. Mr. Richard Grant White's chatty papers on "Opera in New York," are also likely to get between book covers. The present one discusses, among others, Bosio, Alboni, Frezzolini, Salvi and Sontag, of all of whom there are portraits, the one of Mlle. Sontag being a delicate engraving of a refined face and figure. A critical paper is devoted to the art of George Inness the elder, and six remarkable engravings, by Cole, Kingsley, Juengling and Davis, serve to show the character of his landscapes. The portrait of Mr. Lowell (engraved by Kruell and printed as a frontispiece) is from a photograph taken several years ago, which gives the more rugged side of his character. Looking upon this firm face one would not regard Mr. Lowell as a man to be intimidated by opponents on either side the Atlantic. Mr. Stedman's essay, like at least six other prose contributions in this number, is destined for book publication hereafter.

[SENT WITH THE WEEKLY GLOBE ONE YEAR FOR ONLY $4 25.]

Mrs. Mayburn's Twins.

"Mrs. Mayburn's Twins," by John Habberton, author of "Helen's Babies," is a book that will go straight to the heart of every mother in the land, and that mamma does not exist who will not vote it delightful. The action covers a single day, but what a busy day it is, and how crowded with important and realistic household events. The story is in brief the diurnal experience of Mrs. Mayburn, whose husband is loving, but thoughtless, and whose children are real flesh and blood youngsters, at once the joy and the torment of their mother's life. Mamma has her hands more than full with the children, whose pranks at times almost drive her wild; but, in addition, the supervision of Bridget, the help, mending, marketing and getting ready her husband's meals on the minute, claim her attention and tax her patience.

Published by T. B. Peterson Brothers, Philadelphia, Penn.

A Fascinating Woman.

"A Fascinating Woman," by Madame Edmond Adam. Madame Adam is the editress of the Nouvelle Revue, a formidable rival of the Revue des Deux-Mondes, and her reputation as a writer is as great as her reputation as a politician. In this work Madame Adam, it is asserted, has reproduced much of her own life experience, she having at one time been threatened with the loss of her wonderful personal charms through illness. The style is beautiful from its very plainness and simplicity. No recourse is had to the sensational, legitimate means alone being used to attract and hold the reader's attention. The characters are few, but their paucity of numbers is compensated for by their extreme naturalness. Helen's attempt at suicide is one of the most vivid and effective pieces of word-painting given to the world for years, and the receptions are painted with taste that cannot be too ardently admired.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Penn.

Our Little Ones and the Nursery.

The May number of this gem of all magazines for the youngest readers is just ready. As in all numbers, so in this one, the illustrations are the very best and the literary matter most entertaining. It is a pleasure to recommend this publication, and we do so in the strongest terms.

[SENT ONE YEAR WITH THE WEEKLY GLOBE FOR ONLY $2.]

A Business Surprise.

A genuine surprise and a gratifying event was announced during last week to several persons doing business in cattle at Brighton and Watertown. Some four years since Mr. William Gowen of Lawrence, a large dealer in cattle, became embarrassed in his business and failed. His liabilities amounted to $50,000. He obtained a settlement with his creditors, and a full discharge on a payment of 40 per cent. of all his debts. He now comes forward, having been successful, ready to pay the balance—$30,000—with interest. Honorable acts like this serve to make a lasting impression upon the business world.—[Transcript.

"Threw Away Her Supporter."

DR. PIERCE—A neighbor of ours was suffering from "female weakness" which the doctors told her could not be cured without a supporter. After considerable persuasion my wife induced her to try your "Favorite Prescription." After using one bottle she threw away the supporter and did a large washing, which she had not done in two years before. JAMES MILLER,
4246 Jacob street, Wheeling, W. Va.

AN ECONOMICAL and satisfactory way for ladies to do shopping is to send to Jordan, Marsh & Co., Boston, Mass., for one of their descriptive catalogues of dry goods. It is mailed free to all who se[illegible]

IT WOULD BE AN EASY MATTER



For me to cover an entire page of The Globe with testimonials from ladies relative to the curative effects of the Vegetable Compound in

Chronic Female Weaknesses,

for I am receiving

ONE HUNDRED

letters per day from ladies from all parts of the country, from

MAINE TO CALIFORNIA,

and all those that have given the medicine a trial are enthusiastic in their praise of it.

The Compound is prepared in three forms:

Liquid, Lozenges and Pills.

The dry form is just as efficacious as the liquid, and is often more convenient to take.

A Lady in Breaux Bridge, La., Says:

Your Compound is wonderful. I can scarcely express to you my thanks for the benefits I have already derived from its use. Inclosed are $5. Please send me six boxes of Lozenges.

A Lady from Duluth, Minn., Says:

Your Compound has made a new woman of me. My cramp pains have all left me. Please send me six boxes more.

Kind Words from a Lady in Washington, D. C.:

I cannot express to you the gratitude I feel in consequence of the relief afforded me by the use of your Vegetable Compound. For the last five or six years the pain had become almost unendurable, at times causing me to faint, at other times causing delirium. After taking your Compound two weeks I was out driving several hours. If it had not been for the Compound I should have had to be in bed at that time. I could scarcely believe my own senses, and made my friends laugh by saying, "I would like to walk barefoot to Lynn to thank you." I recommend it at every opportunity.

The Effect Upon My Wife Has Been Truly Wonderful.

MRS. PINKHAM—Dear Madam: My wife, having been an invalid for 12 years, has taken five bottles of your Vegetable Compound, and has received more benefit from it than anything else she ever took. We must concede to you the honor of having the best medicine for female complaints known to humanity. The effect upon my wife has been truly wonderful. She is now a new person. She can eat with pleasure what was almost death to her before. In falling, regularity of change and kidney trouble the benefit is surprising. Yours with gratitude. C. T. C.
Showshoe, Centre county, Pa.

I Am Very Thankful That I Ever Read of Your Medicine.

MRS. PINKHAM—Dear Madam: I received my box of Compound, and am very thankful that I ever read of your medicine. I am now well. I never feel any backache or any bearing down pains. The Compound has done me more good than all the doctors, and I have had seven different physicians. I had really given up all hopes of ever being well again. I am happy to recommend it. You are at liberty to use my name. Yours truly. A. M. KING.
54 Harmon st., Cleveland, O.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Is Sold by All Druggists.

SSuWwyly s4

CUPID'S DARTS TRIUMPHANT.

A Charge of Shot Cannot Lessen the Affection of a New Jersey Girl.

NEW YORK, April 24.—For the past three months John H. Wolfe of Jersey City has been incarcerated in the Paterson jail because of his inability to pay a fine of $500 for shooting Miss Sinnie Jacobus of Peru, N. J. There is also pending against him a civil suit for $2000 damages, and the case is on calendar for the approaching term. But the trial, it is now reported, is not likely to come off, because of a settlement of the case by his marriage to the girl he shot. Wolfe has always said that he loved Miss Jacobus. He is now not only willing, but anxious to marry her. Miss Jacobus, with half of one lung shot away and with a large amount of shot still in her body, appears entirely to have recovered, and is accounted a very pretty and amiable girl. It is said that an affectionate correspondence has been going on between them since he has been in jail, and it is reported that Miss Jacobus would accept him, but that her father objects. Still, it is predicted that the matter will be settled by a marriage.

Yankee Notions.

Three years ago a needle entered the foot of a young lady in Pittsford, Vt., and it was recently removed from her forearm.

An infant was recently born in Southington, Conn., with only one ear, the deficient side being entirely smooth without any sign of an orifice whatever.

Over 1800 hens have been laying eggs for F. H. Wiswell of East Machias, Me. They laid 30,437 dozen during the year, all of which have been shipped at an average price of 16¼ cents per dozen.

There is a bachelor in East Concord, N. H., boasting a military title and a pretty good match without it, who is willing and anxious to settle $10,000 on any good looking young woman who will marry him.

Mrs. Harriet Hazeltine Bailey was married at Methuen on Wednesday, March 29, and just three weeks after, on Wednesday last, the same clergyman officiated at her funeral, in the same room and at the same hour.

A well authenticated rumor says that William Hatch, formerly of Vineyard Haven, and who was thought to have been killed in the late war, has arrived at the residence of his daughter, Miss Mary Hatch, in Wisconsin.

Oscar J. Brown of Claremont, N. H., completed on April 8 fifty years of service as driver and proprietor in lines of staging in western New Hampshire and Vermont, his first route being from Hanover to Royalton, and made in the night. He is now 73 years old and in good health.

A Newbury milkman put into his wagon a hen secured, as he thought, in a bag, a day or two ago, for one of his customers, but the hen and bag disappeared on the road, and how the fowl could fly away inside a bag is a mystery which the man cannot explain. He only knows that the bird is gone.

There was a cat court at West Randolph, Vt., the other day. Jake Ford shot J. V. Newton's cat, supposing it was Mr. Walbridge's, which he wanted killed. The jury decided that Ford shot the wrong cat, and that a cat has no value, consequently Newton lost his case, and his costs will amount to $20 to $25.

A great many migratory quail sent over from Italy by George H. Owen, United States consul at Messina, have been let loose in Vermont, but they have an unfortunate habit of flying down South and staying there. General Ripley and Judge Evarts of Rutland are now trying their luck with birds from Texas, having released 150 in the northern part of the town.

Not long ago one of the deacons of a Portland church, who had been very outspoken in favor of a change of pastors for the coming year, in the course of his remarks at a prayer meeting said he thanked God that he had a through ticket for heaven that wasn't punched. After the good deacon sat down the pastor arose and quietly remarked that he hoped all who had through tickets to heaven that were not punched would wear them in their hats. For, continued the pastor, I once heard a conductor tell a passenger who said he had a through ticket that wasn't punched to wear it in his hat where it could readily be seen.

If You are Ruined

in health from any cause, especially from the use of any of the thousand nostrums that promise so largely, with long fictitious testimonials, have no fear. Resort to Hop Bitters at once, and in a short time you will have the most robust and blooming health.

DEAF people can have their hearing entirely restored by the use of Peck's Patent Improved Ear Drums. Descriptive book and testimonials free. Peck & Co., 853 Broadway, New York.

THAT feeling of languor and debility that follows physical exertion removed by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

A LUNATIC'S DEED.

A Somerville Man Murders His Mother-in-Law.

The Murderer Talks Freely of His Horrible Crime,

Says the Old Lady Was Very Sarcastic, and That He Wants to Hang.

It is not often that the quiet community of Somerville is disturbed by an event so terrible in its nature as that which yesterday startled the neighborhood in the western division of the city. Edwin R. Prescott and his family have long been favorably known to many of the citizens of Somerville, Arlington, Cambridge, and Boston. Mr. Prescott is 57 years of age, and has lived for some time past with his wife, his wife's mother, and his three sons on the corner of Russell and Orchard streets. The family have always been considered well off. At one time Mr. Prescott was reputed to have been worth $50,000, while his wife's mother, Mrs. Philemon R. Russell, an old lady of 79 years, has held considerable real estate in Somerville. Mr. Prescott married a young wife when he himself was well advanced in years. He was formerly in business with a Mr. Proctor in Arlington. He also kept a dry goods store in Harvard square five years ago. He was a floor-walker at Jordan & Marsh's store for a few years. After having amassed considerable property, he met with serious losses, and eventually became financially embarrassed to such an extent that his mind seemed to give way under the pressure. He did not at once become hopelessly insane; in fact, he has been regarded as sane till very recently.

About two years ago he began to manifest such signs of weakness and inability for business that he was compelled to relinquish all active transactions and confine himself to his house. He complained of his head troubling him at times, and of late has often expressed a desire to be sent to an insane asylum. There has been insanity in his family, and he seemed to be afraid of trusting himself. Finally his wife determined to carry out his wishes. It seemed best to everybody that it would be serving him better to place him where his evidently failing mind would be prevented from resulting in harm to himself or others. Accordingly Dr. H. P. McKecknie and other physicians made an examination, and, pronouncing him insane, made out the necessary certificates in the case. For some reason, which is not quite clear, Mr. Prescott was not

Committed to an Asylum

by the authorities. It was on business connected with his committal that Mrs. Prescott, his wife, went to Boston about 10 o'clock yesterday morning, leaving her husband alone in the house with her mother, the three boys having gone to school. Returning home from school the boys, the eldest of whom is not more than 17 years, found the house locked, and, although they repeatedly knocked, their father refused to admit them. At 3.30 o'clock in the afternoon Mrs. Prescott returned from the city. Her husband, a small, thin, white-haired old man, met her at the door with the simple announcement:

"Well, I've done it."

"Done what?"

"Killed mother."

The earnestness of the old man's words was not to be doubted. Mrs. Prescott was terrified, and screamed loudly for help. A neighbor ran to Station 5 in Cambridge, which was not far distant, and, accompanied by Officer Britton, returned. The old man led him to the scene of the murder.

There is a small L or shed at the back of the house, which is reached from the kitchen by a descent of three steps. In this back room, which is not more than ten feet square, lay the body of Mrs. Russell. The head, which was bent over and nearly severed from the body, was terribly gashed, while deep stains of blood were everywhere visible. The body laid upon a small velocipede, which had been thrown down, evidently, in her death struggles. Upon a sink at her head had been placed an old-fashioned case-knife, deeply stained with blood, and half of a brick, also stained with blood. Near by was a shovel, to which still adhered pieces of hair. The body was partly covered with old rags. There had been a pool of blood about her head; but it had been carefully mopped up with rags and washed with a shoe-brush, which bore the evidences of the work.

Both the doors leading out of the shed were securely fastened. Mr. Prescott, when questioned about the deed, said that he did it because

The Old Lady Was Troublesome.

He was turned over to Officer McGarr and brought to the Somerville police station in a carriage. On the way he talked freely about his crime. He said that he struck her first with a shovel, then battered her head with a brick, and finally cut her throat with the case knife. He said, moreover, that she aggravated him to do the deed. His head had felt strangely for a long time, and he had been a great sufferer.

During the evening Mr. Prescott was visited in his cell by reporters and officers and asked to give an account of the deed and the circumstances which led him to it. The story is given in the prisoner's own language: "I was married in 1863. The old lady thought that I had more property than I really possessed."

"She furnished your wife with money to help her along, didn't she?"

"Oh, yes, of course. The old lady had

A Very Sarcastic Way

with her. A person ought to live with her to know just how sarcastic she could be. She wanted me to do more than my strength would permit. You know a man gets in a feeble way sometimes. I was willing to do all I could, and I hurt myself trying to do all that she wanted me to do. She seemed to want my wife to get rid of me, and would repeatedly tell her how much better off she would have been if she had married this one or that one. And then I grew so feeble that I wanted to go to Danvers. I wish I could explain to you how I have felt at times, but I can't. I am so confused I can't explain. I sometimes felt as though I might do somebody bodily harm if I was near them when I felt in one of my unexplainable moods, so I thought it would be best for me to be put in the Danvers asylum. The old lady never had any pity on me. She said I was trying to play the gentleman. In the winter, when the snow was on the ground, she wanted me to shovel off the sidewalk. It was very hard for me, and I was so feeble it strained me and brought on great suffering. Well, this morning my wife went away about 10 o'clock. When I went down to my breakfast everything was cold. I had to get everything myself. The old lady wouldn't do anything for me. She wouldn't call me hard names exactly, but she had a very sarcastic way with her. Why, it had got to be so bad that only the day before my wife had said: 'It has got to be worse than ever. I wish I was dead. I shall be crazy.' About 11 o'clock this morning I got provoked, on account of something she said in a sarcastic way about the stove, and I gave her a shove that threw her off the steps. She was standing on the steps leading from the kitchen at the time. I had never laid hands on her before, though I had begged her to go up-stairs for fear I should lay hands on her. Well, I gave her a shove into the shed, and then

She Got Me Down

and there was a brick there, and I took that brick and struck her on the head with it. That seemed to stun her, and I then rolled her over and took the shovel."

"How many times did you strike?"

"A good many, because I wanted to put her right out of her agony as soon as possible. When I had her down she said, 'Don't you hurt me. I have got something for you.' I don't know whether it was eatables or what it was. But I kept right on pounding her. After I had pounded her sometime with a brick she laid still. But I wanted to be sure she was dead. So I took the shovel and hit her with it. The knife was the last thing. I brought it around her throat two or three times. Then I went into the dining room and laid right down on the lounge. I was very sleepy, because I haven't slept nights scarcely any, and I wanted to go to sleep. But I could not do it. When the children came home from school I probably would have killed them too if I had allowed myself to get at them. But I fastened them out, because I felt if they came near me I might grab them, and so I fastened the door. I would not let my wife in for the same reason. I told her what I had done, but wouldn't let her come in."

"Do you think you will be hanged for what you have done?"

"Well, I suppose so. I don't know. O, I don't want to live.

I Would Like to be Hanged

within a month's time, because I want to die, and I have wanted to die for a long time. If you could only know how my head has felt; it has been awful, terrible at times. You can have no idea of it."

"How did you feel when you felt in this desperate way?"

"O, I had the cramps in my legs and it got up into my head, and I felt an irresistible impulse to strike somebody. It is terrible."

During the conversation, Prescott, who was reclining in his cell, spoke in a very low tone, while a wild light gleamed from his eyes. Medical Examiner Holt will make a post-mortem examination at the house this morning.

Temperance Men Fighting with a Mill-Owner for the Possession of an Island.

The Paterson (N. J.) Society for Establishing Useful Manufactures thirty years ago gave the Washington Temperance Association the right to use a little island in the Passaic river for meetings. A few days since the society gave Mr. Adams, a mill-owner, permission to dump ashes on the island. The temperance people objected, claiming the ownership of the island by reason of twenty years undisputed possession. The society thereupon ejected the Temperance Association, and tore down a foot-bridge leading to the island from the West street bridge, while it allowed Mr. Adams to build a bridge from his mill to the upper end of the island, over which to carry his ashes. Friday afternoon a number of the temperance people went to the island and began to tear down Adams' bridge. Adams hastily summoned the society's lawyer, who instructed him that the temperance people had no right to the island, and that he might forcibly prevent the destruction of his bridge. By this time the temperance people, who had been reinforced, were attacking the bridge in earnest. Mr. Adams gathered a crowd and forcibly drove them off. In the fight Justice Benjamin Doremus, the president of the Washington Temperance Association; Chosen Freeholder William Mills, George Addy and other temperance men were struck by Mr. Adams' men, and, although they were not seriously hurt, they will make complaint against the leaders of the Adams party for assault and battery.

TWO CYCLONES.

A Town Partially Destroyed—Seven Persons Killed and Others Wounded.

INDEPENDENCE, Mo., April 24.—At 4.30 Monday morning a terrific cyclone swept over Brownsville, Saline county. The entire business portion of the town was demolished, and seven persons were killed, and between twenty and thirty others badly injured. The storm came from the southwest, and it arose so suddenly that the first intimation that people had was a sudden roaring sound which was immediately followed by a large black funnel-shaped cloud coming at the rate of 100 miles per hour. When the cloud reached the western part of the town it dropped down almost to the ground and seemed to draw everything within the radius of several hundred yards up into the mouth of the funnel. It swept through the town, laying everything waste in its path. Two-story brick business houses were picked up like straws and whirled and twisted into shapeless ruins. Frame dwellings were carried some distance and dropped, smashing them into fine kindling wood. Heavy timbers were carried several hundred yards through the air, and, falling end downward, stuck several feet into the ground. Occasionally the funnel seemed to strike the earth, and would rebound some distance into the air, only to fall again and continue its work of destruction. The storm lasted less than two minutes, but about twenty business houses and dwellings were levelled. The people in the streets were picked up and carried various distances and hurled to the ground dead, or bruised almost beyond recognition, while those in the buildings were buried by the falling walls and debris. For some time after the storm passed the people who were uninjured were so terribly excited that nothing could be done when they at last recovered from their consternation. Search for the dead and wounded was commenced. It was at first supposed that at least fifty persons had been killed, but a thorough search revealed that only seven had been killed outright.

Destructive Cyclone in Louisiana.

NEW ORLEANS, La., April 24.—A destructive cyclone visited Monticello Saturday. The town was completely destroyed, only three houses in the place being left, and they were dwelling houses on the outskirts of the storm. Nothing like it was ever seen in this section. Ten persons were killed instantly, five whites and five colored. he names of the whites are as follows: H. Wethersby, chancery clerk; Allen Sharp, Mrs. Cannon and baby and Rev. S. W. Dale. Out of a population of about 150 very few escaped without some injury. Between fifteen and twenty were seriously injured, some it is thought fatally. Ex-Sheriff Butler and wife are painfully injured. Jake Myer had his collar bone broken, and was injured about the face. Charley Cohn had his leg broken. The store of Cohn, after being blown down, was struck by lightning and entirely consumed. There was not a tree left standing.

THE GRATTAN CENTENNIAL.

Judge Black Discusses the Question of American Interest in Irish Affairs.

BALTIMORE, Md., April 24.—The Irish National Land League of Maryland celebrated the Grattan centennial at Concordia Opera House Thursday. Mayor White presided, and opened the meeting with eloquent introductory remarks, after which Hon. Jere S. Black of Pennsylvania, the orator of the occasion, was introduced. He began his oration by asking: "Are we, or not, required to do something for the relief of Ireland? This is a question on which I think no American citizen has a right to be silent. Therefore, and not because I would set myself up as a public instructor, I am where I am tonight. For seven centuries Ireland has worn the yoke of political bondage. During all that time, except one short interval, she has not been permitted to make any laws for the protection of her own people in their persons or property. What they call home rule, or the privilege of local self-government, is wholly denied them. Undoubtedly much of the present trouble is directly caused by the unnatural relations existing between the millions whose labor cultivates the soil, and the landlords, small in number but great in power, who stand ready to snatch away the fruits of it as soon as they are gathered. Perhaps it does not make much practical difference how this domination of the few over the many was established, but it is some mental aggravation of the wrong to think that it had its origin in more robbery. . . . But what concern have we in this contest? Why should we be disturbed by wrongs which we neither suffer nor inflict? I answer that, situated as we are, it is impossible to restrain our sympathies or school our feelings to the policy of a cold indifference. The Roman dramatist said: "I am a man, and, therefore, in all things human." These Irish are not merely human; they are not Tartars, Mongols, Chinese or negroes, far off, and doubtfully connected with humanity. They belong to our own imperial race, whose physical structure, mental endowments and capacity for improvement puts them ever in the foremost rank of men. More than that, they are our kith and kin. We trace their ancestors in the line of our own descent; their blood, mingled with affluent streams from other sources, flows in our veins. But what can we do for them? How help them in this fearful strait? We have no right to come between England and her subjects by any kind of force or violence, for that is prohibited by the laws of both countries and by treaty stipulations. But you have ways, well understood, of giving moral comfort and material aid, which break no law." After discussing the several land acts of the British Parliament and their utter failure to afford relief to Ireland, Judge Black continued: "Thus far I have spoken of the case as it stands between the British government and its Irish subjects. Upon this we can only assist with our voices in making up the judgment of the world. But recent events have given us a more particular interest in the subject-matter. American citizens have been kidnapped as basely as the Irish patriots. What will we do about that? I know not. Our own history has not always been a proud one; our diplomatic record is not free from blunders; and the argumentum ad hominem, while it proves nothing, may embarrass discussion. But, if we submit to this insult, we must acknowledge that England is the master of Ireland and America both. If, on the other hand, we call that lawless power to a proper reckoning, she will see the necessity, not only of discharging the American prisoners, but of making full and ample reparation, lest a worse thing come upon her. The release of the Irish will necessarily follow, for England cannot afford to admit that she has yielded to fear what she denies to justice." Hon. William E. Robinson of New York also spoke.

"THE DEATH AVENGERS."

Frank James Organizing a Band to Avenge the Murder of His Brother.

CHICAGO, April 18.—Frank James, brother of Jesse James, has returned to his old quarters and is organizing from among his former comrades a party of avengers. They will call themselves "The Death Avengers," and propose to track down and kill every person, high and low, who had anything to do with bringing about the death of Jesse.

The avengers are being recruited from the country which produced the outlaws Polk Wells, Bill Norris, Jim Dougherty, John Pomfrey and others like them.

Opposed to Vaccination.

[Lowell Times.]

The April number of the Vaccination Inquirer, an English publication, contains a letter from Marcellus H. Fletcher, which portrays some of the evils of vaccination which came under his personal observation while a resident of Westford in 1860. He writes that, at the time above mentioned, Dr. J. T. Buttrick obtained some vaccine lymph of Dr. Clark, city physician of Boston, and proceeded to vaccinate old and young indiscriminately. The result was four deaths. He had no confidence in vaccination, from the fact that only one person died in Westford in fifty years of small-pox, and this person had a cicatrix on his arm as large as a ten-cent piece.

Sagacious Jumbo's Revenge.

During the fourteen days spent by Jumbo in crossing the Atlantic he was guilty of but one piece of mischief. A sailor was washing some clothes one day within easy reach of him, and slapped his trunk in what was apparently an offensive way to Jumbo. After the sailor had nicely washed and rinsed his clothes Jumbo reached out, grasped them, dragged them in the dirt under his feet, rolled them over and over until they were as black as the deck, and then threw them back.

A Brave Baby of Montana.

[Helena Herald.]

An almost famished wild cat a few days ago appeared in the midst of a flock of sheep in the valley near Big Hole, M. T., and selected a fine lamb from the flock. The owner of the sheep was attracted to the scene by the noise of his dog. He found the cat busy devouring the lamb, and his little three-year-old son clutching the tail of the cat, attempting to pull it off, and the dog barking and scampering around it. He soon removed his little boy from his perilous position and dispatched the wild cat with his rifle.

NERVES, brain and muscles gain strength and the power of endurance by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

THE BOOM IN MEAT.

The Causes That Have Led to the Rise.

A Strong Point in Favor of Vegetarianism.

"Boston the Most Fastidious Market of the Country."

If there was ever a time auspicious for the propagation of the principles of vegetarianism that time has been the few past weeks. This world is so contrived that eating is a necessity for individuals who dwell upon it, and eating in the popular mind includes the consumption of more or less meat. Heretofore most respectable people have been in the habit of returning a pecuniary consideration for a supply of this desirable article of diet, but, judging from the ruling prices in the market at present, and the prospects of a further advance, it will not be long before a properly ordered family dinner will mean bankruptcy to paterfamilias. Beef is now higher than at any time since the exorbitant days of the rebellion. Mutton is a trifle lower in proportion, but is not likely to be so long. A GLOBE reporter yesterday visited several of the well-known butchers of this vicinity, and inquired the cause of the alarming increase in the cost of living.

"Well, sir, the existing status of the market is a result of a combination of causes," said one prominent dealer. "Last winter was by far the severest known for many years in the cattle-breeding sections of the West. Thousands and thousands of head perished in the snow-drifts, and many were frozen to death in the sheds. The breeding of last season, in some instances, was

Not as Successful as Usual,

not a few of the young animals being feeble and not able to survive much exposure. Then the effect of the Mississippi floods was disastrous to the plans and prospects of many growers and fatteners. The herds that were overtaken by the waters, and whose bloated carcasses floated down the stream, included some of the finest and most carefully raised of last year's stock. Besides, last summer the crops were not as large as common, and the cost of corn became very heavy. Of course, high-priced fodder has a direct effect on the price of meat. All this time, despite the decrease in supply, exportation to England has been going on. The exporters get very little more for their cattle there than they would here, in some cases not so much; but a great deal of meat has been contracted for, and must be furnished. Besides, freight room in the steamers has been engaged in advance, and must be paid for whether used or not. It is regarded necessary, too, in order to maintain the reputation of American beef in the English market, to ship only first class-cattle. All these circumstances have had their influences in bringing about a scarcity of meat in the markets of our Eastern cities."

"What has been the influence of the railroad war upon the prices?"

"They continued to advance throughout. In fact, the rise has been a gradual one, dating as far back as last Sept mber. It would seem that low railroad rates would be greatly in our favor; but, practically, such has not been the result, for that circumstance has encouraged much through shipping to Great Britain."

"Is it true, as reported, that there is a corner in

Chicago and Other Western Markets?"

"I think not. But there is a reluctance on the part of growers to sell their stock except at figures very much higher than those which have formerly ruled. They, in fact, hold the key to the situation. They are only too well aware of the small supply, and fully realize that the demand is greater than ever before. Having lost a good deal during the winter by flood and storm, they are striving to make up the deficiency as well as they can by obtaining higher prices for what is left. This is simply the natural operation of the law of supply and demand. But I believe no dealers have yet attempted to create a corner. There is, however, a great opportunity, and in some kinds of business there would be much danger of such a manœuvre. If any combination of men should attempt such a thing and succeed, the markets of two nations would be thrown into such a state of consternation as was never before known in the history of trade."

"Do you anticipate a further rise in the price of meat, in case there is no corner formed?"

"Such seems to be the general expectation. It is true that there has been a slight falling within the past day or two in the Chicago quotations, but this is thought to be a mere temporary fluctuation. It is, moreover, offset and overbalanced by the recent advance in freight charges. About this time last year we paid for the best bullocks $6 50 per hundred weight. The figures are now $30 more per head, and a further advance of $5 or $10 would not be a surprise. For the best grade of cattle, as they stand, hide and all, we now pay from $8 65 to $9 50 per hundred pounds. The poorer quality can be procured for $7 50 or so."

"How do these figures compare with those obtained across the water?"

"They are somewhat lower. In recent quotations there has been

A Difference of Several Cents a Pound.

The popular fancy that American meat costs more in America than in England arises in great part from the peculiarities of the demand in each country. Meat is cut up in a different way in different markets, in order to best meet the wants of the communities. In the stalls of Liverpool and London sirloin can be bought cheaper than here, but the common cuts cost more. The same may be said of New York, but in less degree. Boston is probably the most fastidious market in the world. Here everybody wants the best meat. Workingmen, who get but $1 50 or $1 75 per day, will come down to this stall and decline to take chuck ribs and other moderate-priced cuts. Some clerks and salesmen, in particular, whose salary perhaps reaches the munificent sum of $18 per week, will take nothing but sirloin and tenderloin. Then the demand from the first-class hotels and eating-houses for choice meat is enormous. Therefore these favorite parts of the beef secure the best of prices. The fact that, though they may be more tender, they are not always more nutritious or palatable, does not seem to be at all understood. It is much the same with mutton. Everybody calls for the rack. There are not more than ten pounds of this in the sheep, and so they have to pay fancy prices for it. As a result of this rush for expensive cuts the other parts of the animal have to go cheap. The demand is more equalized in the English markets, and accordingly there is not so much difference in the cost of the various cuts. For instance, here hindquarters may call for 9 cents a pound and forequarters for 15 cents. Across the water there would not likely be more than a cent or two variation. Indeed, different cuts bring different prices at cities in this country at no great remove from each other, according to the particular taste or whim of the locality."

The following retail prices ruled at the Faneuil Hall Market yesterday. It is expected by many butchers that there will be an additional rise within a few days. The fancy cuts are higher than in the New York market, the other meat selling at a somewhat lower figure:

BEEF.			
Porterhouse	33c	Chuck ribs	10@14c
Sirloin	30@32c	Stewing beef	8@ 9c
Round	20@23c	Soup pieces	4@10c
Rump	25c	Corned beef	7@12½c
Five rib cuts	16@17c		
MUTTON AND VEAL.			
Hind quarter	16@18½c	Best veal	10@13½c
Fore quarter	8@11c	Sweetbread	15c
Spring lamb	9@10c	Chops	16@17½c
Shoulders	10c	Breast	10c

THE MEAT MARKET.

The Weeks' Showing in Quotations and Shipments Not Encouraging to Shippers of Cattle.

The shipments of live stock and dressed beef for the week ending April 22, to the London, Liverpool and Glasgow markets, show no material increase in cattle, but much larger shipments of live sheep. Advices received from foreign markets have not been encouraging to shippers of live cattle. Glasgow reports trade dull, at much lower prices. Quotations: Good American steers, 15½c ℔ lb; mediums, 14c ℔ lb; sheep, 19c ℔ lb. London reports prices for cattle not quite as strong as last week, owing to the supply being in excess of the demand. Sheep were firm at slightly increased values. Quotations: Good American steers, 16c ℔ lb; medium, 15@15½; sheep, 20c ℔ lb, the above prices sinking the offal. Liverpool shows no material change. Insurance rates are unchanged; freight rates unsettled; shippers not anxious, thirty shillings being the top figure offered. Sheep space was quotable at 5@6 shillings per head. Returns received by shippers during the past week have not been great. Some 250 shipped on City of Lincoln show a loss to the owners of $13 per head. The shippers of live stock will, unless a change occurs, find that they must cease the exporting of live cattle, and the same must follow should exporters endeavor to glut the market with sheep. The shipments for the week have been as follows, per steamers, individuals and their destinations: Prussian for Glasgow—F. R. Lingham, 801 sheep. Virginian, for Liverpool—Lingham & O'Brien, 500 cattle, 1505 sheep. Palestine, for Liverpool—Hathaway & Jackson, 200 cattle; Hathaway & McFlynn, 50 cattle, 448 sheep; G. W. & N. E. Hollis, 493 quarters of beef, 229 carcasses of mutton, making the total shipments for the week as follows: Live cattle, 750; live sheep, 2754; beef quarters, 493; mutton carcasses, 229. The estimated value of the shipments figure up a total of $141,154. Trade at the stock yards during the past week has been slow, values have been advanced ¼c. ℔ lb. On Western cattle reports from Chicago show a decline on that market from 20 to 30c. ℔ 100 lbs, but with the above reduction the home slaughterer will derive no benefit. The arrivals at the Brighton and Watertown stock yards for the week ending April 22 have been as follows: Cattle, 2563; sheep and lambs, 10,292; swine, 11,970; veal calves, 1879; horses, 210; poultry, 1500 lbs. Trade at the Boston market has been slow, with advanced values for beef. The outlook for a decline in prices is not at all encouraging, but rather inclined to advance still higher the current prices. Prices for the past week have been as follows: Hind quarters, 14@15c. ℔ lb; fore quarters, 9@9½c. ℔ lb; rump and sirloins, 18@19c. ℔ lb; sirloins, 21@23c. ℔ lb; rumps, 16@16½c. ℔ lb; ribs, 11@11¼c. ℔ lb; rounds, 10½@11c. ℔ lb; chucks, 8@8½c. ℔ lb; fine rib cuts, 16@16½c. ℔ lb; rattles, 7@7½c. ℔ lb; round and rump, 12@12½c. ℔ lb.

HOW MANY WENT TO CHURCH?

Well, According to the Observation of Reporters, 124,909 Attended Divine Worship in Boston Last Sunday.

On Sunday last interesting statistics were gathered of the attendance at the morning, afternoon and evening services of all the churches of the city. The day chosen was a tolerably fair one to show the church-going proclivities of the denizens of Boston. The early masses of the Catholic churches, however, are not included in these figures, and it must be borne in mind that in several instances these are as well attended as the high masses. In Episcopal churches, except where the Easter music programme was repeated, the congregations were somewhat smaller than usual, a little laxity in attendance generally prevailing after the rigor of the Lenten season. At the Methodistic places of worship many of the regular pastors were not in their pulpits, the present being the time of the annual conference. In a number of cases the figures were the average of counts made by several persons. At some churches the attendance was exceptionally large, on account of the presence of clergymen of note from other cities. This circumstance tended to diminish the congregations at other churches of the same denomination. In respect to the Christian Union, it should be observed that while there were but about 300 at the service, 1130 persons availed themselves of the privileges of the institution during the day. In addition to the figures given, a gentleman of reliability states that the attendance at the various spiritualistic gatherings in halls aggregated about 3000. Following are the figures given by denominations:

	First Service.	Second Service.	Totals.
Baptist	7,332	8,443	15,775
Congregational	740	65	805
Congregational (Trinitarian)	9,202	5,801	15,003
Congregational (Unitarian)	7,716	1,610	9,326
Episcopal	7,283	4,757	12,040
Jewish	938	20	958
Lutheran	513	78	591
Methodist Episcopal	3,539	5,797	9,336
Methodist	278	1,780	2,058
Presbyterian	1,099	2,201	3,300
Roman Catholic	35,765	13,572	49,337
Swedenborgian	530	....	530
Union churches	475	300	775
Universalist	1,678	659	2,337
Non-sectarian	160	222	382
Plymouth Brethren	38	16	54
First Christian Church	....	158	158
Young Men's Christian Association	....	1,314	1,314
Young Men's Christian Union	....	300	300
Branch Chapel (Second Advent)	....	91	91
Advent Christian	90	185	275
Dorchester Free Soci'ty	....	75	75
Friends' Meeting	89	....	89
Grand total	77,465	47,434	124,909

A Veteran of Waterloo Dies in Ontario.

TORONTO, April 24.—Angus McDonald, a veteran of 106 years, who served in the Peninsula war under Sir John Moore and the Duke of Wellington, died Friday at a village a few miles from here. His most vivid recollections were in connection with Waterloo, in which engagement his car was shot off his head, and he received several severe wounds.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

General William L. Burt died Friday morning at Saratoga at the age of 52 years.

It is expected that 10,000,000 feet of logs will come down the Merrimac this spring.

The Cincinnati brewers and saloon-keepers intend to make a legal fight against the Sunday law.

A belt of ice still encircles the coast of Newfoundland, rendering navigation difficult and dangerous.

About 110 Arizona bucks are on the war path, sixty of whom are supposed to be returned renegade Chincahuas.

Nine persons were killed and property damaged to the extent of $200,000 in the recent cyclone at Brownsville, Mo.

At Mount Vernon, Penn., Wednesday, the storm destroyed five houses, killed one woman and injured six others.

The new Ohio Sunday law, under which all saloons are to be closed, was generally observed in that State Sunday.

The Red river of the North is rising at St. Vincent and falling at Winnipeg, a very unusual circumstance. Travel is interrupted.

William Sindram was hanged at New York Friday morning for the murder of Mrs. Catherine Crave, his landlady, January 26, 1881.

A storm passed over Carrollton, La., Tuesday afternoon, blowing down several houses, trees, fences and the steeple of the Catholic Church.

The insane wife of B. Pierce of Richardson Station, Texas, while he was at work in a field Friday, killed her three children and then hung herself.

A terrific gas explosion occurred at the Saratoga National Hotel Saturday afternoon, blowing out one-half of the west wall and damaging property in the vicinity.

Colonel Cochrane's herd of shorthorns from Canada was sold at the Chicago stock yards Tuesday at auction, twenty-four head bringing nearly $48,000.

The 1161 Neapolitans landed in New York on Friday are found upon investigation to be possessed of but $50 and the rags upon their backs.

Mrs. Theodore P. Henckell of Carbon, Wyoming Territory, was burned to death on Saturday by the explosion of a coal oil can. She was trying to hasten a fire by the use of kerosene.

A company with $1,500,000 capital, including J. A. Forepaugh, G. F. Bailey and G. B. Bunnell, are endeavoring to secure Stewart's, in New York, for a museum.

The grand jury found a true bill Wednesday against thirty-eight citizens of Barnwell county, S. C., charging them with obstructing voters at the general election in 1880.

A colored woman of Cincinnati has recovered $1000 from the Cincinnati Southern railroad, because the company refused her admittance to the ladies' car on a first-class ticket.

The Belvair and Manor herds of short-horns, owned by Richard and John Gibson of Ilderton, Can., were sold at Dexter Park, Chicago, Friday, forty-seven head bringing $27,000.

A special post office inspector has arrested Ernest Turner, late postmaster at Point Pleasant, La., charged with embezzling a registered letter containing over $200. The prisoner gave $1000 bail.

The Henrietta mine at Leadville, Col., owned by Messrs. Tabor, Blaine, Chaffee, Moffatt, Wilson and Kassler, has been sold to English and French capitalists for $1,500,000. The value of the ore in sight is said to be $700,000.

Mr. Hannibal H. Chase, president of the People's Bank of Baltimore, fell dead Wednesday morning while on his way to his place of business. This makes the third bank president who has died in Baltimore within eight days past.

William Howlett, marshal at Tradewater, Ky., defending himself against John Menzer and son, who assaulted him for making what they said was an illegal arrest, shot and killed both.

Couriers from Gila river, N. M., report that a band of twenty-five Warm Spring Apaches had burned the ranches of Puray, York, Hutchins and Cornell, and driven off all the stock. It is reported that six or eight men were murdered.

A New York despatch says the Court of Appeals has set aside the decision of Justice Pratt, that Mary J. Badger, who claims a dower interest of $70,000, was not the wife of Jacob Badger, who died some two years ago, and ordered a new trial.

There is on exhibition at Tiffany's, New York, a banneret which Alexander Hamilton, Jr., is to present to Battery F, Fourth Artillery, U. S. A., commonly called the Alexander Hamilton Battery, which is now stationed at Fort Warren in Boston harbor.

Following were the winners at the New Orleans races Thursday: Mile and a quarter, Eli, 2 minutes 15½ seconds; two straight mile heats, Aleck Ament, 1 minute 47½ seconds, 1 minute 48 seconds; mile and a half, George Hakes, 2 minutes 43 seconds.

The Mayor of Long Island City, Mr. Henry De Bevoise, was arrested Saturday on a charge of illegally issuing and selling $108,000 of city bonds. He was sent to jail in default of $50,000. The arrest will result in an investigation by the city committee.

Mrs. Angers, an old woman residing in Bedard street, St. Sauveur, P. Q., who kept a small grocery store, was foully murdered last night. The murderers afterward robbed the store, even stripping the body of nearly all its clothing. One man named Xavier Metivier, has been arrested.

A plot has been discovered in the Cleveland house of correction, between Willie Gardner, aged 13, and Grant Palmer, aged 14, to kill Charlie Todd, aged 8, in order that they could be transferred to the county jail, where they would not have to work, and would be supplied with tobacco.

The chief of Police at San Carlos, Ari., has been killed by Indians, and fears are entertained for all the employes. Colonel Schofield with two companies of the Sixth Cavalry has left Camp Thomas for their rescue. Locos' band is on the war path.

Cattle and horses are dying in the Morgan City district in Louisiana. They were placed on mounds and other high grounds to escape the floods and are starving to death. A special says people near Morgan City and on the bayous are actually suffering for want of food, the government rations being exhausted.

The wife of Lieutenant-Governor Tabor of Colorado has brought suit for a separate maintenance. Mrs. Tabor asks that she be awarded the fine house on Broadway, Denver, which she now lives in, and that it be set apart for her exclusive uses. It is the finest residence in Colorado, and is valued at $150,000. She further asks for $50,000 per year for her maintenance, alleging that her husband is worth between $7,000,000 and $8,000,000.

FLIES, roaches, ants, bedbugs, rats, mice, crows, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

BOSTON STOCKS AND BONDS.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

STATE STREET, SATURDAY AFTERNOON, April 22, 1882.

Although the money market remains quite steady, so far as rates for loans and discounts are concerned, there is a much easier feeling extant than has been noticed for some weeks past. Money is accumulating at the banks, and although the demand for accommodation is fairly active, a borrower of any standing finds little or no difficulty in having his wants supplied. Good business paper rules from 5½@6 per cent. discount, although the range is slightly higher; prime corporation notes and acceptances, dealings in which are limited, are held at 4¾ per cent., the banks as a rule bidding no better than 5; call loans on collateral are quoted at 5 per cent. on government bonds, to 5½ per cent. up on other security. Today the rate for balances between banks ranged from 4@5 per cent., 4½ being the ruling rate; these are the lowest figures for balances seen for some time. Indications are that all rates will rule lower during the coming week. At the clearing house this morning the gross exchanges were $12,005,630, and for the week were $71,479,982; the balances today were $989,905, and for the week $8,340,624. New York funds continue to sell at a discount, ranging today from 30@40c. per $1000. Foreign exchange has been quiet and steady, closing at the following prices, which have been the ruling ones of the past week: Sight, 4.89½; sixty days, 4.87; commercial bills, 4.85; francs, sight, 5.13¾; sixty days, 5.17½.

The New York money market has been an easy one of late, more so than the local market, and rates have been in favor of the borrowers; today money on Wall street closes offered at 2 per cent., last loan at this figure. Another favorable bank statement was presented today, as the following items show:

Loans decrease	$2,959,800
Specie increase	2,909,400
Legal tenders increase	1,683,500
Deposits increase	1,998,000
Circulation decrease	640,200
Reserve increase	4,093,400

The banks now hold $9,049,550 more than the legal requirements.

Government bonds have been very strong, but the principal activity and strength have centred in the 4 per cents, which close at 121¾ bid, the highest figures yet touched by this issue, against 120¾ last Saturday. The Treasury Department claim that they are in a position to call in and redeem bonds at the rate of $15,000,000 per month; at this rate it will take less than three years to call in and pay the redeemable bonds now outstanding.

Rumors have been in circulation recently that a large amount of government bonds have recently been turned into the United States treasury by various national banks in order to reduce their respective circulation. While these reports are not confirmed, and may be somewhat premature, there is no doubt that such an act is contemplated by several national banks throughout the country.

The New York stock market during most of the week has been in the hug of the bears, and the consequence has naturally been lower prices. Except in two or three instances, notably Wabash preferred and Jersey Central, there has been no bad break in prices, but a gradual slumping off, led by Lake Shore. The bulls abandoned the market to the bears, and it may be said that the covering of shorts protected the market from a bad slump. This covering was most pronounced on Friday, which, in connection with some buying by parties who are on the watch, not intending to "get left" when the market does turn, caused a strong rally, and this morning prices opened ¼@¾ per cent. higher than the closing of Friday; this rise was further augmented in the early dealings by an advance of ⅛@¾ per cent.; subsequently prices became irregular, and it is hard to say how the market would have closed—probably firm, however, assisted by the bank statement—had not a bad break in the price of Jersey Central, which broke from 71⅛ to 66, demoralized the market. The closing shows a decline from the opening prices of ¼@1⅝ per cent., not including Jersey Central, and while some stocks closed at the lowest figures of the day, others show a rally from the lowest points reached. The following stocks show a decline for the day of one per cent. or over: Delaware & Hudson, Lake Shore, Lackawanna, Louisville & Nashville, Michigan Central, New York Central, Reading, Union Pacific and Denver & Rio Grande; Jersey Central opened at 70¾, rallied to 71⅛ and then broke to 66, which was the closing price.

Mr. Sage predicts a better market, and points to a plethora of money, the decline of the past ten months and good crop prospects as the reason therefor. But the opinion is steadily gaining ground that the market has not yet touched bottom. The occasional strength of prices and rallies at present seem to be entirely due to shorts covering, and not to outside buying for long account. Still, prices have had considerable of a decline, and the more widespread becomes the belief in lower figures, the sooner will come more of a rally than has happened of late, and the greater its permanency.

Prices of Stocks and Bonds at 2.30 P. M.

LAND COS.	Bid.	Asked	RAILROADS.	Bid.	Asked
Boston	7½	7⅝	Old Colony	129½	—
Boston W P	4¼	5	Rutland pref	23½	25
BONDS.			Rutland com	4	—
A.T&SF 1sts	—	119	Summit Br	11	—
KC,FS&G 7s	110	—	Union Pac	111½	112
KCSJ&CB 7s	—	115	T, Del & B	6¾	6⅞
L R & F S 7s	107½	—	Wis. Cen. com	16½	16⅞
Eastern 4½s	106	—	Connotton V	6⅝	7
N Y & N E 7s	—	114	Mass Central	12	13
N Y & N E 6s	—	104	MINING COS.		
H & E 7s	48	49	Allouez	1½	2
U P 6s	115¾	—	Atlantic	13½	—
U P s f 8s	117⅛	118	Brunswk An	10	12
Wis Cent 2ds	45	—	Cal & Hecla	232	234
Og&LC con 6s	95	96	Catalpa	45c	50c
Mex Cen 1sts	84¾	84⅞	Contentm't	—	1
RAILROADS.			Franklin	11½	11¾
A. T & S F	86⅛	86¼	Osceola	32	34
L R & F S	47⅛	48	Pewabic	11¼	11½
La & Mo Riv	16	18	Quincy	47	—
Bos & Alb	164⅞	165	Silver Islet	17	18½
Bos & Lowell	101	101½	Sullivan	⅜	—
Bos & Maine	146	—	Bonanza	4¼	4½
Bos & Prov	162	—	Crescent	25c	—
Chi. B & Q	130¼	130⅝	Napa	—	6
Cin. S & Clev	24½	25	San Pedro	67½c	70c
Eastern	37½	38	MISCELLANEOUS.		
Fitchburg	125½	—	Bell Tele	140	—
Northern N H	109	—	Pull. Pal. Car	125½	126
N Y & N E	45	—			

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

BOSTON MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE BOSTON DAILY GLOBE, SATURDAY EVENING, April 22.

APPLES.—Trade has been quiet, but prices continue to be maintained. We quote the sales of choice Russets at $3 75@4 ℔ bbl; choice Baldwins, $3 25@3 75 ℔ bbl; and common to good at $2@3 ℔ bbl.

BEANS.—The demand for Beans has been good and prices are firm. Red Kidney Beans have moved slow. We quote: Northern Pea, $3 70@3 75 ℔ bush; do do New York, $3 65@3 70 ℔ bush; do do common to good, $2 90@3 50 ℔ bush; medium choice hand-picked, $3 60@3 65 ℔ bush; do choice screened, $3 55@3 60 ℔ bush; do common to good, $2 80@3 35 ℔ bush; improved Yellow Eyes, $3 20@3 25 ℔ bush; do choice flats, $3 10@3 15 ℔ bush; do common, $3 00@3 05 ℔ bush; Red Kidneys, $2 75@2 90 ℔ bush.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—Commercial and Shipping List.—The main feature of the Boot and Shoe market is the increased number of buyers, who, although not placing many orders, are circulating around and impart a more animated tone to trade. They speak quite hopefully of the prospects for autumn and fall, but are disposed to operate cautiously. So far the principal business has been in heavy Boots, and the factories on these goods are all running with full force. Light goods for fall are attracting more attention, and full samples are out. Boston jobbers have given a few orders, but none of any consequence have been received from distant dealers. The spring trade is holding out quite well, and for a week or two past Lynn and Haverhill goods have been in increased demand. Slippers are unusually active, with large shipments from Haverhill. Rubber goods are beginning to move, but manufacturers are not prepared to fix prices on contracts. They are selling from stocks on hand at old rates. Shipments show a slight increase.

BUTTER.—Prices have settled down still further, and it is difficult to give reliable selling rates for large lots, as buyers are holding off as much as possible. We quote choice Northern creamery, 29@30c ℔ lb; do fair to good, 26@23c ℔ lb; fine Franklin County, Vt. dairy, 25@....c ℔ lb; choice grades New York and Vermont, 24@25c ℔ lb; do do fair to good, 22@23c ℔ lb; do do common, 19@21c ℔ lb. We quote New Western—Choice creamery at 29@31c ℔ lb; do fair to good, 26@28c ℔ lb; choice dairy, 2@@ 4c ℔ lb; do fair to good, 18@22c ℔ lb; choice ladle packed, 20@22c ℔ lb; do fair to good, 17@19c ℔; do common, 14@16 ℔ lb.

CHEESE.—The market for choice old Cheese has been firm, with a light stock. Low grades are slow of sale and prices are decidedly irregular. We quote choice Northern factory at 14@14½c ℔ lb; do fair to good, 12@13½c ℔ lb; do half skim, 6@8c ℔ lb; do skim, 2@5c ℔ lb; choice Western factory, 13@13½c ℔ lb; do do fair to good, 10@12½c ℔ lb; do common, 5@8c ℔ lb; Worcester county choice, 12@13c ℔ lb; do good, 9@11c ℔ lb; do common, 5@8c ℔ lb; choice Sage, 14@14½c ℔ lb; do common, 10@12c ℔ lb.

COAL.—English Cannel Coal continues without any change, and has been sold in small lots at $16 ℔ ton. Nova Scotia ports are still closed by ice. Nova Scotia Culm is inquired for, and commands full prices. Cumberland Coal has been quiet. Clearfield has been in active demand, and meets with a ready sale at $3 65@3 75 ℔ ton. Gas Coals have been in demand, and large contracts continue to be made for Penn and Westmoreland at $3 70 ℔ ton. Anthracite has been in very fair demand, and retail sales have been made at steady prices.

COFFEE.—The market for Rios has been rather quiet. Mild grades are in steady demand at unchanged prices. We quote Java at 13½@26c ℔ lb; Mocha at 27@28c ℔ lb; Maracaibo at 10½@15c ℔ lb; Rio at 8½@12c ℔ lb for inferior and prime.

COPPER.—We quote the last sales of Sheathing Copper at 28c ℔ lb; and Bolts and Braziers' Copper at 30@...c ℔ lb. Yellow Sheathing Metal sells at 20c ℔ lb, and Yellow Metal Bolts at 22c ℔ lb. Ingot Copper has been quiet, and sales have been made at 18¼@18½c ℔ lb.

CORN.—There has been a firm feeling for Corn, and we quote sales of No 2 and high mixed at 94@95c ℔ bush; steamer mixed and yellow at 92@93c ℔ bush; and no grade at 91@92c ℔ bush. To arrive from Chicago, 92c ℔ bush is asked for high mixed.

DRIED APPLES.—Choice Evaporated have been in better demand. Other kinds have been rather quiet. We quote sales since our last of Southern quartered at 4@4½c ℔ lb; do sliced, 4½@8c ℔ lb; New York quartered, 5@6½c ℔ lb; do sliced, 5@6½c ℔ lb; East and North quartered, 5@6½c ℔ lb; do sliced, 5@6½c ℔ lb; choice evaporated, 13@14 ℔ lb; do good, 10@12c ℔ lb.

DRUGS, DYES AND CHEMICALS.—The demand has been fair and prices remain about the same. We quote Alcohol at $2 26@2 28 ℔ gal; Soda Ash at $1 62½@1 65; Cream Tartar at 31½@32c for crystals, and 33½@34c for powdered; Cutch at 5½c for large lots, small lots higher; Bleaching Powders at $1 25; Sal Soda at $1 15@1 17; Caustic Soda at $3 32@3 35; Sicily crude Brimstone at $29@30 50; Potato Starch at 5⅜@5¼c; American Castor Oil at 11½@12c in bbls and cases; Shellac at 28@33 as to quality; Cutch at 6@6¼c; refined Camphor at 24½@25½c; Quicksilver at 40@41c; Sulphate Quinine at $1 90@2 20 for German and American; Opium at $4 25@4 40; Bichromate Potash at 15@15½c; Prussiate do at 24@24½c for yellow, and 51@52c for red; Brown Sugar of Lead at 7½@8c; White Sugar of Lead at 15@15¼c; and other articles remain the same as before noticed.

DRY GOODS.—There has been no change in cotton and woollen goods, and trade has been fair for the season.

DYEWOODS.—St Domingo Logwood has been in fair demand, with sales at $19@24 ℔ ton. All the other Dyewoods continue quiet. Fustic ranges from $18@25 ℔ ton, as to quality.

EGGS.—The demand has been equal to the supply. We quote sales of Eastern at 19@....c ℔ doz; New York and Vermont, 18½@19c ℔ doz; Canada, 18½@19c ℔ doz; Western, 18@18½c ℔ doz.

FEED.—The sales of Shorts have been at $27 00@28 00 ℔ ton; Fine Feed at $27@28 ℔ ton; and Middlings range from $28@30 ℔ ton. Cotton Seed Meal has been selling at $31 ℔ ton.

FISH.—The market for Codfish has been quiet and prices are easier. We quote sales of large dry and pickle cured Bank at $4 40@5 ℔ qtl; and small and medium Bank at $4@4 25 ℔ qtl. Georges Codfish have been selling at $5 50 for large, and medium at $4 50 ℔ qtl. Hake, Haddock and Pollock are scarce and have been selling at nominal prices. Mackerel is in light stock, with sales of Shore in jobbing lots at $20 for No 1, $11@12 for No 2, and $9 50@10 for No 3. Pickled Herring have been quiet, with sales confined to small lots. Box Herring have been in fair demand at 16c for medium scaled, 14c for No 1 and 12c ℔ box for tucks. Alewives and Salmon have been quiet and prices are nominal.

FLOUR.—Stock is growing small, more particularly for high grades. The market is firm for choice patents, and there is an upward tendency. We quote Spring wheats—Western superfine, $4 25@4 75; common extras, $5 00@5 75; Wisconsin, $5 00@6 50; Minnesota bakers, $5 50@7 50; Minnesota and Wisconsin patents, $8 00@9 25. Winter wheats—Choice patents, $7 75@8 00; do common to good, $7 00@7 50; Ohio, $6 50@7 25; Michigan, $6 50@7 00; Indiana, $6 50@7 50; Illinois, $7 25@7 50; St Louis, $7 25@7 50; Southern family flour, $....@....; Cornmeal ℔ bbl, $3 75@3 80; Rye flour, $5 00@5 52; Oatmeal, common to good Western, $6 50@7 00; Oatmeal, fancy brands, $7 25@7 50.

FREIGHTS.—California freights remain unchanged. To Melbourne the rates are 20@22½c ℔ foot for measurement goods; to Sydney 20@22½c ℔ foot for measurement goods, and 20@22½c to Adelaide for measurement goods. To Brisbane 25c ℔ foot for measurement goods; and to New Zealand ports 25c for measurement goods. By steam to Liverpool—Provisions, 4s 6d; butter and cheese, 10s; cotton, 7-64d; leather, 30s; sack flour, 2s 6d; measurement goods, 12s 6d@15s; grain, ...d ℔ bush. London—Flour, 1s 6d; measurement goods, 15s 0d; sack flour, 5s 0d; grain, 1d; butter and cheese, 20s; provisions, 17s 6d. To Glasgow—Grain, 1d; provisions, 11s 0d; sack flour, 3s 6d; barrel flour, 7½d. Coal freights from Philadelphia rule at $1 25@1 35; Baltimore at $1 40@1 50; Alexandria and Georgetown, $1 90@2; New York at $1 10@1 20 ℔ ton.

FRESH MEAT.—Fresh Beef has advanced in price, with a good trade. Mutton and Veal are steady. We quote Beef hindquarters choice, 13@14½c ℔ lb; common, 8@10c; do forequarters, choice, 8½@9c; do common to good, 5@6c. Mutton, extra, 8½@9½c; common to good, 3@4c; Spring Lamb, choice, 9@12; do common to good, 4@6c; Veal, choice, 9@12c; fair to good, 6@8c ℔ lb; do common, 4@5c ℔ lb; do Worcester county choice, 10@12c ℔ lb; do do common to good 7@9c ℔ lb.

FRUIT.—In Malaga Raisins the demand continues moderate. We quote the sales at $2 55@2 60 for loose Muscatel, and $2 80@2 85 for London layers; Sultana at 11½c, Valencia, 11½@12½c. African Dates have sold at 6@8½c ℔ lb; Persian at 6@8½c; Fara at ....@....c ℔ lb; French Prunes have been selling at ....c ℔ lb; Turkey Prunes at 7@7¼c ℔ lb. Currants have been sold at 5½@5¾c ℔ lb; Citron at 13¾@14c; Smyrna Figs have been sold at 9@14c ℔ lb. Sicily Lemons have been selling at $3@4 ℔ box ℔ box. Sicily Oranges have sold at $4@4 50 ℔ box. Valencia Oranges have been selling at $10@12 ℔ case for regular sizes and higher prices for extra.

GUNNY BAGGING.—The market has been steady and prices have been in the range of 8c@10¼c for the different sizes.

HAY AND STRAW.—There is a good demand for Hay and receipts are pretty well sold up, and we quote sales of Eastern and Northern choice coarse at $20@21 ℔ ton; good, $16@18 ℔ ton; fine, $15@17 ℔ ton; poor, $12@14 ℔ ton; Swale Hay, $9@10 ℔ ton; choice Rye Straw, $17 ℔ ton; do common to good, $15@16 ℔ ton; Oat Straw, $9 ℔ ton.

HEMP.—There has been a quiet market for Manila Hemp. Sales have been at 10½c ℔ lb. Sisal Hemp has been in fair demand, and sales have been at 5⅜@5½c ℔ lb. Jute Butts have been quiet, with sales of paper and bagging grades at 2 9-16@2⅞c ℔ lb.

HIDES.—The market for Hides has been firm and prices continue to be well sustained. The sales include dry Rio Grande steers, seconds, at 19¼c; wet salted Liebig ox, at 13¼@13½c; dry Montevideo seconds at 21½c; Cordova kips at 24c; dry Southern at 15½c; and wet salted Western on private terms. Calcutta cow and Buffalo Hides have been quiet and no sales of importance have been made. In East India tanned Sheep Skins sales have been at 56c.

HOPS.—The demand for Hops has been quite light, with no movements except in small lots. Prices are unchanged. We quote sales of good to prime Eastern, 1881, at 24@25c ℔ lb; do 1880, 18@22c ℔ lb.

INDIA RUBBER.—Prices have ranged from 72c@$1 4 ℔ lb.

INDIGO.—We quote sales of Indigo as follows: Fine Bengal at $1 70@2; good consuming grades at $1 50@1 70; ordinary at $1 20@1 40; Guatemala at $1 10@1 30.

IRON.—There is no improvement in Pig Iron. The demand has been moderate, and sales have been at 24@25 ℔ ton, as to quality, for American Pig, and Scotch Pig has ranged from $24 00@24 50 ℔ ton. Bar Iron has been quiet and sales have been at $2 75@3 ℔ 100 lbs for refined. American Sheet Iron has been selling at 4½@5½c ℔ lb, as to quality. American Steel Rails have been quiet, and sales have been at $53@55 ℔ ton. Iron Rails are dull and nominal, with sales at $45@50 ℔ ton.

LEAD.—There is no change in Pig Lead, with sales at 5@5½c ℔ lb; and Lead Pipe at 7½c ℔ lb; Sheet Lead at 8c; Tin-lined Pipe at 15c ℔ lb; and Block Tin Pipe at 30c ℔ lb. Old Lead has been taken in exchange for new at 4¾c for solid and 4¼c for tea.

LEATHER.—There continues to be a steady demand for sole Leather, and the sales of Hemlock have been at 21@25c ℔ lb, as to quality and weight. Union tanned Leather has been in fair demand; sales at 34@37c for backs, and 30@33c ℔ lb for crop. Rough upper Leather has been in moderate demand; sales have been at 22@26c; selected lots at the latter rate; Rough Calf Skins have sold at 45@50c; and finished Calf at 60@90c, as to quality, and for the different kinds of finished Leather have been in very fair demand.

LIME.—There have been sales of Rockland at $1 05@1 10 ℔ cask.

LUMBER.—We give the following as the quotations: Clear Pine, Nos 1 and 2, $52@55; No 3, 42@44; No 4, $34@36; No 5, $25@26. Coarse pine—No 5, $16@17; refuse, $....@....; shipping boards, $16@17. Spruce—Nos 1 and 2, $14 00@15 00; coarse and refuse, $8 00@10 00. Hemlock boards—Planed, $1 higher—Nos 1 and 2, $11 50@12 00; refuse, $..@... Southern pine—Flooring boards, Nos 1 and 2, $35@....; ship stock, $26@30; dimension factory, $27@29; random cargoes, assorted, $22@24; refuse two-thirds price; black walnut, $80@105; cherry, $68@73; white wood, inch, $28@35; do do 5⁄8, $25@27; oak, $40@45; ash, $38@42. Clapboards—Heart pine, $30@50; saps, $25@45; spruce, $16@29; shingles, $1 25@5 75; spruce laths, $1 87@2 00; pine do, $2 00@2 25. The market is firm for all kinds, and sales have been at full prices.

MALT.—We quote State, 2 rowed, at $1@1 10; do, 6 rowed, $1 10@1 12; Canada West, 6 rowed, $1 20@1 25; Western, 85@90c.

MAPLE SUGAR AND SYRUP.—There has been a light demand, and the market is well supplied. We quote the sales of new sugar in small cakes at 10@11c ℔ lb; do do, large cakes, 9@9½c ℔ lb; do do in tubs, 7½@9c ℔ lb; old in tubs, 6@7c ℔ lb; new Syrup, ℔ gal of 10½@11 lbs, 75@80c; do do in bulk, ℔ gal 10½ lbs, 65@70c; do light weight cans, 50@60c.

MOLASSES.—There has been a fair demand for Molasses. We quote sales of common to choice Porto Rico at 42@63c ℔ gal; Barbadoes at 47@48c ℔ gal; Cienfuegos at 36@41c; and boiling grades, 50 test, at 40@41c ℔ gal. New Orleans Molasses continues in moderate demand, with sales in the range of 55@75c ℔ gal for common and choice.

NAILS.—We quote sales at $3 50 ℔ keg for 10d@60d ℔ keg, with the usual discount of 10 ℔ cent to the trade.

NAVAL STORES.—The market is very unsettled for Spirits Turpentine, and sales have been at 60@62c ℔ gal. Tar continues quiet and sales have been confined to small lots at full prices. Rosin and Pitch are in moderate demand, with sales in small lots.

NITRATE OF SODA.—Nitrate of Soda has been selling at 2⅞@2⅞c ℔ lb.

OATS.—Prices are easier, though extreme rates are obtained. We quote the sales of No 1 and extra white at 68@70c ℔ bush; No 2 white at 65@66c ℔ bush; No 3 white at 63@64c ℔ bush; and No 2 mixed and Canada at 60@63c ℔ bush.

OIL.—Linseed Oil has been firm and demand fair at 58@...c for Western, and 65@...c for Calcutta. Lard Oil has been firm but quiet, with the sales of Western and Boston extra, 90@...c; and No 1 at 70@73c ℔ gal. In Red Oil sales have been at 53@55c for saponified and 52@...c for Elaine. Palm Oil has been sold at 6@7½c ℔ lb. Fish Oils in fair demand at 38@41c ℔ gal. Sperm and Whale Oils remain unchanged, with a steady sales. Petroleum has been in light request. Sales of refined have been at 6¾@7¼c for 115@120 test, and high test brands at 11½@12c ℔ gal, bbls extra. Case Oil has been selling at 11@12c ℔ gal, tins included. Naphtha has been selling at 10@11c ℔ gal, as to gravity.

ONIONS.—There is a fair demand for native Onions, and sales have been made at $2 50 ℔ bbl, but the stock offering is mostly in poor order, and the season will soon be closed. Bermuda Onions sell at $1 90@2 ℔ crate.

PEAS.—The demand for Peas has been very fair at steady prices. We quote sales of choice Canada at $1 05@1 10; do common, 85@95c; Northern Green Peas, $1 20@1 45; do Western, $1 60@1 65 ℔ bush.

POTATOES.—The market has been easier. English and Scotch arrive freely. Sales of Aroostook Rose at $1 15@1 20 ℔ bush; Maine Central Rose, $1 15@.... ℔ bush; Northern Rose, $1 10@1 15 ℔ bush; Jacksons at 85@9 c ℔ bush; Prolifics, $1 15@.... ℔ bush; Peerless, $1 10@.... ℔ bush; Seedlings, $1 00@1 05 ℔ bush; Chenangoes, ...@...c ℔ bush; Burbank Seedlings, $1 00@1 00 ℔ bush; English and Scotch, 70@75c ℔ bush.

POULTRY AND GAME.—The market for Poultry is rather quiet at unchanged prices. We quote sales of Western Turkeys, 18@19c; common to fair, 16@18c; choice Chickens, 15@17c; common to good, 13@15c; mixed Chickens and Fowl, 12@14c. We note sales of choice Northern Turkeys, 19@20c; common to good, 12@15c; choice Chickens, 14@16c; Chickens and Fowl, 11@13c; choice heavy Geese, 12@14c ℔ lb; common to good, 8@11c. Ducks, 16@18c ℔ lb; Mallard and Black Ducks, ...@... c ℔ pr; Grouse, in good order, $1@1 10 ℔ pr; Wild Pigeons, $1 75@1 90 ℔ doz.

PROVISIONS.—There has been a firm market for Pork. We quote the sales of extra prime at $15 50@16 00 ℔ bbl; Western mess at $19 00@19 225 ℔ bbl; sales of Boston long cut clear at $22 00@22 50 ℔ bbl; short cut clear at $22 50@23 ℔ bbl; backs at $22 00@23 50 ℔ bbl. Beef has been fairly active, with sales of extra plate and family at $15@16 ℔ bbl. Smoked Hams are firm at 12½@13c ℔ lb. Lard is not so firm; sales of city and Western at 12@12¼c ℔ lb.

RICE.—There has been a good demand for Rice and prices are firm. We quote sales of Carolina at 6½@8c ℔ lb, Louisiana at 6½@8c ℔ lb; Rangoon at 5¼@5½c ℔ lb; Patna 6@6¼c ℔ lb.

RYE.—The market remains quiet and sales have been confined to small lots at 95@97c ℔ bush.

SALT.—Sales are confined to jobbing lots at steady prices.

SALTPETRE.—The market continues quiet, with sales at 5¾@5⅞c ℔ lb.

SEEDS.—Calcutta Linseed has been dull; sales have been nominally at $2 05@2 10 ℔ bush. Western Flaxseed is quiet; sales have been at $1 45@1 47½ ℔ bush. Canary Seed at $1 85@2 25 ℔ bush. Rep Top at $3 70@3 75 ℔ bush, and Timothy Seed at $2 60@2 75. Clover Seed at 8@9c.

SPICES.—There is no change to notice in Spices, and sales have been at previous prices.

SPIRITS.—Foreign Spirits have been in fair demand and prices remain unchanged. Domestic Spirits have been in fair request. New England Rum has been selling at $1 45@1 55 ℔ gal for new, and $1 60@5 ℔ gal for old, as to quality.

STARCH.—We quote the following as the current prices: Potato, 5@5¼c; Corn, 3¾@4c; choice do, 4½@5c; Wheat, 7@8c ℔ lb.

SUGAR.—There has been a fair demand for raw Sugars at steady prices. We quote the sales of fair to good refining at 7½@7⅝c. Refined Sugars are easier and have been in fair demand. We quote sales of cubes at 10⅜c; powdered at 10¼c; granulated at 9⅞c; confectioners' A, 9¾c; standard A, 9¾c; extra yellow C, 8¾c; yellow C, 8¼c; golden yellow C 8¼c ℔ lb.

SUMAC.—We quote small sales of Sicily at $74@75 00 ℔ ton. American Sumac has been selling at $42 50@45 ℔ ton.

TALLOW.—We quote sales of rendered at 8@....c ℔ lb. Grease has been selling at 5½@6½c ℔ lb, as to quality.

TEAS.—We quote the sales of Gunpowder at 20@45c ℔ lb; Imperial, 20@45c ℔ lb; Hyson, 17@35c ℔ lb; Young Hyson, 15@40c ℔ lb; Twankay, 13@25 ℔ lb; Hyson Skin, 13@25c ℔ lb; Congou, 13@55c ℔ lb; Souchong, 18@55c ℔ lb; Oolong, 15@55c ℔ lb; Japans, 16@34c ℔ lb. There has been a moderate jobbing trade.

TIN.—We quote the sales of Straits at 24@25c ℔ lb, and English at 24@25c ℔ lb.

TIN PLATES.—There has been a fair jobbing demand, and sales have been at $5 50@8 50 ℔ box, as to quality.

WOOL.—Transactions in Ohio and Pennsylvania have been large, with sales of some choice lots at 44, 43½, 43@42½c, but the bulk of sales were at 41@42c for XX fleeces; X Michigan at 40@41c; good average lots at 41c, and for good Wisconsin the same price is asked. No 1 fleeces have ranged from 43@46½c ℔ lb for Ohio. Sales of fine delaine and combing have been at 40@48c, and the latter is an outside figure for the best combing Wools. New wools are held at 18@22c for best Southern. In pulled wools choice Maine and Eastern supers have ranged from 45@52½c, but 50c is an outside figure; common and good supers at 24@42c ℔ ℔. Carpet wools are quiet. Stocks are small and not desirable.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

SATURDAY, April 22.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—Were still firm, but the sales were small. We quote: Flour—No 2, $3 50@4 25 for winter, and $3 10@3 90 for spring; superfine, $4 25@5 25; common extra Minnesota, $5 10@5 65; clear, $6 75@8; Western winter shipping extras, $5@5 60; do XX and XXX, $5 80@8; patents, $7 75@9 35; city mill extras, $7@7 25; Southern bakers' and family brands, $6 90@8 50; Southern shipping extras, $6 25@6 85. Rye flour—Superfine, $4 75@5 25. Corn meal—Western, etc, $4 30@4 50; Brandywine, $4 75. Rye feed, $26; wheat feed, $27@28 for coarse and $28@30 for fine.

COTTON.—Spots steady; middling uplands, 12¼c; do Gulfs, 12½c; sales, 1030 bales. Futures dull, but closed firm at 12.21c for April, 12.24c for May, 12.38c for June, 12.52c for July, 12.66c for August, 12.25c for September, 11.62c for October, 11.41c for November, and 11.41c for December; sales, 147,000 bales. Receipts at the ports today, 4794 bales.

PROVISIONS.—Pork was higher and steady; sales, 350 bbls. old mess on the spot, $17 37½@17 62½; new, $18 25; May, $17 9@18 10; June, $18 10@18 20. Bacon firm at 10⅞@11c for long clear. Cut meats steady; sales, 600 smoked hams, 13½c; 500 pickled do, 12½c; 1000 do shoulders, 8½c; 4000 lbs. do bellies, 10 lbs, 10½c. Beef steady. Beef hams firm at $25@26. Lard was lower under a realizing movement; sales on the spot, 2100 tierces, part last evening; prime city, 11.25c; and do Western, 11.50@11.45c; closing 11.37½c for future delivery, sales, 38,000 tierces, including May, 11.40@11.25c; June, 11.47½@11.32½c; July, 11.57½@11.47½c; August, 11.62½@11.57½c; September, 11.72½@11.65c; seller year, 11.32½@11.35c; 250 tierces refined to the Continent, 11.40c. Dressed hogs firm at 9⅜c. Butter steady; State half firkins, 23@27c; Welsh tub 22@26c; Western creamery, 23@32c; dairy, 17@24c; factory, 18@22c. Cheese quiet; State factory, 9@13½c; Ohio factory, 8@12½c; creamery skims, 4@6½c. Eggs quiet; near by, 19@19½c; Western, 18@18½c; Southern, 17@17½c; Delaware, Maryland, State and Pennsylvania, 18@18½c.

GLOUCESTER FISH MARKET.

[Special Correspondence of The Sunday Globe.]

GLOUCESTER, April 22—[For the week past.]—There have been 24 arrivals from Georges, with about 435,000 pounds codfish and 18,000 pounds halibut; 10 from Western Banks, with about 550,000 pounds codfish; 3 from Shore fishing grounds, with 60,000 pounds codfish; and 5 from the Banks, without about 140,000 pounds halibut. Whole number of arrivals, 42. Total receipts, 1,045,000 pounds codfish and 158,000 pounds halibut. We quote the market as follows: Large George's Cod, $5 00@5 75 ℔ qtl; medium, $4 50 ℔ qtl; large Bank, $4 75@5 00 ℔ qtl; medium, $4 00 ℔ qtl; large Shore, $5 25@5 50 ℔ qtl; medium, $4 50 ℔ qtl; Pollock, $2 75 ℔ qtl. There are no Cusk, Haddock or Hake in the market at present. Fresh Halibut—Last sales at 12c ℔ lb for white, and 9c ℔ lb for gray. Several small fares of fresh Haddock have been landed and sold at 85c ℔ 100 lbs, for curing purposes. Mackerel—No 1, $20 ℔ bbl; No 2, $12 ℔ bbl. Frozen Herring are selling at 85c@$1 ℔ 100. Halibut Heads, $3 ℔ bbl; Halibut Fins, $8 ℔ bbl; Fins and Napes, $4 25 ℔ bbl; Cod Tongues, $8 ℔ bbl; Tongues and Sounds, $11 ℔ bbl; Pickled Haddock, $3 25 ℔ bbl; Pickled Codfish, $5 ℔ bbl; Swordfish, $6@7 ℔ bbl; round Shore Herring, $4 50 ℔ bbl; split Labrador Herring, $6 ℔ bbl; scaled Herring, 25c ℔ box; No 1 Herring, 18c ℔ box; smoked Halibut, 10@11c ℔ lb; boneless and prepared fish, 3½@8c ℔ lb; dry Hake Sounds, 65c ℔ lb; dry Cod Sounds, 30c ℔ lb. Fish Oils—Tanners' oil, 38@40c ℔ gal; Medicinal Oil, 70c ℔ gal; Porgie Oil, 34c ℔ gal; Cod Pressings, 5c ℔ lb; Porgie Pressings, 4c ℔ lb; winter pressed Cod Liver oil, $1 ℔ gal; fresh Livers, 40c ℔ bucket; fish Scrap, $16 ℔ ton.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Brighton and Watertown Markets.

Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown for the week ending Friday, April 22, 1882:

Western cattle, 1680; Eastern cattle, 302; Northern cattle, 581. Total, 2563.

Western sheep and lambs, 7800; Northern sheep and lambs, 2467; Eastern sheep and lambs, —. Total, 10,267.

Swine, 13,186. Veals, 1381. Horses, 191.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE PER 100 LBS. LIVE WEIGHT.

Extra quality	$7 37½@8 00
First quality	6 75 @7 25
Second quality	6 00 @6 62½
Third quality	5 25 @5 87½
Poorest grade of coarse oxen, etc	3 75 @5 12½

PRICES OF HIDES AND TALLOW.

Brigh. hides.—	@8½ ℔ lb	Calfskins ℔ lb. 12	@12½c
Brigh. tallow	6½@6¾ ℔ lb	Sheepskins (ech)	1 00@1 75
Country hds—	@7 ℔ lb	Lambskins (ech)	1 00@1 75
Country tal.—	@5 ℔ lb		

Prices of beef cattle, ℔ 100 pounds, dressed weight $5@11.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE CLUB LIST.

HOW TO SAVE MONEY

	Regular Price.	Price with Weekly.
Arthur's Home Magazine	$2.00	$2.60
American Dairyman (new subs.)	1.50	2.10
Art Interchange Magazine	2.00	2.55
American Poultry Journal	1.25	1.85
Atlantic Monthly	4.00	4.25
American Naturalist	4.00	4.45
American Agriculturist	1.50	2.05
Art Work Manuels	3.00	3.30
Art Interchange (Fortnightly)	2.00	2.55
Art Amateur	4.00	4.10
Army & Navy Journal (only new subs.)	6.00	6.15
American Poultry Yard	1.50	2.30
Brainerd's Musical World	1.50	2.05
Barnes Educational Monthly	1.50	2.30
Beadle's Saturday Journal	3.00	3.05
Burlington Hawkeye	2.00	2.35
Boys of New York	2.50	3.10
Ballou's Magazine	1.50	2.25
Bee-keeper's Magazine	1.00	1.80
Babyland	50	1.35
Boston Pilot	2.65	3.15
Boston Medical Journal	5.00	5.10
Boston Medical and Surgical Journal	5.00	5.05
Cassell's Magazine of Art	3.50	3.70
Country Gentleman	2.50	3.05
Cricket on the Hearth, with premium	1.00	1.75
Chicago Advance	3.00	3.70
Chicago Weekly News	75	1.55
Christian Herald	1.50	2.05
Courier-Journal (Weekly)	1.50	2.30
Donahoe's Magazine	2.00	2.50
Domestic Monthly (with premiums)	1.50	2.05
Detroit Free Press (Weekly)	2.00	2.35
Engineering and Mining Journal	4.00	4.10
Floral Cabinet	1.25	1.95
Forney's Progress	2.50	3.10
Frank Leslie's Illustrated (Weekly)	4.00	4.25
" " Chimney Corner (W'y)	4.00	4.25
" " Lady's Journal (W'y)	4.00	4.25
" " Lady's Magazine (M'y)	2.50	3.05
" " Sunday Magazine (M'y)	3.00	3.45
" " Popular Monthly	3.00	3.45
" " Pleasant Hours (M'y)	1.50	2.25
" " Budget of Wit (M'y)	2.00	2.65
Forest and Stream	4.00	4.10
Germantown Telegraph	2.00	2.30
Gardener's Monthly	2.10	2.45
Good Words	2.75	3.10
Godey's Lady's Book	2.00	2.55
Growing World (for boys and girls)	1.00	1.70
Golden Days (for young people)	3.00	3.30
Home Circle	2.00	2.00
Harpers' Magazine	4.00	4.10
" Weekly	4.00	4.25
" Bazar	4.00	4.25
" Young People	1.50	2.25
Herald of Health (without premiums)	1.00	1.75
Home and Farm	50	1.45
Household	1.00	1.80
Housekeeper	75	1.45
Home Journal	2.00	2.55
Indiana Farmer	2.00	2.55
Independent	3.00	3.55
International Review	5.00	5.10
Iowa Homestead	2.00	2.60
Journal of Microscopy	1.00	1.75
Journal of Chemistry	1.00	1.75
Le Francais (for students in French)	1.50	2.05
Leisure Hours (with premium)	1.50	2.25
Lippincott's Magazine	3.00	3.30
London Lancet	5.00	5.00
London Edinburgh Review	4.00	4.25
London Quarterly Review	4.00	4.25
Manufacturer and Builder	2.00	2.30
Methodist	2.00	2.75
Magazine American History	5.00	5.10
Mining Record	3.00	3.30
North American Review	5.00	5.00
N. Y. Medical Journal	4.00	4.10
Nursery	1.50	2.20
N. Y. Weekly	3.00	3.60
N. Y. Sportsman	3.00	3.60
N. Y. Observer (new subs.)	3.15	3.30
Ohio Farmer	2.00	2.40
Puck (the best comic weekly)	5.00	5.00
Portland Transcript (new names)	2.00	2.60
Phrenological Journal (without premiums)	2.00	2.55
Phrenological Journal (with premiums)	2.25	2.80
Prairie Farmer	2.00	2.50
Peterson's Ladies' Magazine	2.00	2.55
Popular Science Monthly	5.00	5.10
Potter's American Monthly	3.00	3.00
Philadelphia Medical Times	4.00	4.10
" Practical Farmer	2.00	2.40
Rural New Yorker	2.00	2.90
Saturday Evening Post	2.00	2.55
Scientific American	3.20	3.60
" " (with supplement)	7.00	7.00
Sunday School Times	2.00	2.55
Scribner's Monthly	4.00	4.25
St. Nicholas	3.00	3.45
Sunny South	2.50	3.05
Saturday Night (Weekly story)	3.00	3.30
San Francisco Chronicle (Weekly)	2.00	2.60
Spirit of the Times	5.00	5.55
The San Francisco Argonaut (weekly)	4.00	4.10
Turf, Field and Farm	5.00	5.00
The Arm Chair	3.00	3.40
Vick's Floral Magazine	1.25	1.95
Wide Awake	2.50	3.05
Washington Post (Daily)	8.00	8.00
Waverley Magazine	5.00	5.00
Watchman	3.00	3.30
Western Stock Journal	1.00	1.85

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LEE'S INVASION.

What Brought on the Battle of Gettysburg.

Fate Decides the Positions of the Contending Hosts.

Results of the First Day's Fight on Cemetery Ridge.

[Detroit Free Press.]

Historians of the war have seemed determined to look upon Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania as a campaign of retaliation, but such was far from being the case. Two years of bitter war and a close blockade had commenced to tell heavily upon Confederate resources. Recruiting went on slowly. Confederate money was terribly depreciated, and the outlook for the South was gloomy enough. She would have been thankful indeed for assurances that she could defend her own soil, let alone invading the North. It was a stragetic movement, pure and simple. The Federal army was getting ready for a grand movement. Lee must either fight it between the Rappahannock and Richmond or draw it away from Virginia. It was easier to draw it away than to fight it. There was an element in the South that cried for retaliation, but General Lee did not consult that element in laying his plans. By a move northward he would threaten Washington. That alone would move the Federal army concentrating at Fredericksburg. It had been asserted that Maryland needed only the presence of the Confederate banner to rally by the thousands. The banner would be carried there, and the recruits would go to swell the army of invasion. Lee could penetrate Pennsylvania before the Federal army could halt him. If it attacked him he could choose his own battle ground. The sight of the Confederate flags in the North would cause intense excitement at home, and perhaps give the Southern government the European recognition it was longing for. The movement was canvassed and discussed for long weeks before a step was taken. Lee could not hope that his progress northward would be unopposed; but he could hope to postpone the great blow which

The Federal Government was Preparing to Strike

to upset the plans of the Federal commanders. He would be attacked in force sooner or later. If he won, so much the better. If he lost he could fall back, and would be no worse off than losing a battle in Virginia.

Milroy, at Winchester, was first to feel the advance. Ewell rushed through Chester Gap into the Shenandoah, and was upon the Federals at Winchester almost before a bugle sounded. His advance was taken for a raid by a flying column, and Milroy prepared for battle. But as brigade after brigade came tramping up he saw that he was in for defeat. The Confederates scarcely made a halt before striking him. Columns obliqued to the right or left to form battle lines as they marched, and when they attacked they were assured of victory. Milroy has been charged with many ugly things, one of which was in knowing more about browbeating non-combatants than handling soldiers, but it will always be remembered by friend and foe alike that he did not leave Winchester that day without a fight. He was in the same situation that Banks was at Strasburg the year before, but, unlike Banks, he did not show his heels until obliged to. He had five to one opposed to him, and yet he did not give way until pushed with the bayonet. When he did go it was a helter-skelter to avoid a force already on his flank, and Milroy and staff were first at the Potomac, leaving over 3000 prisoners and nearly all his artillery in the hands of the Confederates. Lee had planned this very move among a dozen others. He did not want the prisoners, but he wanted the 6000 muskets and the four batteries of artillery and the train-load of ammunition and supplies which fell into his hands and were used against the Federals all through that campaign.

It was When Ewell Had Walked Over Milroy

and was pushing for Maryland that the news reached Washington. Lincoln realized what it meant. Taking down the map he saw that Lee's army was scattered over a front of more than seventy-five miles, and in position to pass Hooker's flanks. He also saw that an attack would break that front at any point and cut Lee in two, and it was this that caused his famous despatch to Hooker, asking him if he could not break the long, slim animal somewhere. Hooker could have done it—but the hue and cry about protecting Washington brought him orders to fall back.

Ewell had not yet reached the Potomac when the head of Longstreet's corps appeared in Winchester. With a long and steady tramp they pushed on, scarcely halting to prepare their meals. The invasion once begun there must be no lagging. Hooker was already falling back from in front of Fredericksburg, and ere long Ewell would need support. Longstreet was only out of the way when A. P. Hill swung in behind him from Fredericksburg, and then the grand movement was unfolded to all. A thousand Federal cavalry could have passed from the Rappahannock to Richmond, but the Federal government no longer cared for the capture of that city. Washington, Baltimore and other great Northern cities were of more consequence and in more danger. Ewell's cavalry had already reached Chambersburg, Penn., before Hooker would credit Lee with the intention of invading the North. While he had invaded—while one corps was already in the Keystone State, a second hastening through Maryland, and the head of a third tramping down the Shenandoah and headed for the Potomac—Hooker sent a cavalry force and struck the Confederates at Ashby's Gap. It was

Only Then That He Realized That Lee's Whole Army was Moving.

He had all along flattered himself that Lee was making a feint at Maryland to cover some move on the other Federal flank. He had once tried the plan of getting behind Lee to draw him out, but Jackson had got behind him with serious results. Lee was now retaliating. This much for Hooker: He was hampered and handicapped in a dozen ways. Each day brought him suggestions and instructions from the citizens at the head of the government, who knew so little of war that they could not have put a squad of men through the simplest manœuvre. Everything must be sacrificed to protect Washington. When McClellan followed Lee in 1862 he had no control over the force at Harper's Ferry, and Jackson swept it away. When Hooker started to follow Lee in 1863 he found the same queer state of affairs. The two full brigades there were ordered to join his force. Halleck countermanded the order. Hooker moved when he realized Lee's plans—moved with amazing celerity, but he had offended Halleck. The Federal army was massed in Maryland, everything in hand and in the best shape to follow Lee, when Hooker's head came under the axe. As the commander of a grand army he had met with ill-luck at every move, but who can say how much of this was the fault of the well-meaning but unmilitary president, and the jealous-minded, overbearing and blockheaded citizens who had influence? As a hard fighter Hooker had no superior.

While Longstreet and Hill halted at Chambersburg to see what steps the Federal army, now under Meade, would take, Ewell pushed on for the Susquehanna river. He had long passed Carlisle—he would have been in the suburbs of Harrisburgh in another day, when he was recalled.

Meade Was Moving. Lee Was to be Attacked.

When the order was sent to Ewell to fall back, no man knew where the battle was to be fought; but a battle was to come somewhere, and all realized it. Meade was coming up—Lee was planning. If Hooker had been puzzled when Lee began his movement, Lee was now puzzled to know what Meade intended. The intention was to cut his line of communication and then fall upon him with all force, and his moving to checkmate this plan brought both armies face to face at Gettysburg. Prisoners captured by the Federal cavalry reported that Lee had ordered his three corps to concentrate east of the mountains, and Meade at once hastened his advance in the direction of Gettysburg. Buford was first in with his cavalry, and he found Hill's infantry already on the ground. The First Corps hastened up as the roar of battle reached them afar down the dusty road, and an hour before noon the hills of Gettysburg were shaking under the steady crash of musketry and the bellowing of artillery.

No one battle of the war has been the subject of so much acrimonious debate and stubborn dispute, and yet frien and foe have ever agreed on one thing—that Gettysburg was not willingly chosen by either side as a great battle-ground. Meade moved to cut Lee's communications—Lee pushed Hill forward to prevent. As Hill's men poured through the mountain gap on the Cashtown road Buford's cavalry were coming up. Federal and Confederate had found each other—a fight was the natural result. The First Corps came up—Hill reinforced his lines. The Eleventh Corps came up—Hill brought his last man into action. A single shot from a Federal trooper's carbine had brought on a conflict which was to involve 200,000 men in

A Whirlwind of Flame and Smoke and Death.

From noon until 2 o'clock Hill's corps stood up against the two Federal corps, giving ground here—gaining ground there, and at one point having three entire regiments captured at a dash. Ewell was coming—he was there before 3 o'clock. He sent two divisions into the fight, and Howard was flanked both right and left. There was nothing to do but fall back, and right gallantly did his men contest every foot of ground. Howard's heaviest artillery had been left on Cemetery Ridge as he passed through the town to attack Hill. This precaution saved it, and his command as well. So fierce was the Confederate attack when Ewell got into position that the guns would doubtless have been captured. As Howard was pushed back through the town this artillery was let loose upon the Confederate pursuit, and that pursuit was checked. Howard fell back behind his guns and would not yield another inch. He thus, almost by accident, selected the Federal position for the fighting to come. When night fell Howard and Hill confronted each other—both waiting. They were but two cards in the great game being played. The hand of destiny was to deal them out—no one could say who would win.

Meade and Lee were separated by the mountains, but they moved as if one voice had issued orders to both. Each knew what had transpired at Gettysburg—each pushed forward to be there on the morrow. They were marching under the hot afternoon sun—when night fell—when the stars came out—when midnight cast its grim shadows upon mountain and valley. The Federal position had been selected by accident; Lee must search for his. Through the gloom the lines in gray hurried on—through the gloom the lines in blue pressed forward. Gettysburg had been sprinkled with blood—Fate had waved its gory hand and the shadow had been seen against the summer sky twenty-five miles away.

No man could have been persuaded on the 1st of July that

Ewell's Failure to Drive Howard Beyond Cemetery Ridge

was to defeat Lee two days after, yet such was the case. He had orders from Lee to be cautious. Repulsing Howard's attack and driving him beyond Gettysburg was as far as he dared go under orders received. A part of his corps had not fired a gun to accomplish this. Had he brought up his whole command and hurled it upon Howard at sundown he must have carried the Federal position. With Lee on Cemetery Ridge, and holding the key hills, Meade would not have attacked him. Had Ewell gone beyond his orders Gettysburg would have scarcely been mentioned in history, but he obeyed the letter and the spirit, and waited.

That first day's fight decided nothing. The gallant Reynolds had been killed and Howard had been driven. Each side had captured about the same number of prisoners, and the loss in killed and wounded was an offset. Howard had taken a strong position. Ewell was satisfied to leave him there for the night. The camp fires of Federal and Confederate twinkled in the summer evening, and the wounded men who could crawl dragged themselves to Willoughby Run in search of water. At 10 o'clock there was scarcely a sound to tell men that war had raged across those fields. In the ripening wheat where the pickets lay hidden the crickets chirped without fear, and in the tall grass ready for the scythe one heard the whirr of insects as they sailed about. What would the morrow bring?

Meade had sent Hancock forward to inspect the Federal position and pronounce upon it. Hancock's report as to its strength brought orders to mass the army there. One of the Federal corps was thirty miles away, but when the order came the march was begun and no man rested until the lines swung into position at Gettysburg. Lee had sent forward to learn of the fight, and

Ewell's Report Hurried Up Longstreet.

The choice of positions had gone to the Federals. Lee must take the poorer one and make the best of it. He has been censured for not retreating. During the night of the 1st of July Ewell and Hill could have fallen back without molestation, and before noon next day the whole Confederate army could have been massed. But he did not know until the morning of the 2d the real strength of Meade's position. He could not know that Meade would be able to bring his whole army before the Confederate attack. There had been no close inspection of the ground by Ewell or Hill, and their reports go to show that they deemed the Confederate position the most advantageous. So the night wore on, and the women and children of Gettysburg heard no sounds to break their slumbers. Half a regiment of Confederates could have crept out in the darkness and seized Round Top and intrenched themselves there. The other half could have taken possession of Culp's Hill without firing a shot. Those were the keys of the Federal position, and yet they were unguarded. Next morning it was too late. When the eyes of the Confederates turned that way Federal bayonets glittered among the thickets.

RAILROAD LIFE-PRESERVERS.

Something Which Laughs a Locomotive to Scorn and Courts a Collision.

[Burlington Hawkeye.]

A mild-mannered man came down the aisle of the car before we got to Utica and said softly: "Can I sell you a life-preserver today, sir?"

The Jester looked at him in amazement. "Well, hardly," he said. "If you could sell me something with which I could kill the train boy without risk of detection, now, I would consider that as near a life-preserver as anything; but I have no use for the ordinary cork jacket that is never found under the berths nor in the cabins of the ocean steamers."

"And yet," the agent softly assured him, "every day you travel on the train you run a risk of awful death. You need a life preserver as much in the railway parlor car as on the ocean steamer. Now I have here a very neat and useful contrivance. It is built, as you see by this model, on the general architectural plan of the complete armor of the middle ages and gives the wearer a Richard Cœur de Lion appearance."

"I should think it would make him look more like the scrap heap of a prosperous railroad," said the Jester, "where the rusty-looking old man year after year weighs and sorts rusty odds and ends that nobody ever uses. If I wore that armor of yours the boys would kidnap me and sell me to the junkman every time the circus came around."

"This invulnerable armor," continued the agent, "is an infallible and indestructible protection against the severest shocks. You might lie down on the track, clad in this suit of mail, and let a thirty-eight ton locomotive run over you. Steam could not scald you, and if, by the concussion of the collision, another passenger ran into you, head on, it would be a cold day for that other passenger. Here at your side hangs the regulation pattern old Front de Bœuf battle-axe, with which to hew your way through the roof or sides of the overturned car, and back your unhappy passengers free from encumbering clutches of the tangled seats. Should the flames of the burning car approach near enough to threaten to roast you in your armor before you get out this fire-extinguisher at your back will avert that danger. This Sir Hildebrand Hildesprit railway life-saving armor is the only positive assurance a man's family have that they will ever see him again when he buys a ticket to the next station, and no wise man will travel without it. And then it secures you plenty of room in a crowded car, for the man with the big overcoat, who crowds into two-thirds of your seat and smothers you up into a corner without looking at you, can make no impression on this armor, and he won't want to dig his vicious elbows into these ribs of steel more than twice. And when—"

"That settles it," said the Jester; "you may take my measure right here."

And although he had to pay twelve and a half cents a pound, delivered at the foundry, the Jester ordered two suits—one to wear and one to set up in the seat beside him to keep out the bore who loves to shriek and howl amid the roar and rattle of the train, under the impression that he is carrying on a "conversation."

How a Reporter Preserved the Peace.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

"Have you written up that fracas in Claude de Vere's house?" asked the managing editor, addressing one of the reportorial staff.

The reporter, roused from the reverie of composing some magazine verses, grasped his trenchant Faber and wrote:

A DISGRACEFUL AFFAIR.

About 2 o'clock yesterday morning another disgraceful fracas took place in the notorious De Vere establishment. The Ogden Banger, who was badly intoxicated, threw a lamp at the Hon. John Briggins, and a general row ensued. Briggins was lugged out by the police with his right arm broken and otherwise badly mauled. He gave bail for his appearance today, and some spicy developments are expected in the Police Court. Had the man been at home with his family where he should have been he would now be a good deal better off.

"That's right," said the editor. "If we are running a live newspaper, we must give the news just as it comes."

Just then a distinguished-looking gentleman appeared at the door with his arm in a sling and a patch over his eye. It was Briggins.

"Hallo, Brig," said the reporter, "you fellows had quite a circus the other night."

The man drew up his chair and began to talk in a low voice: "It isn't often that I ask favors of the press, but on this particular occasion I must crave your indulgence. The other night I was a little off the hooks and had some trouble. Now my wife returns on the 10 o'clock train in the morning, and I must have some excuse for these slings and patches. Just attribute the trouble to a runaway, and save a divorce suit; fix it up in your inimitable style."

The reporter, susceptible to the influences of flattery, then dashed off the following:

SERIOUSLY HURT.

Yesterday morning the Hon. John Briggins, who was returning from inspecting an ore development in the Main Stay mine, lost control of the team and was thrown out against a bowlder. He held to the reins for nearly a hundred yards, with his characteristic grit, but finally caught against a mountain cedar and was knocked senseless. This is the fourth time that Billy Johnson's black team has run away during the past month. They are wild, mettlesome animals, that should never be driven off a race course, and then only by professional jockeys. Mr. Briggins was out again yesterday, and may well congratulate himself on his narrow escape.

When the item was read aloud Briggins' face beamed with happiness, and adding that he felt sure that would please his wife took his departure.

A Dog's Memory.

[Salt Lake City Tribune.]

Day before yesterday some wretch tied a tin kettle to the tail of John Fallon's dog. The dog started with the kettle about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and after running up to Park City and down to Farmington, came back in the evening without the kettle and very much fatigued. The guests at the Clift House extended their consolation to the dog, who was manifestly in need of sympathy. Everything went well with the dog until about 9 o'clock, when a young lady from Juab was requested to play "The Irish Patrol" on the piano. She played the faint weird music of the opening bars, when the dog began to prick up his ears. The girl strolled by degrees into the heavier staccato passages which indicate the near approach of the advance guard, and with a yelp of terror he rose up and went through the window, taking sash, panes and all, under the impression that the tin kettle was again advancing upon him from the rear. The dog ran to the Jordan and suicided by drowning.

THE DENS AT MIDNIGHT.

Sight-Seeing Under a Battery of Gleaming Eyes.

How the Tenants of a Menagerie Appear "Off Duty."

An Elephant Sentinel – Uproars Which Foretell Tempests.

[New York Sun.]

What do the animals do at night? Everybody who has ever visited a menagerie must have observed that the animals during show hours manifest such an overwhelming sleepiness as to suggest that the only time they have for real rest is when they are under the eyes of the public. It seems to be necessary for keepers and attendants to go along in front of their cages momentarily, prodding them with sticks, jabbing them with pieces of iron, or animating them with cowhides to keep them awake, and when the bold trainers spring in among them, with much clatter of iron doors, foot-stamping and ejaculations of "Hi, there!" even the most savage brutes are wont to look as if they resented the intrusion as a breaking of their rest, rather than as an aggravating temptation to a change of diet. Do they, then, never get sleep enough? A curious reporter took it into his head to endeavor to do something toward settling that question, a few nights ago, by watching the animals for some time after the thousands of spectators at the show had left the building. Slowly the crowd passed out into the street, lazily watched as they went by a sturdy old lion, who pretended to be asleep, but kept opening an eye stealthily now and then until quiet succeeded the tramp and shuffle of many feet. Then he lazily got up, yawned and stretched himself, as much as to say, pantomimically, "Thank goodness, another day's gone." Just at that moment one of the windjammers of the band, with whose instrument

Something Had Been Wrong All the Evening

and who had remained in his seat punching and blowing into it after his comrades had gone, blew a blast that in the gathering stillness seemed extraordinarily loud. The old man wheeled around and glared savagely in the direction whence the sound came. A couple of tigers sprang up from apparent slumber with the same malevolent expression, and even the hyenas stopped fighting long enough to gaze with mingled inquiry and fury toward the belated musician. The disturber departed suddenly, all the gas jets went out together, and only the clear, ghastly, bluish-white illumination of the electric lights remained. The feline animals again stretched themselves on the floors of the dens, the lions in regular and dignified attitude, and the tigers, leopards and panthers twisting themselves into all sorts of queer contortions to get their eyes away from the light. For a while the antelope and the dwarf cattle stood and ate hay with a manner of contentment they had not worn during the day. One by one they dropped down on the floors of their cages and seemed to sleep. Generally they lay with their legs doubled under them, as if in readiness to make a spring; but the "horned horse," or gnu, which Tody Hamilton says "is chiefly remarkable for the singular unanimity with which rural compositors, in setting up advertisement notices, always spell his name 'gun,'" had a queer way of coiling himself up like a dog.

Three or four hours later the electric lights suddenly ceased to glow, and then only the patient watchers observed, here and there, long distances apart, small points of gas flames, burning steadily and only giving light

Enough to Make the Surrounding Space Seem More Vast and Darker

just beyond their narrow circles of illumination. Those in the main division of the garden seemed like glow-worms in an enormous vault. In the distance a watchman's lantern dodged, bobbed and glimmered like a will o' the wisp. And now a new life of activity seemed to have entered into the beasts. In the cages of the feline beasts greenish, phosphorescent lights shone in pairs, sometimes fixed steadily for minutes together upon the silent, motionless watchers, again flitting to and fro as the ferocious brutes glided noiselessly hither and thither in their narrow, iron-walled quarters. For some time all was silence. Then the distant watchman stumbled and awoke a thousand echoes. In an instant the gleaming eyes in the cages were all in line, looking out, and every animal was still. Then, as the last faint echoes died away, a hyena indulged in the diabolical noise of his kind, which is commonly called a laugh, and it ended in a chorus of snarls, howls, laughs, yells, scrapings of claws and rattlings of the hyena cage, as its denizens revelled in one of the numerous free fights by which they vary the monotony of existence. While this was going on one of the lions expressed himself on the subject of the disturbance in tones like an asthmatic fog-horn, and the occasion for public speaking was not let pass unimproved by either tigers, leopards, panthers, jaguars or catamounts. The lynxes were quiet, or else they could not be heard in the brief tumult.

A Tour of Inspection Near to the Cages

of the herbivorous and gramnivorous animals showed them nearly all standing up with looks of fright, and some of them trembling. Only the plucky little axis deer had put itself in a posture of defence, with its head down for a charge, as if quite oblivious to the fact that its sharp horns had been sawed off to prevent it jamming them through the wooden wall of the bless-bok's quarters. The huge rhinoceri, both single and double-horned, and the wart-hog lay in stolid indifference to all the row. Once or twice every night, the keepers say, the animals indulge in such a demonstration as this, but the uproar never lasts more than a few minutes, unless a storm is coming, and then the hyenas display an activity and fiendish jollity peculiarly their own that keeps the whole establishment in a tumult all night. What the monkeys were doing could not be seen, as it is necessary to keep their cages closed up tightly all the time that public curiosity does not compel them to be open, in order to exclude the cold night air. As far as could be judged from listening, mandrils, baboons and several varieties of smaller monkeys were sound asleep. The anacondas and boa constrictors were much more lively than during the daytime, disentangling themselves from the mass they make together when sleeping, gliding stealthily about their cage,

Touching Inquiringly with Their Noses the Glass Walls of Their Prison House,

and festooning themselves over the wire screen that covers the kerosene-oil stove by which their quarters are kept at tropical heat. Within a great canvas enclosure the mother of the baby elephant, having completely covered her little one with a huge pile of hay, stood swaying her trunk over it, and rocking from side to side, appearing to be doing a sort of pantomimic cradle song. Her keeper says that she only lies down very late at night, when all strangers are away and everything is very quiet, and that when she does so she places herself in such a position, with her trunk touching the baby, that its slightest movement will awaken her instantly. Long before daylight she is up again doing her fantastic dance, but moving as noiselessly as a cat, watching and waiting for the little one to get up.

Of all the herd of elephants, camels, dromedaries, llamas, guanacos, sacred cattle, ponies and other beasts occupying the space under the seats on the Twenty-sixth street side of the building, the most wakeful and watchful are the first mentioned. It is very seldom that they make any other noise than long-drawn puffs, that sound like stupendous sighs, but never do they all sleep at one time. From two to a dozen of them stand, as if on guard, swinging their huge heads from side to side, toying with wisps of hay which they gather to toss into the air or occasionally stuff into their mouths, while the others sleep. By an apparently well understood arrangement among them

The Guard is Relieved from Time to Time,

slumberers awaking and standing up to swing and toss hay in their turn, while those that have been on their feet slowly lie down, roll over on their sides and drop asleep. When a stranger enter their stable at night the watchers never for an instant take their eyes off him while he remains in sight. Two or three spotted coach dogs—animals for which elephants seem to have a peculiar affection, possibly because they have fewer good qualities than any other dogs living—sleep in the hay under the elephant's trunks, and are never harmed or even touched by them. Two or three of the oldest and ugliest camels are always awake, not, apparently, to keep guard, like the elephants, but just because they can not sleep, and hope for a chance to show their innate cussedness.

The Courtship of Birds.

[New York Mercury.]

Writes a correspondent: "A few years ago, in spring, while rambling through the country, I watched a flock of twites whose loud 'tweet, tweets' announced that they were busy arranging their matrimonial affairs. A score or two of the birds, 'ladies and gentlemen,' swarmed on the highest branch of a tall hedge, near where I was concealed. Their procedure was something like this: One of the males tunes his sweet pipe to let the ladies know that he is sound of wind. Now he flies into the open, singing, and circles about in the sun. He evidently considers himself quite a lady-killer, and as he wheels around with outspread wings and tail, displaying his plumage and the power and variety of his song, he seems to say: 'Now, ladies, look here; this is the genuine article. If you want an eligible mate, just say so!' Now another male dashes out and goes through the same performance. He comes too close, perhaps, to No. 1, and a sharp battle is the result, for the bird maxim in such cases seems to be: 'None but the brave deserve the fair.' By and by the birds slip off in pairs, and those which remain are evidently unfortunates who have been unable to secure mates. These unpaired birds possibly comprise the reserve battalion of the species; as when one bird is deprived of its mate in the nesting season the loss is immediately supplied. Mr. Booth, a well-known practical ornithologist, relates an instance in which a well-known peregrine falcon three times, within a very short period, returned to the eyrie with a fresh mate (the hen having been shot on both occasions), though no falcon nested or were to be found within many miles. Some birds, it is said, pair for life, and will not seek another mate when bereaved; and the dove is instanced as an example of this constancy."

MASONIC CHINESE.

Interesting and Peculiar Ceremonies at the Burial of a Mongolian Brother.

[Denver Republican.]

We planted him out where the dasies grow,
Where the cactus blooms and the zephyrs blow,
And we gave him a hole at the end of the row,
In sight of the mountain tops of snow,
Where lies the town we call Como,
Where the deceased by an accident was laid low.
[Rocky Mountain Laureate.

Chinese funerals have been written up so many times that the subject has become somewhat monotonous but yesterday something novel in this line was presented worthy of more than passing mention, in the funeral of Man Bang, a Chinese miner, who was killed last Monday in a coal shaft at Como by the falling of a large lump of coal. Man Bang was a Chinese Free Mason in good standing, and quite prominent in the order, and as the Chinese Masons are very fervent in their mystic ties they determined to use Far West slang to spread themselves, and outdo themselves on the funeral. Bang's body laid in Walley's undertaking rooms until yesterday, and during this time the Chinese made extensive preparations for the funeral. At first it was determined to hold the funeral services on Sunday, but the mob demonstration of a few weeks ago determined the Celestials to bury their comrade on Saturday, when honest men were at work.

At 1.30 o'clock the coffin was taken out in front of 404 Wazee street and the first rites begun. Under Sheriff Farmer had ordered out a strong posse, among whom were Deputies Linton, Charley Farmer, Pinner, Auspetz, Duggan and a Republican reporter. Chief of Police Lomery was on hand with a squad of officers, and these formed a hollow square in which

The Chinese Began Their Mystic Rites.

Although it was a Masonic funeral there was little similarity with such a ceremony as performed by white Masons. Here and there a glimpse could be caught which might indicate a similarity to the initiated, but the swobe of the joss sticks, the uncouth dresses and the hideous jargon observed these familiar signs and left only an impression of a strange custom.

In the hollow square formed in the roadway of the street, the Chinese placed the coffin and two tables in a row. On one table was the familiar roast pig, and on the other were edibles of various kinds, with a teapot full of whiskey. On both were burning joss sticks, and in front of each was a mat.

The Masons were dressed in the most fantastic costumes. There were present about forty members of the lodge, Hong Shun Tong, A. F. and A. M. The worthy master, Ah Sin, was dressed in a hastily constructed suit of cheese cloth, buttoned in the old-fashioned Arkansas style, with nails jabbed through the fabric. It was ragged at the edges and cut bias in the back, with a transverse ruching running from the port gangway to the starboard jibboom. He had evidently been stabbed in the back with a bottle of blueing, and altogether made a startling appearance. On his head he wore a towel wound in the shape of a turban, such as colored aunties are in the habit of wearing. On each side of the coffin, during the ceremonies, stood a standard-bearer holding a flag of triangular shape with a black and red triangle in the centre.

Beside the Standard-Bearers Stood a Mason

on each side, holding parti-colored wands like miniature barber-poles. The regalia of the others was equally alarming. The senior warden had on a cheese-cloth surtout made like a polonaise, with a row of brass buttons down the front and a large rent for ventilating purposes in the waist. The junior warden had his pants rolled up to distinguish him. A most noble prince of Jerusalem had his shirt stuck in his pants and wore a severe and lofty expression, somewhat marred by the loss of a part of his nose and his front teeth. The Ancient Free and Accepted brethren wore red rags on their left arms and white cloths on their right arm. The second degree men wore their badges on one arm and the apprentices had the breasts of their shirts turned up with only a white rag on their arms. The services consisted of a weird incantation in front of each table. The Masons knelt down on the mats, recited a prayer, fumbled some joss sticks and poured a thimbleful of whiskey upon the ground. They then walked around the tables, while the acting main guy, the worshipful master, kept up a lively chatter. After an hour's hard work of this kind the coffin was placed in the hearse. The procession was headed by a hack in which were four Chinamen. One of them held sole control of a big gong, another held a pair of cymbals, a third beat a tom-tom and a fourth blew a small flute. They all worked hard and made a most terrible noise all the way to the grave. This was for the purpose of scaring away the devils, and succeeded in scaring several horses until

They Turned Somersaults and Handsprings.

At the grave the funeral services did not differ much from the usual ones carried out at Chinese funerals. The clothing and all the funeral paraphernalia were burned in a heap, except the flags and miniature barber poles, which were buried in the grave. Fireworks in the shape of bombs and fire-crackers were exploded and several pistol shots were fired. Every Chinaman was then presented with a small piece of candy and a coin, five or ten cents, by the best friend of the deceased, as a parting token of his friendship, but the meats were not eaten. The funeral then returned. The best of order prevailed throughout. The crowd pushed somewhat rudely on Wazee street, but the officers held them in check. At the grave the crowd was small. All the Chinese women were out, and many Chinese Masons came down from Como and up from Pueblo. The funeral was very interesting, the burial of a Chinese Mason being a rare occurrence. The Chinese lodge here is said to be very strong and very exclusive. One of their chief men said yesterday that a white Mason had never visited them, although he would be admitted if he was a Mason. Their work is said to be very odd, but readily recognized, and is more ancient than the work in other countries, bearing some resemblance to Canadian work. They are said to make excellent Masons, and are very clannish.

What is Home to a Woman?

[R. J. Burdette.]

Home is more to a woman than to a man. It is her temple. She is its goddess, its priestess—but oftener its janitor. A man doesn't look so longingly back at the old home, though it never cost him a cent, and his parents bought all his clothes and sent him to college. A man likes his home when he gets acquainted in it, because there his stupidity passes for the profoundest wisdom. His jokes are all laughed at (though it needs a glossary to get at their meaning) if he only indicates the laughing place. When a man dies he is wept for at home, but the cold world moves along as if nothing had happened. Fond lovers come to his graveyard even, wear his tombstone smooth sitting on it, contract bad poetry and worse rheumatism and burden the air with their labial confectionery. I have heard that there were skeletons in many homes. They never get there unless they are brought.

An Eight-Ounce Baby.

The story comes from Candelaria, Nevada, that the smallest baby in the world has been born in that camp. The father is a miner in the employ of the Northern Belle Company, and weighs 190 pounds, and the mother is a stout, healthy woman, weighing perhaps 160 pounds. The child is a male, perfectly formed, but upon its birth it only weighed eight ounces. Its face is about the size of a horse chestnut, and the size of its legs can be imagined when it is stated that a ring worn upon the little finger of its mother was easily pulled over its foot nearly up to the knee. It is the opinion of the attending physician that the child will live and prosper in good health, notwithstanding its diminutive proportions.

Moses in Georgia.

[Atlanta News.]

A fews days ago the ferryman at Neal's ferry, on the Chattahoochee river, while putting some passengers over in his flat, discovered a box floating down the river. The ferryman seized a bateau and made way to the box, which he soon overhauled. On reaching out his hand to grasp it he was astounded to find that it contained a sweet little babe, which raised its head and smiled at its rescuer. It was a white child, well dressed, with plenty of good clothing besides. Some old people who live in the neighborhood have taken the little Moses.

He Loved Her for Her Bumps.

[Exchange.]

A relative of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe told me an anecdote the other day which I think has never appeared in print. Dr. Howe, as is well known, was a great phrenologist. He met his future wife one evening at a game of blind-man's buff. He caught her by the head—"And I fell in love with her bumps!" he always explained, enthusiastically, in speaking of it afterwards.

The Fortune of an Inventor.

The inventor of one of the first sewing machines, Thimonier, a Frenchman, was attacked by a mob, his eighty wooden machines, which were used for sewing army clothes in Paris, were destroyed, as the Hargreaves spinning jenny and Jacquard loom had been. Thimonier's life was threatened, his enterprise was defeated and he died a pauper some eight or nine years later.

A Field for Woman Suffragists.

Germany is a grand field for the labor of those who seek the elevation of women. Among the poor of that country the women saw wood, shovel coal, serve papers, post bills, clean the streets and black boots, while the men stand on the corners "waiting for something to turn up."

COSTUMING KINGS.

Gossip About the Garments of Great Actors.

Recollections of Kean, Ellen Tree, Forrest, Macready, Fechter

And Other Distinguished Lights of the Tragic Stage.

[New York Star.]

There is probably no man better known in the theatrical world than Professor S. W. Laureys, the costumer. The professor is particularly well known throughout European capitals, having been sixteen consecutive years—1851 to 1867—in the Queen of England's service, during which time he made her regal robes and court dresses, as well as all the dresses for the Windsor Castle receptions and entertainments. He was also chief costumer to Her Majesty's Theatre during the same period. Prior to his engagement in England he was decorated by the Royal Society of Paris for magnificent dresses and costumes made for the Ambigu Opera Comique and Port St. Martin theatres during the years between 1835 and 1851, and holds medals from the Operas Royal of Brussels, Lyons, Holland, Berlin and Drury Lane, London. Although he is a man of a little over 60 years of age, he is well preserved and looks many years younger. When the reporter entered, a heterogeneous mass of stage costumes met his gaze, some of which were sombre and gray, while others were more dazzling than the rainbow's tinted hues. Royal robes, gorgeous military uniforms, honest Iagos, common soldiers' dresses, cardinals' robes and scavengers' tattered and well-worn garments were indiscriminately cast on the floor. Around the walls were hung photographs and oil paintings of ancient gatherings or plays, in which the actors and actresses were attired in historically accurate costumes. The "Little Professor," as he is named by his friends, although busy at the time, consented to state what he knew about the costumes of the leading

Actors and Actresses, Not Only of the Present, but of the Past.

"I am sorry to say," he remarked, "that so far as what is termed the right period of costumes is concerned you are sadly deficient in America, with the exception of the Union Square Theatre. If you want to see proper costumes you must go to Paris or London, where the actors and actresses are all dressed in accordance with the right period of the time and place from which the origin of the play is taken. It is not always the fault of an actor that he is not properly dressed. Some of them are too poor in the first instance, and are too frequently compelled by the managers of theatres to wear what they consider correct, but which is in reality nothing but a burlesque. If you want to represent people as they lived centuries ago, as they ought to be, then it stands to reason that you must show them in the costume of the period in which they actually lived." Here Mr. Laureys took up one of his "period" books, and with a truly French look of disgust in every feature as he turned over its pages, suddenly stopped and quickly remarked:

"There is Iago as he ought to be—a poor, common, ordinarily dressed soldier. Just look at him! Do you see any gold or tinseled epaulets there? No, sir; you do not. Well, then, suppose an actor struts on the stage with martial and military air and tread—gold here, gold there, gold everywhere, in fact. Is that a portrait of Iago, the poor soldier, receiving about, probably, six cents a day? No, sir; no, sir. It is all nonsense, and yet I myself have seen some of your

American Stars Follow Just Such an Example.

Why, there is Anna Dickinson—and, mind, I make this statement more out of regret than to cast any reflection on the lady, for I highly esteem her—her costumes are ridiculous, and she knows it. I spoke to her on the subject, and she told me that her manager insisted on this and that. A manager, sir, has no right or privilege to insist upon anything that is in direct opposition to the rules laid down for governing costumes on the stage. There is John McCullough; ah, he is a man—kind, genial and good-natured, and one who could make hosts of friends. He is the noblest Roman of them all. His physique, voice, and all about him, in fact, is perfect.

"Macready was just about retiring from the stage when I reached London in about 1850. He was what we call 'just so' about his dress, and goodness! if anything went wrong in his dressing-room look out. A storm would burst on those around him. Oh! he was very neat. There was one great drawback that nature had stamped upon him, and which annoyed him more than anything else. He could never be properly fitted by the boot or shoe makers, and those who remember him must know the great pride which he took in his strides up and down the stage, which were really perfect. But he hated his own feet, or the bootmakers, or both. He was quick-tempered. He could get into a towering rage and get out of it at once, when he expressed the utmost contrition for having used some highly-flavored and emphatic expressions. Withal he was very genial and was liked by everybody around him. He was one of

The Few Actors Who Thoroughly Understood the Periods

and would insist on the real costumes, and, like McCullough, would loan his clothes sooner than have the character misrepresented. He did not want Iago in silks or golden tinsel. He wanted him as he ought to be—a soldier with only a leather doublet, and if this could not be done then he would leave the theatre at once. It cost a manager once a fabulous amount of money who once sent a character on the stage dressed otherwise than he ought to be. Macready turned on his heel, left the theatre and the courts sustained him in breaking the contract on the ground that it was the manager who broke faith and not Macready.

"E. L. Davenport? Davenport was the nearest approach to Macready I ever saw. I made up all his wardrobe when he came to America on his tour with Mrs. John Wood. He was one of the most precise men I ever came in contact with. It was very difficult to please him, and as his instructions were to spare no expense in the make-up, he insisted upon having it as near perfection as possible. My recollections of him are very pleasant ones. He had his little shortcomings. He was somewhat vain, given to egotism, but, taken on the whole, he was a great favorite behind the scenes, mainly for his spirit of forgiveness, for any wrong, no matter how great, was forgotten by him in a short time. You must recollect, now, sir, that I am speaking of these men as I found them on or about the stage, and not from a social standpoint."

"How did you like Charles Kean?"

"He was very fidgety, but I got along very well with him. He was exceedingly extravagant, and got his make-up

Irrespective of the Most Exorbitant Expense.

To give you some idea of his extravagance, I need only state that he employed constantly six or seven tailors to follow out to the letter the instructions of his costumer, and yet I don't think it was possible to please him. I remember well, in 1854, when he brought out 'Henry VIII.' in gorgeous style. No expense was spared; his own dress alone cost at least £100, or $500. Take Charles Kean's Macbeth for instance. He was dressed exactly as he ought to be—in rough garments, according to the period, and not in costly tinselled robes. I do not mean to imply that Kean's wardrobe in many cases cost but little, for, on the contrary, I believe it to have been one of the most costly and valuable wardrobes any actor ever had; but if he were to appear in broadcloth he did so, and if in rags he was just as correct."

"How was it that Charles Kean was so true to character and period in all his plays?"

"He and I and Ellen Tree, by permission of the English government visited the British Museum and there saw the armors of the different old kings, as well as faithful copies of the dress worn in olden days. We found a number of them on horseback and in other positions which enabled us to get everything correct and perfect. This was one of the secrets of his great success. I think one of the happiest moments of Kean's life was on one occasion when he took the part of Cardinal Wolsey in 'Richelieu.' I made his silk robes, which were of cardinal red. The silk itself cost about $15 a yard and was trimmed with real ermine.

Her Majesty, Who Was Present, Waited Longer Than Usual that Evening,

and after Keene got through with his part she sent one of the lord chamberlains to him and requested him to bring the robe to the royal box so that she might examine it herself. The remark of her majesty was:

"'Oh, that is exquisite. Mr. Kean—exquisite.'

"Kean scribbled down the exact words and took the greatest pride in repeating them. When I saw him a few minutes after his audience with her majesty he was intoxicated with delight. Ellen Tree had a similar experience, the memory of which she, too, cherished. She appeared in Lady Macbeth on one occasion when the members of the royal family, accompanied by a number of foreign princes, occupied her majesty's boxes. She was dressed to perfection and never acted better in her life. Her majesty was so well pleased with the dress that she sent the lord chamberlain to Miss Tree to ask if she could not examine it. Her majesty's impression was that the garment was made of the most costly fabric, but expressed her great surprise when she discovered that it was made of antique drugget, adorned with very few spangles. I remember that, when Kean appeared as Richard II. by special request of her majesty, he wore a complete new outfit, which cost £90. There are a great many other things about Kean which I cannot now call to memory. I had volumes of memoranda about him, but all my valuable books and other things were lost in the great fire at Niblo's Garden."

"Ellen Tree had the reputation of being very extravagant, so far as her costumes were concerned?"

"She was, indeed; but she was a splendid woman, and was

Fortunate in Possessing Just Such a Figure

that is easily shown off to perfection. I very often expostulated with her when I found that, to fill an order, I had to make outlandish expenditures, and which would have suited just as well for one-third of the expense; but it was no use, and she would laughingly remark:

"'Professor, you take care that everything is as perfect as the hands of artists can make it, and I shall take care of the finance department.'

"Ah! she was a lady with what I call a whole soul. The veriest beggar could approach her at any time, and it was only with the rich and supercilious throng that beset her that she was haughty, imperious and reserved, for inwardly she did not care about them.

"I have often wondered at the unreasonably bad taste of Edwin Forrest in ordering his costumes, and when I saw him at Niblo's I was more than surprised. With very few exceptions this talented and gifted man had not a single correct costume. He would insist upon making innovations on the original style, so much so, indeed, that he turned things into a burlesque, to my mind. I can recall vividly my first interview with him. He had been informed that I made a dress for Gustavus V. Brooke, that had been highly praised by all who saw it, and sent for me. Striking one of those lofty and imperious attitudes of his, with the air of a monarch he said:

"'I understand, sir, that you made a dress for Brooke as Brutus?'

"'I did,' I replied. 'What was it made of, sir?' was the next question. 'Of unbleached muslin; what else?' was

My Laconic Answer and Question All in One.

Then he burst out laughing, which was a rare thing with Forrest, for he was scarcely ever seen to smile, and blurted out: 'Correct, sir; correct! How many yards were there in the drapery, sir?' 'Twelve yards.'

"'Right again, sir; you know your business. I thought you were going to say four or five yards. Make me a dress exactly like the one you made for Brooke and I shall pay you handsomely." I did so, and Forrest, after examining every inch of it, and I might add, almost every stitch in it, gave me his hand, and shaking mine warmly, laughingly remarked: 'This is superb; I have been looking for such a dress for a long time.' Then I made a Julius Cæsar dress for him, in which there were twenty-seven yards of cassimere. He was very imperious and hard to get along with, and was proud of his wardrobe, which was an immense one. After this he preferred to get all his dresses from Drury lane, where he found all were made in perfect keeping with the period they represented. These styles dated back as far as fourteen, fifteen and seventeen hundred—the real old style.

"Ah, my poor boy, Charles Fechter," said the professor when the actor's name was mentioned. "Poor boy, I made his fist dress in the Gaite Theatre years ago. I also brought him out as Hamlet in the Princess' Theatre in London. On that occasion he wore a dress made up of black crepe cloth. I had him attired wholly in black, as he ought to be; the only white articles to be seen were his shirt front and cuffs, and these were bound with black edgings. I also made his dress for Ruy Blas and in the "Duke's Motto," which created such a furore at the time. In Hamlet

Fechter Had the Finest Ghost Dress Ever Seen on the Stage in America,

or indeed anywhere else. It cost £100. There, I might remark en passant that I have often been taken for poor Fechter in the street and at the theatres, we looked so much alike, and in the 'Corsican Brothers' he often wanted me to appear with him, but my line lay in the costuming business and not in acting. He played Iago to Kean's Othello, and Kean played Iago to his Othello. Fechter was a jolly fellow. Ah me! he was too good-hearted, and would give his soul away to a good actor if he could, so enthusiastic was he in seeing the drama represented properly."

"What about Edwin Booth? Is his dressing in accordance with the period?"

"In Hamlet he is all right, but in Iago he is decidedly incorrect. He will wear gold surmountings, which is all wrong, for, as I said before, Iago was a poor soldier. He is also wrong in his Othello, and should take a new departure. He ought to adopt the regular Moorish style, which is lifelike. Mr. Booth is friendly, and anything but presuming; but I do not know sufficient of him, socially, to speak much of him."

Professor Laureys also related his experiences with Frank Mayo, Adelaide Neilson, Christine Nilsson, Mario, Mmes. Wagner, Piccolomini, Julia Grisi and others, for all of whom he had made costumes.

WONDERFUL EARS

Possessed by an Indiana Boy—What He Does With Them.

[Lafayette (Ind.) Courier.]

A strange and wonderful phenomenon has just been brought to our office, in the person of little Willie Lester, whose father is a well-to-do farmer on the Wea plains. Willie is only about 10 years old, unusually bright and intelligent for his age, and has always been remarkable in his neighborhood for his wonderful ears. His right one is perfectly immense, being, we should judge, as large as a palm-leaf fan, whilst the other is no bigger than the ear of an ordinary-sized wax doll. Until quite recently nothing unusual had ever been noticed in his hearing, but lately he has developed wonderful powers in that direction. With his small ear he can hear the faintest buzzing of the smallest bugs and insects, and can even detect sounds uttered by the minutest animalculæ—so small that they are not even visible to the naked eye. A fly running along a window-pane, a caterpillar crawling across a sheet of paper, make sufficient noise to attract his attention even when his back is turned. The sense of hearing is so acute in this ear that it is absolutely painful to him and he is compelled to wear a cork in it at all times. The right and large ear is quite the reverse of its little companion in both its powers and properties. To it those minute and near sounds so painfully discernible to the other are lost, but distant noises are readily heard. Although residing fifteen and one-quarter miles from any railroad—Lafayette being the nearest point—yet Willie can distinctly hear the trains and mills blowing their whistles, and can easily distinguish between the engine bells and the city bells. When the Wabash round-house blew up some time since Willie felt the shock as severely as though he had been in the building itself. He had been unwell for some days, and was sleeping later than usual that morning, and when the explosion occurred he sprang from the bed with a frightened scream, and, holding his ear with both hands, stood for some time trembling in the middle of the room. On clear days he has often heard Sheriff Taylor summoning witnesses from the court-house window. He distinctly heard the noise of the mob at Kokomo, Monday night, which was a very clear night. Although unable to make out what they were doing, yet he heard the shouts, "Rope's down!" "Time's up!" and heard poor Long sing "See That My Grave is Kept Green," the tune of which Willie at once recognized, and in a low, sweet voice sang the accompaniment, it being quite familiar to him. He can hear the coming of a storm long before there are any signs of it in the air, and even long before the weather bureau gives notice of its approach. At a suggestion of a neighbor, Mr. Lester had a wire gauze lid, with a tin rim, made to fit over Willie's ear. It consists of two thicknesses of gauze, the outer one being of larger mesh than the inner one; between the two there is an intervening thickness of loose flannel to soften sounds. Willie wears it continually, and this, with the cork in the small ear, has the effect of reducing his hearing to a normal condition. Willie is a handsome, fair-faced, golden-haired little man, exceedingly shy and timid, and any notice taken of him seems to be quite painful to the little fellow. His father and uncle, Mr. Henry Toriburg, brought him to town this morning and to the Courier office this noon. The physicians being apprised of the fact have just been testing his powers, and are in a state of wild excitement over this wonderful freak of nature. Further comment is unnecessary and useless. The imagination has nothing left to add—we cannot gilt refined gold nor paint the sunbeam. To us the truth is stranger than fiction. We can only write the facts: our poor pen fails us further than this.

Social Detective Service.

[St. Louis Post.]

HE:

If he was at the lodge last night, look in his pockets for theatre tickets.

If he saw the other one yesterday, there will be a hair or traces of powder on his vest pattern.

If he brings home to his wife a "peacemaker" at midnight, he was not "working on those books."

If he thinks she "ought to visit mother, for she needs rest and recreation," it will be found the governess is good looking.

If he is gay and tender all day, he will not be home till 1 p. m. Then is the time to get a new bonnet.

SHE:

If she "just despises him" he is the one she intends to marry.

If she dotes on her "dear Marie," that part of feminine anatomy which is the home of envious jealousy, could it be opened, would be found seething and bubbling.

If she "made this cake in a mortal hurry, in fact just threw it together," it was the work of hours, and she is proud of it.

If she "just threw on those old duds fearing it might rain, and only intended an informal call," she is bedecked in her best holiday attire.

If she is at tea time "tired to death, worked hard all day long," she read a novel on the lounge or was at the matinee.

If she is troubled with delicate nerves, requiring considerable medical attention, the family physician is a handsome man.

A Novel Idea of Suicide.

The topic of suicide was under discussion the other evening in a mixed company over in the city of churches, and when every one had had his or her say a young lady solemnly concluded, and summed up the interchange of opinions as follows: "Yes, I know it's immoral and wicked and everything; but none of you seem to have looked at it quite in the right light. Committing suicide is like—like going to a party without an invitation!"

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Boys.

[John G. Saxe.]

But of all studies in the round of learning,
From Nature's marvels down to human toys,
To minds well fitted for acute discerning
The very queerest one is that of boys.

A Considerate Clergyman.

[The Judge.]

An Indiana clergyman delivers his sermons in rhyme. His congregation prefer them that way. They sleep much sounder, and leave the church much more refreshed than after listening to a prose-y discourse.

The Girls of Poughkeepsie.

[Spring Poet.]

It is said that the girls of Poughkeepsie,
When they drink Vassar ale get sough teepsie
That of the police,
It takes two apiece,
To escort home each bibulous geepsie.

One Thing at a Time.

[Exchange.]

Subscription papers are in circulation for funds to restore the Temple of Solomon at Jerusalem. We decline to become a subscriber so long as the proposed monument to Adam remains unfinished. One at a time, gentlemen—one at a time, is our motto.

Tra-La-La-La.

[Burlington Hawkeye.]

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"To sing in the opera, sir," she said.
"What is your talent, my pretty maid?"
"A divorce and two runaways, sir," she said.

P. S.—She was a success first night.

It is Not Strange.

[N. Y. Com. Advertiser.]

Jeff Davis made $21,000 on his book, and he doesn't now care whether he goes thundering down the ages or not; and we don't blame him. Twenty-one thousand dollars in hand is better than a blown-up monument in the bush.

Overtaken by Fate.

[Anon.]

A young fellow playing croquet
Had a great deal too much to suet;
He was struck in the palate
By a badly-aimed malate,
And his form has now gone to dequet.

A Toss-Up for Choice.

[New Haven Register.]

San Francisco is clamoring for brass band music in its churches. Well, there are a great many brass bands we had rather hear than hear some ministers, and then there are a great many ministers who can successfully drown a brass band. It's a toss-up for choice, after all.

A Tough Antagonist.

[Anon.]

Kill time today, and, to your sorrow,
He'll stare you in the face tomorrow;
Kill him again, in any way,
He'll plague you still from day to day;
Till, in the end, as is most due,
Time turns the tables and kills you.

The Music Committeeman.

[Exchange.]

Who is this big man? This is a church music committeeman. What does he do? He hears people sing on trial and looks very wise. Does he know anything about music? Oh, no; if he did he would never be a committeeman. How can he tell if the singers can sing? He cannot; he guesses at it. Doesn't he ever make mistakes? Oh, yes; plenty of them. What does he do then? Oh, he abuses the organist; it's always safe to abuse the organist.

"Omit, if You Please."

[New York Sun.]

Good luck with all the anglers go!
And may they know
The keenest joys of their pursuit,
And gain, to boot;
And when, with baskets full, they come,
Recruited, home,
May they omit, to our surprise,
The usual lies.

Luther Out of Date.

[Norristown Herald.]

Luther said: "If a man is not handsome at 20, strong at 30, learned at 40, and rich at 50, he will never be handsome, strong, learned, or rich in this world." Luther no doubt struck the bull's-eye as far as beauty, strength and learning are concerned, but he died before an officeholder had acquired the art of saving $25,000 a year out of a salary of $3000; hence his remarks about riches don't fit now.

How?

[Anon.]

How shall I woo her,
This little maiden?
Will rhymes, love laden,
Be pleasing to her?

How may I win her?
Will vows, low spoken,
Reveal some token
Of love within her?

Oh, puzzled lover!
When language fails me—
No verse avails me—
Will silence move her?

Poetical, But Not Matter-of-Fact.

[New Orleans Picayune.]

Of Longfellow Felix Adler said: "His heart was like a nest of singing birds upon the topmost bough of life; but the nest is empty now and the birds have flown, although their song yet lingered in many a heart." Felix is a little weak on his bird's nest. Birds in their nest do not sing worth a cent. The old ones attend strickly to the laying and hatching business, while nesting; and the young ones, nasty looking things, never open their mouths except to gobble a worm ration brought by the old ones.

Temptation and Explanation.

[New York Mercury.]

I just buttoned her glove,
And her dress had no sleeve,
You will blame me, my love;
But I beg you believe—
That—(just what I can't prove),
But her dress had no sleeve.
And she made some slight move,
And then—prithee, sweet dove,
Do not let yourself grieve,
For my heart did not rove,
Though my wits all took leave,
By this mark of her glove
On my cheek you perceive—
That her dress had no sleeve.

Can It Be Charley Ross?

[Exchange.]

A man-eating shark, measuring seventeen feet ten and one-half inches from tip to tip, was recently caught off the Georgia coast. In his stomach were found 11 marbles, 16 buttons, 7 rusty nails, 10 pieces of string, a table-knife with half a handle, a top, 5 crackers, 8 pieces of punk, 9 winter apples, a horse-pistol, 3 yellow-covered novels, a piece of lead pipe, a revolutionary bullet-mould and a pocket flask filled with lemonade. If any boy about the size of Charley Ross has run away from home lately, his parents may be interested in this item.

It Never Comes Again.

[R. H. Stoddard.]

There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain,
But when youth, the dream, departs
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air,
But it never comes again.

Ill-Timed Placidity.

Physiologists have said that the mind should be in a placid state when one sits down to a meal, in order that digestion may not be hindered. It was probably in obedience to this suggestion that a Pennsylvania lad acted. He discovered his brother hanging by the neck in the barn. On entering the house the family were about sitting to breakfast. Instead of blurting out the shocking intelligence, as some inconsiderate person would have done, and thereby perhaps irrevocably injuring the digestive apparatus of each and all, this careful young man held his peace, ate a hearty breakfast, and when the process of assimilation was safely under way in the several stomachs, he mentioned that "Aby is hanging in the barn." The news that Aby was dead came too late to interfere with anybody's digestion.

"Patience" Applied to Politics.

[Puck.]

If you're anxious for to shine
In the politician line
As a man of shrewdness rare,
You must look up all the "bums"
Of the five-cent whiskey scums,
And treat them everywhere;
You must lie like bloody blazes,
And discourse in knock-down phrases
Of your swollen-headed state of mind—
The meaning doesn't matter,
If it's only gallic chatter
Of an aldermanic kind.
And every one will say,
As you walk your fuddled way:
"If this great man expresses himself in terms too great for me,
Why, what a very singularly great big man this great big man must be!"

Practical Education.

[Little Rock Gazette.]

"It will take several years yit fur de average darky to un'erstand de aim ob edycation," says Uncle Jerry. "Some time ago I sent my boy off ter a college to study 'ligion, for the purpose of preachin'. When the boy came home he made a great to do at every word I said, and at de table he tried ter make me eat wid a fork. I paid no particular 'tention ter him, till one day he came out whar I was at work, warin' one ob dose roun' top hats what looks like a turtle shell. I neber said nothin', but huntin' 'roun', I picked up a hoop pole an' wrapped it clear roun' de boy four or five times. He didn't ax me what I wanted, but immegitly took off de hat. He ain't preached none yet. De last time I seed him he had a bucket an' a mop, greasin' de curves on a street car track."

DUNN BROWN

—AND—

HIS DOUBLE.

By OLIVER OPTIC.

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CHAPTER I.

MISS GRYPTON MAKES AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

"I hope you will never die, Miss Grypton," said Dunn Brown to the lady who had brought him up and cared for him from the time he was four years old.

"It is very kind of you to say so, Dunn, but I don't think it would be pleasant to live in this world forever," replied Miss Grypton, with a smile and a sigh—the smile for the boy and the sigh for certain real or fancied ills of the flesh.

"I don't see why you should talk about dying, Miss Grypton. I am hardly fourteen years old, but I may die first," added Dunn.

"You may, but you are not at all likely to die first, my boy; but I don't wish to frighten you."

"I think it is you, and not I, who are frightened, if anybody is."

"I am not frightened, Dunn; I only wanted to talk with you about business," said the lady, with a smile. "Death has no terrors to me, and I was only thinking what would become of you if anything should happen to me."

"I don't think anything would become of me, Miss Grypton; and I hope nothing unpleasant will happen to you," replied Dunn, who seemed to be determined not to take a serious view of the subject the good lady had introduced.

"Something would become of you, Dunn; I have been very careless and neglectful, and I won't live another day without attending to the matter," replied Miss Grypton, with a good deal of energy in her manner.

"I will promise that nothing shall become of me, and I will go on my way just as I always did. I shall not fall into the fire or into the Frog pond. Please don't worry about me."

"I will not worry another day about you, Dunn; but I want you to go to Pemberton square and ask Mr. Gilfeather to come up here before night. I have very important business with him, and it shall not be put off another day," continued the lady. "Just to think that I should let this matter rest till now."

"Of course I will go if you say so; but you said you did not feel very well, and I hope you won't bother with any business till you feel better," said Dunn, affectionately.

"It is because I don't feel well that I want you to go. My pancreas"—

"Your what?"

"My pancreas."

"I didn't know you had any such thing. Do you keep it down cellar or in the kitchen?" asked the boy, gravely.

"The pancreas is an organ—"

"I just told an organ grinder to go away, and gave him two cents; but he said he didn't go away for less than a dime; so I let him grind his pancreas as long as he pleased," added Dunn, lightly.

"Why will you be so absurd, my boy? The pancreas is an organ of the human stomach, and is a very important one in the process of digestion," Miss Grypton explained. "My pancreas is diseased, and—"

"Oh, no, don't, Miss Grypton! You haven't any pancreas. Some folks may have such a thing, but I am sure you haven't. You are too good to have any such nonsense about you," added Dunn, very seriously.

"But every one has such an organ, and no one could live without it," protested Miss Grypton, very much in earnest. "My pancreas is diseased, I say; and when anything ails the pancreas the doctors can't get at it to cure it. I read all about it this forenoon in my 'Domestic Medicine.'"

Miss Grypton had suffered from about all the diseases mentioned in the volume to which she alluded.

"Oh, no, aunty! Upon my word you haven't any such ugly thing as a pancreas," Dunn insisted. "The thing may be in the book, but you haven't anything of that sort."

"Of course I have! What one human being has all have, child."

"Why, no, aunty! If one human being has the itch, all human beings don't have it, thanks to the stars!"

"Why will you be so absurd, Dunn? Now go for Mr. Gilfeather."

"I will go for Dr. Witherbite, and ask him to come up and tell you that you haven't got any pancreas; or if you really have it, to get him to take it out. What is the use of being bothered with a pancreas?"

"I don't want the doctor, for the doctor can do no good. I want the lawyer," persisted Miss Grypton. "You compel me to say it, but I want him to make my will."

"Make your will! I'll make it for you, aunty!" exclaimed Dunn.

"You, Dunn? What an absurd boy you are!"

"I don't know exactly what a will is, but I am sure I can make one. I will go down and get the saw and hammer;" and Dunn started for the door.

"I am sick, Dunn, and I don't want you to pester me. I have a fatal disorder of the pancreas; and when I die, where will you be?"

"I shall be here if you don't send me for the lawyer, the doctor or the minister."

"Will you go for Mr. Gilfeather, or shall I go myself?"

"I said I would go every time; and I will if I break my neck doing it," replied Dunn, as he moved towards the door.

"I don't want you to break your neck. If you do that, I shall not like it," added Miss Grypton.

"Well, I'm sure I shall not like it any better than you do."

Dunn Brown went for the lawyer, and the lawyer hastened to the house. It was at No. Blankty-blank Bowdoin street, in the great city where THE GLOBE is published. It is necessary to be particular about the number, so that any reader may go directly to the house and satisfy himself that the story is all true. When he finds the house he will ask no more questions.

Miss Grypton told the lawyer all about the pancreas, and Mr. Gilfeather was very much edified. Unlike the sceptical Dunn, he did not deny the existence of the member. He made a great many memoranda with a pencil, and went back to his office, where he used a pen and black record ink.

While he is writing the reader may obtain a more definite view of the situation and antecedents of the lady and the young gentleman who have thus far done all the talking without a formal introduction. Though Dunn had a clean face and was neatly dressed, he had once been one of the perishing class, and did not come a great way from perishing, either.

Not far from the boundary line between Swampscott and Marblehead, was a hovel, which by courtesy was sometimes called a house. In it dwelt Gormus Brown. Gormus had brains, and had been a smart man in his day. Rum stole his brains, and placed him and his family but one remove from the poorhouse. He made a living, or rather, starved along by fishing and doing miscellaneous jobs for the summer residents of the shore.

Being wretchedly poor, of course he had a large family; and the children know what it was to do without a dinner and to go to bed hungry. His wife had the charming name of Alexina. Tradition had it that she had been a pretty young woman and very bright. No doubt she struggled against her hard lot when Gormus took to drink; but the odds were against her, and she went down with the sot she was tied to. If she drank less rum than her husband, it was only because he was selfish, and would not make a fair division of the contents of the jug.

Gormus and Alexina had to be sober some of the time, for they were too poor to keep continuously drunk. Poverty was a partial blessing to them, for it was better to be hungry than drunk, though the sensation may not be as pleasant. Among the children was a pair of twin boys. They were pretty little fellows when their faces could be seen through the black mud with which they were frequently daubed.

At any rate, so thought Miss Grypton, who was spending a summer in a cottage, ten years before she discovered her difficulty in the pancreas. She took a fancy to one of them, though they looked so nearly alike she could not always tell which was her favorite.

Business was good with Gormus Brown for a week; in consequence he had the delirium tremens; and even Alexina peopled the hovel with snakes. Kind people tried to do something for the miserable pair, and fed and clothed their children. The little ones were to be sent to the poorhouse.

Miss Grypton interposed then and wanted to take one of the twins. She gave the chairman of the Board of Selectmen $500 for the benefit of the family. He was to keep it for Gormus, if he ever reformed. Gormus and his wife both consented to give the child, whose name was Dunn Browne, to the lady. Dunn was after the captain of the Banker, with whom Gormus made his last fishing trip before the birth of the twins.

Miss Grypton hastened home with her prize. She was a maiden lady of 30, and might have been married a dozen times if she had been so disposed, for she was worth anywhere from $50,000 to $100,000. The assessors called it $75,000, and she did not move out of town on the thirtieth day of April.

The lady's father had divided his property equally among his two sons and one daughter. The older son married, speculated, lost nine-tenths of his property and then died, leaving his wife with two children.

The second son did not marry. His fortune increased and his heart hardened. At 50 he was a tall, lank, bald-headed old bachelor. There was no more soul in him than in a brickbat. He was prim and puckery in his dress, but always had an outlandish look. He wore cheap garments, and brushed them threadbare.

Miss Susan Grypton was cast in a different mould. She did not marry because she did not find the man she wanted. Though she was a maiden at 30, and a maiden at 40, her heart was full of love and kindness. It was a pity that the right man did not come along. She took Dunn Brown because she wanted some one to love, and some one to love her. She brought him up well, and sent him to school.

Like the rest of the family, Miss Grypton had her peculiarities. Perhaps her greatest failing was her "Domestic Medicine." If she had had a family she would not have known that she had a pancreas.

She got along excellently well with the boy. If they had been mother and son, they could not have been more warmly attached to each other. Miss Grypton never told Dunn who his father and mother were, for she did not care to have them claim him, or to be "bled" by them. In fact she knew nothing more about them than she learned that summer.

Mr. Dick Grypton, her brother, did not look kindly upon the bringing of the boy to the house in Bowdoin street. As the years rolled on, and Dunn grew into a fine, handsome young fellow, he looked more and more unkindly upon him. He contemplated the very thing his sister had been attending to the day when the pancreas was discovered to be unruly. He did not like it. He was worth a big pile, but it did not satisfy him.

Mr. Gilfeather completed the will, and before the sun went down it was duly signed, witnessed and put in a safe place.

CHAPTER II.

DUNN BROWN IS NO LONGER WANTED.

Not three months after Miss Grypton had made her will and put it in a safe place she called on an old schoolmate in Newton. Her friend invited her to ride behind an old mare that had never been known to exhibit a trick in ten years. For the first time in her life, so far as was known, she got antic, ran away and upset the carryall.

In the overturn Miss Grypton was struck in the head, her skull was fractured, and she died in a few hours. Her friend was severely injured, the old mare lost cast, and was turned over to do duty on a tip-cart.

There was a funeral at Blankty-blank Bowdoin street a few days after the sad event at Newton; and the saddest person there was Dunn Brown. He did not shed so many tears as Mr. Dick Grypton, who was dressed in the most solemn black; not so many as Mrs. Augusta Grypton; but Dunn carried the saddest heart to Forest Hills that day.

Perhaps he was the only sincere mourner in the house, though there were many who were sad and sorrowful, for the departed spinster had been a good, benevolent and helpful person in the circle in which she moved. Dunn had lost the only real friend he had in the world; the only one he could remember who had been steadily and uniformly kind to him. When he returned to the house from Forest Hills he felt as though he had left behind him all of earth that was dear to him.

Dunn did not think of the future at all. He considered the past only as it had been rich in blessings from the hand of his dead friend. If her money fed and clothed him, he had never been reminded of the fact in the ten years he dwelt in the house on Bowdoin street. It had never occurred to him that he lived upon her bounty, or that his position in the family was different from that of any son or daughter.

When he returned to the desolate house after the funeral, it did not occur to him that the future had any peculiar trials and troubles for him. In ten years he had never known what it was to want for anything; and he had no suspicion yet that there was any such thing as want in the years that were to come.

Poor Miss Grypton was gone, but the pancreas was innocent of her taking off; the old mare had deprived the offending member of its final mission. Dunn was sorry he had ever teased her about her maladies, but Dr. Witherbite had told him to laugh at her when she imagined she was afflicted with any ill of the flesh. Whatever he had done had been done for the best, for Dunn never had an unkind thought towards her in his life. He had never disobeyed her, or wilfully hurt her feelings.

Even before the funeral Mr. Dick Grypton and Mrs. Augusta had taken up their residence in the house in Bowdoin street. Doubtless they thought their assistance and supervision were needed there; and perhaps they were; but Dunn was sorry to see them invade the home of his cherished friend.

Mr. Dick was cold, selfish and heartless. He had no house; he hired a lodging-room, and took his meals wherever he happened to be. If he was sick, his devoted sister went to the house and took care of him. At such times she paid her own board, as well as for the medicine and luxuries required in the sick-room. This was the kind of man Mr. Dick was.

Dunn had never had any trouble with him of any kind, but there was no sympathy between them. Though the boy could not see why it was, Mr. Dick always seemed to regard him with suspicion. He had never spoken a pleasant word to Dunn, on the one hand, or treated him harshly, on the other. He was a prudent man, cold, hard and calculating.

Mrs. Augusta Grypton was not quite so disagreeable to Dunn as Mr. Dick; but she appeared to be quite as suspicious. She had the art to hide her feelings better than her brother-in-law. Both of them regarded the boy as an unwelcome intruder into the family. They did not like him because he came between them and the good spinster's worldly goods; at least he had for ten years been a possible legatee. Dunn never thought of these things, but they did.

Both of them appeared to regard the boy as a conscious and wilful intruder in the house in Bowdoin street. As they viewed it, he had with malice aforethought come to deprive them of the whole or a part of their inheritance. It would have suited them better if Dunn had been the first victim of the old mare out at Newton; and it is hardly worth while to consider whether or not they would have been willing that the good Miss Grypton should be the second victim of the beast.

On the night of the funeral Dunn was in an agony of grief, though he shed not a tear. The next day he wandered about the house, and it seemed just as though he must meet his good friend in the wonted places. He could not realize that she was gone forever. He tried to talk with Mrs. Augusta about the departed, but that lady seemed to have entirely recovered from the sorrow which had vented itself in abundant tears the day before. Dunn found his only comfort in the solitude of his own room.

Mr. Dick Grypton was out about all day, looking up the affairs of his deceased sister. He went to the house in season for tea. The old servant rang the bell at the usual hour, for everything went on in the house just as if its late head had still been there. Dunn went down to the dining-room at the signal.

Mr. Dick looked at the boy as he entered, and there was a frown on his brow. He appeared to be impatient and nervous about something, but he did not say anything. Occasionally he bestowed a glance full of disgust at Dunn, as though he thought the boy ought to have had the sense to take himself out of the house as soon as the funeral was over.

It never occurred to Dunn that he had not just as much right there as Mr. Dick or Mrs. Augusta. Perhaps if he had reasoned over the subject, he would have been more sensitive. Poor boy! he was thinking only of the good lady whose presence he missed at the table. She had given him a right there, and it had not entered his head to question it.

"What have you done, Dick?" asked Mrs. Augusta, when the trio were fairly seated at the tea-table.

"Nothing of any consequence. I have been looking up bonds and securities; but when a woman takes care of her own business, it is generally rather mixed," replied Mr. Dick, coldly.

"Mr. Gilfeather said aunty knew her own business better than half the men he had to deal with," added Dunn, indignantly and imprudently; but he could not bear to have any reflection cast upon the departed.

"I did not address my conversation to you; and you will not make a remark of any kind," replied Mr. Dick, severely.

"Have you seen Mr. Gilfeather, Dick?" asked the lady.

"I have not; I don't care to see him," replied Mr. Dick, haughtily. "He was my sister's lawyer, but he is not mine; and I think he will bear looking after."

"Do you know whether there is any will?" inquired Mrs. Augusta.

"I do not; I have not heard of any, and I don't think there is any. The end was too awfully sudden to admit of the making of a will."

If Mr. Dick had said he believed what he hoped, he would have explained the meaning in his mind.

"But Mr. Gilfeather was Susan's lawyer, and he may know something about it. He may have the will in his office, or he may have deposited it in the Probate Court for safe-keeping," suggested the lady.

"I don't think Susan did that. We will look over her papers tonight, and see what there is among them."

In spite of the light manner in which Dunn had spoken of such a document three months ago, he knew what a will was, though he had not considered the subject enough to realize that such an instrument could in any manner affect him. Of course he remembered what Miss Grypton had said to him on the day he went for Mr. Gilfeather about making her will; but he did not consider it necessary to say anything on the present occasion. He felt no interest in the document, and after the unpleasant passage of words with the new master of the house he did not feel like volunteering to give any information he might possess.

Dunn knew nothing about what had happened between Miss Grypton and the lawyer. He could not even say that a will had been made; and if one had been made, he certainly had no idea what had been done with it. He had been snubbed once, and he did not speak again during the meal.

In the evening Mr. Dick and Mrs. Augusta made a diligent search through the secretary, where the deceased kept her papers, and through the bureau and other drawers in her room. But there was one drawer in the secretary they could not open. The fact that he could not open it vexed Mr. Dick. The keys were in all the other drawers, but the one belonging to this was missing.

Mrs. Augusta thought Dunn might know something about this key, and she called him from his room, which was the next one to that of the deceased. Dunn did know all about it. Miss Grypton had given him the key of this particular drawer before she went to Newton. She had over $200 in bills, and she did not wish to carry so much money with her on her visit. She had put it in this drawer and given the key to Dunn, who was in the house all that day.

Miss Grypton's apartment was the rear one on the second floor. The rear hall chamber was occupied by Dunn. He had heard the brother and sister ransacking the drawers, and it made him very indignant. As both doors were open he could hear a word or two once in a while of their conversation. He heard the word "will" several times.

"She may have left all her property to this boy," said Mrs. Augusta, when Dunn went to shut his door that he might hear no more.

When the lady called to him from the hall, he promptly responded.

"Do you know anything about the key of this drawer, boy?" asked Mr. Dick, in imperious tones.

"Yes, sir! Miss Grypton gave it to me, and I put it in a safe place," replied Dunn.

"Give it to me this instant!" added Mr. Dick.

"There is over $200 in that drawer, sir. Before the funeral I asked Mr. Gilfeather about it, and he told me not to give the key to any one but the administrator," answered Dunn.

"Did he say administrator, boy?" demanded Mr. Dick, his face lighting up as he turned to Mrs. Augusta.

"That is what he said, sir," added Dunn.

"Very well, young man. Now, what do you think of doing with yourself?" asked Mr. Dick, with a sour look on his wrinkled face.

"I don't know, sir," replied Dunn, vacantly.

"Of course you know there is nothing further for you here; and you can leave as soon as you please," added Mr. Dick.

Dunn left the room. His heart was full, and for the first time he wept bitterly. He was to be turned out of the house!

CHAPTER III.

A COMMOTION IN THE NIGHT.

Dunn Brown had been told by Mr. Dick Grypton that there was nothing more for him at the house in Bowdoin street. He who had said it was ugly, cross-grained and selfish enough to do anything. It was plain that the new master of the house intended to turn him into the street and let him shift for himself.

This was not a pleasant reflection. Before, he had thought only of his regard to his benefactress, and the cold cruelty of her brother was in terrible contrast with her kindness and love. But Dunn did not weep long, for he began to understand what it was that troubled the new occupants of the house. They were afraid he would get the whole or a part of his dead friend's property. They wanted to get rid of him for this reason.

This was a new revelation to the weeper, and he dried his eyes. He recalled the events of the day when he had summoned Mr. Gilfeather to the house. The poor lady believed that her pancreas was to be the death of her, and she would no longer neglect the making of her will. Dunn was of no relation to her, and if she died he would have no claim upon her estate. Surely Miss Grypton was an angel to think of these things.

It was clear enough to Dunn that Mr. Dick had found no will among the papers of the deceased. Perhaps she had not made any after all. If she had, Mr. Gilfeather would know all about it. Perhaps his good friend had provided for him, so that even her brother could not drive him out of the house which had been his home for ten years. With this encouraging thought, Dunn went to bed. Almost in spite of himself, for he wanted to think still more about the situation, he went to sleep.

Mr. Dick and Mrs. Augusta were still in the apartment of Miss Grypton when Dunn retired. Possibly this lady knew her brother-in-law well enough to consider it necessary to keep watch of him. She had taken possession of the front and side room on the second floor for herself and her two children. It is more than probable that Mr. Dick would not trust his sister-in-law to remain in the house without being there himself to keep an eye upon her.

"You ought not to have said a word to Dunn about looking out for himself," said the lady in a low tone, and a glance in the direction of the boy's chamber.

"The sooner he understands the matter the better," replied Mr. Dick, brushing up with his hand the thin fringe of hair that extended around the back of his head, so as to cover the bald part on the summit of his pate. "He is a young vagabond, who has preyed long enough on my sister. She was weak and foolish to take him in at all. The sooner we get rid of him the better."

"I don't object to getting rid of him, but you ought not to have said anything about it tonight," added the prudent Mrs. Augusta.

"Let him think on it over night," growled Mr. Dick.

"But he may think of something else. Didn't he say there was over two hundred dollars in that drawer we could not open?" suggested the lady.

"He did say so; and between you and me, Augusta, I don't know that we have any right to look these papers over. That would be the duty of the administrator," replied Mr. Dick, thoughtfully.

"Mr. Gilfeather said the key must be given to the administrator," continued Mrs. Augusta. "But if there is a will it will be an executor if Susan appointed one."

"There isn't any will. I don't believe my sister had entirely lost her senses. No Grypton would do such an insane thing as to leave the whole or any considerable part of the inheritance of the family to the vagabond son of a drunken pauper. If she made a will she may have given the boy a hundred dollars or so, but nothing that will amount to anything."

"I wasn't thinking of that," added the lady.

"It is hard to tell what a woman is thinking about," answered Mr. Dick.

"Or some men, especially old bachelors," retorted Mrs. Augusta. "If you will hear me I will tell you what I have to say."

"I will try to hear you if you will speak up loud."

"You were foolish enough, Dick, to tell that boy that he would have to look out for himself, meaning that he could not be supported in idleness any longer in this house."

"That is just what I meant to say, though I said it in half as many words," snarled Mr. Dick. "If you want to support him in idleness out of your share—or your children's share, for it don't belong to you—I suppose you can do so."

"There you go again! I only objected to your telling him so tonight," replied the lady, warmly. "Before you have time to fly off again, I want to say what is in my mind. Dunn knows there is two hundred dollars in that drawer, and he has the key!"

"That is so," mused Mr. Dick.

"He will get up in the night, take that money and leave!" added Mrs. Augusta, impressively.

"If he will only leave, I don't know but that is the cheapest way to get rid of him," said the brother, with a grin smile.

"What else is there in the drawer?" demanded the lady, waxing very earnest, now that she had obtained a hearing.

"I give it up!"

"If there is a will, it will be an executor instead of an administrator; but how are we to know whether there is a will or not if we don't look for it. It may be in that drawer this minute."

"Do you want me to break open the drawer?" demanded Mr. Dick, with something like horror in his expression, though it is doubtful if there was anything of that kind in his mind.

"No, I don't!" exclaimed the lady. "You can't see through the hole in a millstone. If the will is in that drawer, do you suppose Dunn will let it stay there till morning?"

"I can't guess it," replied Mr. Dick, looking earnestly into the face of his sister-in-law.

"I don't believe the administrator will find any will in that drawer when he comes to open it," added Mrs. Grypton.

"I'm sure I hope he won't," answered Mr. Grypton.

"How thick you are tonight, Dick! He won't find it because that boy will take it out of the drawer before morning. Don't you see?"

"What good will that do him? He might just as well let the administrator find it in the drawer as to hand it over to him," reasoned Mr. Dick.

"We ought to find the will before anybody else does, Dick!" almost gasped the lady, in a whisper, as she put her mouth to the ears of her brother-in-law. "If there is any will we ought to know it tonight. If there is a will, no doubt there is an executor appointed."

"I think you had better speak out just what you mean, Augusta," said Mr. Dick, with a beseeching look at the lady.

"Do you believe there is a will, Dick?" demanded the lady, squarely, while her chest heaved with emotion.

"I believe there is not."

"But suppose there is one, what then?"

"Then there is," replied Mr. Dick, vacantly.

"Suppose that boy is the sole legatee; what will you do then?" demanded the lady.

"Contest the will! If my sister was a lunatic, I shall prove her such. No, no! It is not so bad as that," added the brother, shaking his head.

"I believe it is just as bad as that! Susan didn't care a straw for you or me, and she was all eaten up with that boy. I know she made a will!"

"Then we must contest it!"

"It would cost a deal of money, and then the result would be doubtful, Dick," continued the lady, more mildly. "After you have spent thousands in paying lawyers and court expenses, how would you feel to see the whole property handed over to that boy, Dick?"

"I shouldn't feel very cheerful over it, Augusta," mused Mr. Dick.

"Do you think that I will let my children lose their inheritance for that vagabond, who has been living for years on your sister, eating up what belongs to my children? I don't think I shall!"

"Contest the will!"

"Contest the waves of the sea, just as well! There is a shorter and easier way to settle the matter," said Mrs. Augusta, in a whisper, as she glanced at the door. "Open that drawer, and give me the will. I will save all the trouble and expense of contesting it, and do justice to the living and the dead at the same time."

"O, no, Augusta! I won't do anything of that sort! I can't do it. It would be a criminal act," replied Mr. Dick.

Mr. Dick wanted to do it, but he had not the courage. The method of settling the difficulty was surely the most effective one, but it was a State prison offence to settle it just that way. Mr. Dick and his sister-in-law discussed the subject for an hour longer; but he could not be brought to peril his liberty by such an act. The lawyer would know that he made a will, if he did make one; and perhaps he would know where it was put for safe keeping.

"We will consider this plan after we get rid of the boy," said Mr. Dick at last to satisfy his sister-in-law.

"But I tell you the will and the money will be gone in the morning," persisted the lady.

"I can fix that matter," added Mr. Dick, as he took a light from the table and led the way to the hall.

He stopped in front of Dunn's room. Then he pointed to a bolt on the outside of the door. This was an unusual place for a bolt; but it was put there to prevent evil-minded persons from coming through the hall chamber into the other parts of the house. The window of Dunn's chamber opened out upon the roof of the one-story addition to the house. A burglar might get on the shed and come in at the window.

Miss Grypton had formerly occupied the front chamber, and Dunn the other hall chamber on that floor. The bolt had been in use at that time. Mr. Dick pointed at the bolt, and then with the utmost caution shoved it into the socket made for it in the door frame. Then he chuckled, and led the way into the rear room again.

"He won't get the will or the money now," said he, rubbing his hands as though he had won a great victory over the poor boy who was sleeping soundly, without a thought of the evil deeds he was expected to do in the still hours of the night.

Mrs. Augusta could not do any better, for she had no faith that she could break into the drawer, and she went to bed. She had the consolation of knowing that she should find the will in the drawer in the morning, if it was there at all, for it would not be possible for Dunn to get out of his chamber unless he went out through the window, which he was welcome to do.

Mr. Dick retired to his chamber on the next floor above. Doubtless both of them were asleep by midnight. It may be that both of them were dreaming of the possible contents of the unopened drawer, for that was the last thought on their wakeful minds.

Two or three hours later Dunn Brown waked. He heard a commotion in the next room and leaped out of bed.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WORK OF THE BURGLARS.

Dunn Brown was startled when he heard the noise in the adjoining room. He thought of the money in the drawer, of which he had the key. Miss Grypton always dreaded burglars, and was always talking about them, though none had ever come in her lifetime. But Dunn did not stop to think. He hastily jumped into his trousers, and rushed to the door.

It was fastened on the outside, and he could not get out. He turned the key and assured himself it was not locked. He tried again, but the heavy bolt on the other side resisted all his efforts to open it. He could not understand it, and then he lighted the gas to investigate.

The door was not fastened on the inside, and he used all the force he could apply to the knob with both hands, but the bolt still resisted him. He knew that there was a bolt on the other side, and he was compelled to believe that some one had secured it. He wondered who could have done it; and then he considered whether it had been fastened by accident or design.

In the meantime the noise in the adjoining room continued. It was occasionally supplemented by a scream from the front of the house, which came from Mrs. Augusta's room. Dunn heard Mr. Dick's voice near his own door, but it sounded as if he was in a state of mortal terror. His voice trembled and he did not utter any sounds that were intelligible to the prisoner in the rear hall chamber.

"Out of the way, my cove, or you are a dead man!" was the next thing that Dunn heard. The words were uttered with an English accent peculiar to those who are born and live most of their days in London. It was followed by another scream from Mrs. Augusta, and then both of her children began to cry with all their might.

The next sounds were those of retreating footsteps. Dunn was confident that two persons had rushed down the stairs in desperate haste. The house shook under their tread, as they bounded down, and Dunn thought they did not take more than three steps for the whole flight.

The prisoner listened with all his ears to ascertain if the front door was opened. But he heard nothing in that direction, and he was satisfied that the two persons had gone to the rear of the building. Whatever their mission in the house, it was evident that they were in a fair way to make their escape. They must have entered the house through the kitchen, which was in the one-story L, or come in through the cellar.

There was a small back yard, reached through an arch between two houses of the block. But Miss Grypton always had a great terror of burglars, and she had taken every possible precaution to keep them out. There was no end of bolts and bars, but they seemed to be useless on the present occasion.

"Don't yell any more, Augusta; they have gone now," said Mr. Dick Grypton, standing at the head of the stairs to assure himself that he was no longer in danger of being shot by a desperate housebreaker. "There is no danger now."

"Merciful heavens! What does it all mean?" asked Mrs. Grypton, coming out of her room, while her two children kept up their screams.

"It means that the house has been broken into by thieves!" exclaimed Mr. Dick, beginning to be a little sensational in his tone and manner. "The rascals have been at work in the room of my sister and I am afraid they have made bad work there."

"In Susan's room?" demanded the lady.

"In Susan's room! I heard a noise under me, and I made up my mind that boy was looking to see what was in that drawer we could not open," replied the new master of the house. "But I thought he was making a good deal of noise about it. I came down to catch him in the act."

"How did you suppose he was going to get out of his room, when you had locked him in?" asked Mrs. Augusta.

"I thought it was likely he had broken the door down, for he made noise enough to have done something of that kind," added Mr. Dick, turning about and looking at the door.

"Did he get out of the room?" asked the lady, as she saw Mr. Dick looking at the door.

"Yes, he did; but he had help on the outside, or he never could have got out."

Mrs. Augusta ventured to come over to the head of the stairs. She glanced at the bolt on the door, and she could not help seeing that it had not been drawn. The end of it was still buried in the door frame.

"Don't you see that the door is still fastened, Dick?" demanded she.

"Of course he fastened it again after he came out, so as to leave everything as he found it," replied Mr. Dick contemptuously, as though "any fool could have seen that."

"But I both heard and saw two persons go down the stairs," persisted Mrs. Augusta. "I was looking out of my door, and I saw them dart down the stairs."

"Of course you did; and so did I. Didn't you hear the man shout to me to get out of the way or I should be a dead man?" asked Mr. Dick, as though he were a brave man because the burglar had said that to him. "I was sorry I had no pistol. I would have shot the fellow dead in an instant if I had had one."

"Perhaps you would, Dick," added the lady, who appeared to have some doubts on this point. "But you did not shoot him dead, and he got out of the house. Why didn't you follow him and call the police?"

"Don't I tell you that the fellow had a revolver in his hand, and that he threatened to shoot me?" demanded Mr. Dick, angrily. "It would have been a good thing for you, or your children, if he had put a bullet through my head; and I suppose you are sorry that I did not indulge him by letting him do it. I know myself too well to stand up before his shooter."

"How absurd you talk, Dick!" replied the lady, not a little disturbed by the uncalled-for suspicion on the part of her brother-in-law."

"Perhaps I do; but it would be convenient for you to have a robber put a bullet through my bald head, or for an old mare to break my neck," added Mr. Dick, as he led the way into the late Miss Grypton's apartment.

"You judge me by yourself, Dick! I am sure you were glad when our poor, dear sister was killed!" retorted Mrs. Augusta, smartly.

"I didn't want to destroy her will, at any rate," answered Mr. Dick.

"Because it is a state prison offence! That is the only reason you didn't want to do it, Dick!"

"Perhaps we had better not quarrel just now," suggested the new master of the house. "We may have all we can do of that sort of thing by and by, when we come to divide the estate. I think we had better attend to this business first and see what has been going on here while we were asleep."

"I'm sure I don't want to quarrel; but I don't want you to think I should be glad to have you shot," whined the lady.

"Whatever I think won't alter anything," added Mr. Dick, who was not disposed to take back anything he had said. "Every drawer in the secretary has been ransacked."

Most of them were on the floor and their contents had been emptied out. The particular drawer which had been locked was among the others on the floor. The front of it had been bored into in several places so that the screws could be removed. It was still full of papers, which were in the greatest disorder, as though they had pulled over in search of something more valuable than mere documents.

"Of course Dunn was not concerned in this work," said Mrs. Augusta, as Mr. Dick began to look the papers over.

"But I know he was!" protested Mr. Dick, very positively.

"Why in the world did he want to break open the drawer when he had the key?" asked the lady, decisively, as though that question would settle the whole matter.

"Give it up! But that boy took a hand in this business for all that," replied Mr. Dick.

"How do you know he did, Dick?" demanded the lady.

"Because I saw him, face to face, in the entry, with a light in my hand," answered the head of the house. "Do I know that boy when I see him face to face? I imagine I do. The man rushed by me with a revolver pointed at my head, and the boy was close behind him. I don't believe there is any getting beyond what I say. I saw that boy following the burglar down stairs. I am willing to swear to that in any court in the land."

"I think you must be mistaken, Dick. You were frightened, and not in condition to judge accurately of the person," added Mrs. Augusta.

"Frightened? You judge me by yourself; I was no more frightened than I am at this moment. I tell you the boy was Dunn, as sure as I am Richard Grypton! What I know I can't be beaten out of by any woman that ever drew the breath of life."

"Why should Dunn have been here with a man to break into the house, when he was already in the house, and had a key to the drawer which has been mutilated as that is?" asked the lady, pointing to the front of the drawer.

"I don't know why he should have been; I only know that he was with the man, and had a hand in this business. What I know, I know," said Mr. Dick, with emphasis. "I suppose he came here to get the money, if not the will, as you suggested last night."

"But he need not have come with a burglar. Besides, how did he get out of his room?" queried the lady, much puzzled by the situation.

"He got out the same way that the other fellow got in. He has a window in his room and he got down into the back yard from the roof of the shed. That is clear enough."

"What a fool he was to take all that trouble when there was no need of it!" exclaimed Mrs. Augusta.

"Not so big a fool as you may think he was," added Mr. Dick, sagely. "He did not think it was safe to go into this room and open the drawer with the key he has; so he broke into the house with the other fellow, took the money and has cleared out. If he don't come back I don't know that I shall find any fault with him for what he has done," added Mr. Dick, chuckling, as though the victory was still with him.

"Do you suppose the will was in that drawer, Dick?"

"I don't believe there was any will, Augusta; and for that reason I don't believe it was in that drawer."

But Mr. Dick did not seem to be entirely satisfied with the result of the examination of the apartment. There was a troubled look on his thin and wrinkled face.

"If there was a will, Dunn has found it, and will carry it to Mr. Gilfether. I am going to look in his room."

Mrs. Augusta opened the hall chamber, and Dunn stepped out.

CHAPTER V.

THE MEETING IN THE ARCHWAY.

Dunn Brown had heard only the first part of the conversation between the new occupants of the house in Bowdoin street; but in that he had learned that Mr. Dick had fastened him into his room, and that he was charged with taking a hand in the burglary.

"There, Mr. Dick!" exclaimed Mrs. Augusta, as Dunn stepped out of his room into the hall. "I knew the boy was in his room all the time. He couldn't come out through the door!"

Mr. Dick seemed to be staggered by the appearance of Dunn. He looked the boy over from head to foot, and it was some time before he said a word. It was impossible for any one to tell what was passing in the mind of the bachelor, but he seemed to be very much astonished to find the boy in the house at the present moment.

"How came you here, boy?" demanded the new head of the house, when he found it necessary to say something.

"I have just come out of my room, sir," replied Dunn, gently.

"How long have you been in your room, you young rascal?" continued Mr. Dick, still surveying the culprit from head to foot, as though he were comparing him with the boy who had followed the man down the stairs.

"I have been in my room since I went there last evening," answered Dunn, mildly but firmly, though he was indignant at the charge preferred against him. But he heard only the bare statement that he had got out of his room to open the locked drawer. Mr. Dick and the lady had moved out of his hearing before they said anything more than this.

"How dare you lie to me?" added Mr. Dick, severely.

"I don't know what you mean, sir; but I repeat that I have not been out of my room since I went into it last evening," replied Dunn, struggling to keep down his anger.

"Don't tell me that! I saw you come out of Miss Grypton's room behind the man who broke into the drawer!"

"No, sir! You did not. You could not have seen me when I was in my room, with the door closed and locked," persisted Dunn.

"But I did see you! Do you think I don't know you! I had a lamp in my hand, and I saw your face as plainly as I see it this minute!" stormed Mr. Dick. "Don't contradict me!"

"You are very much mistaken, Mr. Grypton. I was in my room through the whole of it. I heard the noise in the other chamber, and I heard two men go down the stairs, leaping all the way. One of them told you to get out of the way, or you would be a dead man. I heard Mrs. Grypton scream and the children cry. I heard all you said while you and she stood near my door," added Dunn, trying to reason with the head of the house.

"I don't believe a word of it," protested Mr. Dick, with an oath. "You stole the money out of that drawer. You are in league with the man that was with you in the other room. You contrived some way for the villain to get into the house, and he let you out of your room. You bolted it after he let you out."

"But we found him in his room, Dick," interposed Mrs. Augusta.

"Of course we did! He went down with the other burglar, and then got back into his room by the roof of the L and the window. It is all plain enough."

"I have told the truth, and I suppose it is no use for me to say anything more," answered Dunn.

"It is no use for you to tell me any more lies!" foamed Mr. Dick. "I saw you when you went down the stairs; and I know you. That is enough!"

Dunn thought so too, and he made no reply. Of the two, for some reason not apparent to the boy, Mr. Dick seemed to be more troubled over the situation than anyone else. He was nervous and fidgety. He had no suspicion that he had made a mistake in regard to the boy who had followed the principal burglar down the front stairs. He was entirely sincere in his belief that Dunn was the person.

Dunn retreated to his room as soon as Mr. Dick had settled the question. He closed the door, and tried to consider what the conduct of the master of the house meant. It was utterly unreasonable to charge him with breaking into the drawer when he had not been out of his room, and could not have got out if he desired to do so. More than this, he had the key of the drawer in his pocket, and he had no occasion to break into it.

"Why don't you go down and see how the thieves got into the house, Dick?" asked Mrs. Augusta, as the door closed behind Dunn.

"I am going down when I get the rest of my clothes on, and I shall go down to the police station and have the matter looked up," replied Mr. Dick in an absent manner, as though he was thinking of something else. "The money is gone, and if the will of my sister was in that drawer that has also been taken."

"But you do not believe there was any will, Dick," suggested the lady.

"I do not, but I may be mistaken," replied Mr. Dick, thereby admitting that such a thing was possible. "If the big thief and the little thief took both the will and the money, the big one will take the money and the little one the will."

"What should Dunn want of the will?" asked the lady. "If there is any will it will certainly be in his favor, at least so far as giving him a handsome slice of the property is concerned. He has no motive for stealing the will."

"You may depend upon it he has stolen it, whether he has any motive or not," insisted Mr. Dick, whose expression seemed to become more and more troubled as he considered the subject.

"Why, Dick, if he has stolen the will and destroys it, or keeps it out of sight, he will do the very thing we want him to do," continued Mrs. Augusta.

"The very thing you want him to do!" exclaimed Mr. Dick, sharply. "I have given you my opinion of the crime of stealing and destroying a will already."

"That it is a State prison offence, and you have not pluck enough to do such a thing!" sneered the lady.

"As you please, Augusta," answered Mr. Dick, who was so much troubled that he did not care to argue the question. "That boy may have stolen the will to prevent any harm from coming to it."

"That would be his only motive for taking it; and you were a fool, Dick, for not attending to the matter last evening, before it was too late," added the lady, with a look of disgust on her face.

"I never committed a crime in my life, and, at 50, I am too old to begin now," replied Mr. Dick, with a heavy attempt to be dignified. "But if that boy has taken the will, he has it now. That was all he wanted, and the big thief has taken the money. I think it is our duty to search his room before he has time to take it to any other place."

Mrs. Augusta quite approved the idea, and they went to the hall chamber. Dunn answered to the knock of the head of the family by opening the door, for he had not gone to bed again. Mr. Dick and his sister searched the room and the pockets, and even the person of "that boy," but without finding either the money or the will, or anything else that could have been taken from the drawer. They went through the bed and under the carpet, and no officers of the law ever did their work more thoroughly.

They did not find the will, and they did not expect to find the money. It was a source of great satisfaction that they did not find the will, and of great regret that they did not find the money. If they had found the latter the poor boy would have been hurried off to the police station as soon as an officer could have been procured. Mr. Dick was satisfied that the man had the will, though this was contrary to the logic he had used before. His spirits seemed to rise after the search, and he was quite cheerful again.

He went down to the lower part of the house. The burglar had come in through the cellar, which had an opening into the yard. A hole had been cut in the panel of the door, by which it appeared that the bolt on the inside had been reached and thrown back. Mr. Dick could see no way by which that boy could have climbed to the roof of the shed; but that did not in the least degree disturb his theory. He had seen the boy run down the stairs, and he must have got back to his room by the outside window.

He found the gate of the yard open. The man had retired by the arch, leaving the door open behind him. Mr. Dick passed out into the street. He looked up the hill, and then down the hill. At that moment a church clock struck three. The street was silent and deserted. Mr. Dick seemed to be in no hurry to visit the police station or to return to his bed. Possibly he did not like to leave the house wholly unprotected.

But he had not stood five minutes at the entrance to the arch before a man strolled up the street. He was not a policeman, nor a compositor from the office of a morning paper. As he approached the house of the late Miss Grypton he gave a low whistle.

"Lord Duke," said Mr. Dick.

"Lord Duke is my name every time, which it is the name my father gave me in London," said the stroller through Bowdoin street, as he paused at the entrance to the arch.

"You have made a bad mess of it," said Mr. Dick impatiently.

"Which it is me! I never made a bad mess of anything in the 'ole course of my life, which it is forty-one years since it commenced," replied Lord Duke, since he answered to this rather singular name.

"Come in here out of the way, where no one will hear us," added Mr. Dick, as he retired into the darkness of the passageway.

"In 'ere, which it is dark and I can't see my 'and be'ind me," replied Lord Duke, as he felt his way up the arch.

"You have been through here before tonight, and you ought to know the way," continued Mr. Dick, as he halted a short distance from the yard of the house.

"I knows it now, Gov'nor," answered the stroller, as he came to a halt near the new master of the house.

There were two of them in the arch. There was one more, within the yard, and hardly more than three feet from this interesting couple.

Dunn had followed Mr. Dick into the yard. If Mr. Dick intended to pay a visit to the police station and procure his arrest before morning, Dunn had no intention of taking part in the ceremony. He was willing to "face the music" when he had any chance for a fair hearing, but he had already made up his mind that he had better see Mr. Gilfeather and ascertain how he stood, before the music began.

The new master of the house had given him early notice that he was to look out for himself in the future, and he might as well depart at once as wait to be taken from the house by a policeman. He knew not where to go or what to do; but it was better to walk the streets the rest of the night than to occupy a cell in a police station.

"Have you got the document, Lord Duke?" demanded Mr. Dick.

"Which I guv it to Donne Brown to take care of till morning."

Mr. Dick vented his wrath in very bad language.

CHAPTER VI.

THE EMPLOYER AND THE EMPLOYED.

"You are an idiot, Lord Duke!" exclaimed Mr. Dick Grypton, when his anger would allow himself to utter the sentence.

"Which you speak so loud that some one in the 'ouse may 'ear you," suggested Lord Duke in a whisper. "Per'aps I am a hidiot. I don't deny it; but I 'old that it isn't hetiquette for you to proclaim it on the 'ouse tops," Gov'nor.

"What under the canopy of the sun induced you to give that boy a hand in the business?" demanded Mr. Dick, in a lower tone.

"What it was which hinduced me? Was that the conundrum. Which I never does nothin' without I takes that boy to 'elp me do it," replied Lord Duke, in a self-satisfied tone.

"That boy!" exclaimed Mr. Dick.

"That wery identikil boy; the same as was with me tonight; which I never does nothin' without him under no circumstances whatsomever, Gov'nor, no more nor I would eat soup with a fork or take 'alf-and-'alf with a teaspoon."

"Do you say you found the document, Lord Duke?" demanded Mr. Dick, who evidently believed it possible that some mistake had been made.

"In course I found the dockyment, which it was a 'uge leather one, which it was stuffed full of rags and papers," replied Mr. Lord Duke, in the most accommodating manner.

Dunn Brown was as an attentive a listener to the answers of Mr. Dick's companion as he was himself, and on account of his superior knowledge of things in the house possibly he was better qualified to understand his descriptions of what he found in the drawer.

"A leather one!" exclaimed Mr. Dick, to whom a leather document was rather odd.

"Don't I know leather from wood or hiron? Don't I say it was leather?" added Mr. Duke, as though a reflection had been cast upon his intelligence, which must be mildly resented.

"I never heard of a leather document before," answered Mr. Dick, impatiently.

"Which it was leather, and was full of rags and papers."

"What do you mean by rags?"

"Bank bills Gov'nor. Don't you know wot rags is?"

"You mean that you got a pocket-book?" queried Mr. Dick, getting a ray of light.

"That's wot I mean, and that's wot I says. It was a pocket-book, and there was 'eaps of papers in it. There was that many that you could fit out a lawyer's office with 'em."

"But the particular one that I spoke to you about—have you that one? I told you what one I wanted. If you haven't that one you have done me no good at all."

"Of course the one you wants is in among the others," replied Mr. Duke, promptly. "Donne Brown 'as 'em all, and I has all the money."

"But didn't you see the paper I want?"

"Of course I did; which I seen the 'ole of 'em; and if I seen the 'ole of 'em, in course I seen the one as you wants," answered Mr. Duke, triumphantly, for the argument seemed to be a clincher to him.

"Stupid!" exclaimed Mr. Dick.

"Stupid, be you? Well I'm sorry for you, as you can't understand the Hinglish language, which it is the noblest language the sun never sets upon, Gov'nor; and don't you forget it!"

"You were to get the document and give it to me," continued Mr. Dick.

"Wery true; but was I to give it to you before I got it, Gov'nor? That's wot I wants to know next."

"Of course not."

"Of course not. Now you are reasonable. I was to get it before I guv it to you?" added Mr. Duke, appealing to his companion.

"Certainly."

"That's wot I done!"

"But did you see the particular paper I want?" demanded Mr. Dick, whose patience was sorely tried.

"The particular paper as you wants! Go 'way, Gov'nor! You got back where we started from, and we don't get ahead none at all. Don't I say I seen 'em all; and if I seen 'em all, don't you admit that I seen the particular one as you wants? That's wot I wants to know next?" added Mr. Duke, who seemed to be quite as much disgusted with the stupidity of his companion as Mr. Dick.

"It's no use to talk with you!"

"I should say not! You keeps goin' back and doin' it all over again. You can't understand the Hinglish language," replied Mr. Duke.

"Why didn't you bring the papers to me?" asked the master of the house, trying a new tack.

"Would I leave them in my trousers pocket for a ghevus to pick out? I was born in Lon'on, and I sleeps with both heyes open. Lord Duke don't do things in that way."

"But you were to get the papers and bring them to me," persisted Mr. Dick.

"There you goes again! Don't you admit that I was to get 'em first and 'aven't I done that?"

"I don't know that you have got the one I want," added Mr. Dick.

"There you goes again! If I got 'em all—"

"I know; but did you read the papers?"

"Did the British lion ever 'ear anything like that? Could I stop to read papers? I arsk you; could I stop to read 'em?"

"You might have read a single word on the back of the one I want; for I told you what the document was. One word!"

"Not one word, Gov'nor. You see I left my glasses at 'ome."

"Then you don't know whether you have the will or not?" demanded Mr. Dick, with the most intense anxiety.

"In course I 'ave it! Which you are going back to the beginning again. Must I go hover that hargument again?"

"No, don't," pleaded the victim. "I have had enough of that!"

"I should say you 'ad! I 'ave done my wery best to 'ave you understand the business; but I must say you are uncommon stupid."

"You gave the pocket-book to the boy?"

"Don't I say I did? Must I hargue that with you?"

"Don't do it, if you please. You gave it to Dunn Brown?"

"I gave it to Donne Brown."

"Do you know him?" asked Mr. Dick, not a little astonished, as he had been before, at this piece of information.

"Do I know Donne Brown? Do I know my pal? Do I know the lad as allus goes with me when I do a job? Do I know the hinteresting youth that crawls through the small holes and hopens the doors for me? Do I know 'im? I should say that I might be apt to know 'im, Guv'nor. Now arsk me if I knows Lord Duke, from Lon'on," replied the Briton, with contempt.

"It is very remarkable," added Mr. Dick, musing.

"No; it isn't a bit remarkable, Guv'nor. He is a honest boy as knows a thing or two, and turns his talents to a useful purpose, like I do. Wot is there remarkable about that?"

"Perhaps nothing. Is it possible that that boy is a common burglar?" muttered Mr. Dick.

"Not a bit of it. He is a most uncommon one. I never see his likes in Lon'on."

"But where did you pick him up, Duke?"

"It was 'im as picked me up. You see I went into an 'ouse where there was a pile of money to be 'ad without the arskin'. I found Donne Brown inside, doin' the job on his own account. We made friends and made a divvy, for I never would have got in if 'e 'adn't left a window open."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Mr. Dick.

"In course it's possible; if it 'adn't been me and him wouldn't done it, Governor."

"And where is Dunn now?"

"'E's gone home with the swag."

"Where is his home, Duke?" asked Mr. Dick, deeply interested.

"'Is 'ome is my 'ome."

"Well, where is your home?"

"Me and him rooms at the Parker 'Ouse," replied Lord Duke, with an easy indifference.

"At the Parker House! Impossible!"

"All right, Gov'nor. If you knows better'n Donne and me I hain't got a word to say. But we don't gener'ly allus tell where we bunks."

"But you don't bunk at the Parker House; at least Dunn don't bunk there," added Mr. Dick. "But I want to see him at once. I want that document I spoke to you about."

"You shall 'ave it, Gov'nor, when you comes down with the soap. I guv it to the boy for safe keepin', you see."

"Are you sure the boy has it now?"

"In course I'm sure Donne have it; what did I guv it to him for?"

"Never mind what you gave it to him for. I want you to get it for me at once, and I will pay you for it the moment it is in my hands. I have the money with me," continued Mr. Dick, impatiently.

"You 'ave it with you!" exclaimed Lord Duke. "I don't take no checks on no banks, Gov'nor, 'cause them bank clarks is likely to ask questions, and it takes too long to answer 'em when an honest man as knows the vally of time is in a 'urry. No, I don't take no thousand dollar bills, 'cause there's numbers on 'em, and some folks has an 'abit of rememberin' 'em."

"How many thousand dollar bills are you expecting to get for a job that was to be done for two hundred?" demanded the employer.

"Two 'undred dollars! Why, I never turns a finger for two 'undred dollars," replied Lord Duke.

"You agreed to get the will for me for two hundred," added Mr. Dick, decidedly.

"Did my Lord Duke lose his senses? Not if he knows it! Does my Lord Duke know what a will is? He do! Is my Lord Duke a fool? Not if he knows it!" answered the rogue, as decidedly as his companion. "Two thousand dollars, Gov'nor! I never touches a will for less than two thousand dollars!"

"Very well, my Lord Duke! I had just as lief receive the will from the hands of the police as from yours," said Mr. Dick, with emphasis. "And I had just as lief not receive it at all as get it from either of you. If you will give me the document for $200, as you agreed, I will trade with you."

"Would I risk my life and my spotless reputation for $200? No honest man would!" replied Mr. Dick, as he moved out of the arch towards the street.

Mr. Dick followed him; and Dunn Brown followed them both. The employer walked up the street, and the employe walked down. Dunn stopped at the entrance of the arch to think Mr. Dick was going to the police station. [illegible] Mr. Duke had been talking terrible things about him.

Dunn concluded to walk down the street. He was bewildered, and he could not make up his mind what to do. Before he had gone twenty rods he heard some one approaching.

"'Ere you are, Donne! Take the pocket-book, and be where I told you in half an hour," said Lord Duke, thrusting a pocketbook into Dunn's hand, and then retreating up the hill.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Ext. leptandra, 2 scruples.
Glycerin, q. s.
Mix.

Make 60 pills. Take one pill at 3 P. M., and another on going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for the patient to take *two* pills at bedtime, making the number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every condition of nervous debility and weakness in either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from imprudence. The recuperative powers of this restorative are truly astonishing, and its use continued for a short time changes the languid, debilitated, nerveless condition to one of renewed life and vigor.

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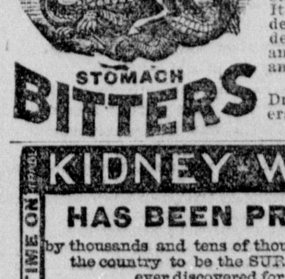
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A HERO'S DEEDS.

Captain Isaac Davis at the Concord Bridge.

The First Blow of the Minute Men Against Tyranny.

The Memorable Fight on the Morning of April 19, 1775, Retold.

"'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange, Stranger than fiction."

One hundred and seven years ago the season was very far advanced in Middlesex county, Mass. All vegetable life had pushed forward by the middle of April, as far as it will be the present year by the middle of May. At the time when the events occurred which we here set forth in this story, the winter rye had grown to be so tall that it waved in the wind, and the roads were as dry and well settled as they usually are in the summer. It was early in the morning of a delightful spring day—so early that the first streaks of dawn had not begun to appear in the east—when a horseman came riding in hot haste from the direction of Concord, toward the house of Captain Joseph Robbins, the commissioned military officer of Acton, who lived nearest to the point which was soon to be the scene of a most exciting and important event. The first intimation of the stranger's coming was the sound of horses' hoofs, as they struck the planks of the bridge that spanned the Nashoba brook, but Mrs. Robbins, who was startled out of sleep by the sudden noise, had not time to so fully collect her awakened faculties as to ask her spouse what he thought it meant when the rider was at hand and struck a corner of the house three blows with a club. So heavy were the strokes that they caused the building to tremble and awakened every one in the house, even to the baby in the cradle. No sooner had the blows ceased than there came upon the stillness of the morning this strange message: "Captain Robbins! Captain Robbins!

Up! Up! The Regulars Are Coming to Concord.

Quickly as possible alarm Acton. Rendezvous at the old North bridge."

Before the portly captain was able to throw open the door to find out the particulars or to discover who the messenger was, he was gone, and the planks of the bridge shook again under his horse's weight. This, to the inmates of that house, was like the announcement of the coming of a flood or of a tornado, and for a moment all was still. It was like the hush which precedes a tempest on the tropical seas. For months the political horizon of the American colonies had been fringed with ominous clouds. This was especially true of the Massachusetts colony. The settlers had seen their chartered rights invaded little by little for years, and louder and louder had become the tones of remonstrance on their part; and, what was more to the purpose, a provincial congress, composed of duly elected representatives of the town, had met at Concord during the early part of the previous October, and had made preparations for something more than a mere paper defence of their rights. It was now well known that the time was near when the questions between the crown and the people would be settled, not by the bloodless arts of diplomacy, but by the ordeal of war. One of the recommendations of the recent Congress was that in all the towns companies of men should be organized and drilled, who would be ready to march at a minute's warning. Almost every town in the vicinity had acted upon that suggestion, so that during those long winter months there were about Concord hundreds of men who virtually were resting upon their arms, expecting any day to be called into active service. There was such a body of men in Acton, made up of the best people of the town, of those who were superior in physique, in discipline, in patriotism, and in every soldierly quality. This company consisted of nearly fifty men and

Was Commanded by Isaac Davis,

one of the noblest of characters, who at this time was in the very morning of manhood, being about 30 years of age. Our conception of the person, spirit and general bearing of this man has been truthfully set forth in French's statue of the Minute man which stands majestically on the bank of the Concord where Davis fell. The commander of Acton's company of volunteers, to which I have just referred, was the nearest neighbor to the Puritan minister of the town, John Swift, and lived about a mile from the house of Captain Robbins, to whom, as we have learned, a most important message had been borne on that April morning. Captain Robbins was a man of action and a man of lungs. If an alarm was to be given he was the man to give it, for it was said of him that he could make himself heard at the distance of a mile. He was one to be paralyzed by fear only for an instant. No sooner had he recovered from his momentary surprise than he ran to the foot of the chamber stairs and shouted to his son John to bestir himself and come down, a summons which his son did not need, for he had heard all that had taken place, and was no less excited than his father. The boy lived to become a venerable magistrate, but the memory of the stranger's "rappings" and of that cry of alarm never left him. It is the work of but a few minutes for the boy to mount his father's horse, and he is soon off in hot haste for the house of Captain Davis, charged with a most important message. As he dashed along on that April morning he could not help noticing how delightful everything in nature was. The fact that it is so pleasant in the country is the reason why

There Has Arisen an Occasion of Alarm.

General Gage thinks it will do his soldiers good to take a little jaunt into the rural districts after their close confinement in the town all winter. The east shows some signs of the coming morning, and the air is fragrant from the bursting buds and from the warm, damp earth, so full, in its primitive richness, of a great variety of plant-life. As he passes the swampy places, the peeping of the frogs sounded like the tinkling bells, and before he reached the grim old meeting-house the birds have begun their morning song. How strange it is that on such a day as this, when everything in nature, when God rules supreme, is so harmonious and joy-giving, there should be in the society of men such a tumult of passion, such a prospect of carnage and of all the misery of war!

At last he arrived at the simple home of Davis. There is no appearance of smoke from the chimney. The family was not yet awake. There is sickness in the house. It seemed sad that the quietness of the hour should be broken in upon by the wild alarm of war. But so it must be, for reposing in that simple weather-stained cottage was the man from whose action came the most important results for the weal of millions. He was the man for the hour. The boy delivers the startling—though to Davis the not unexpected—message. The crisis has come upon him at a most unfavorable time. His four children were all sick with canker rash. Moreover, there had occurred but a short time before what both Davis and his wife regarded as an evil omen. During the absence of the family an immense owl had effected an entrance to the house and on their return was found perched upon the captain's favorite musket, and there it sat for three days, and then went as mysteriously as it came. Davis after conduct showed that he had the presentiment upon him that he was soon to die, and in some way connected with that implement of war. But, though all this was true, he was too noble a hero to shrink from the performance of his duty for a single instant. By signal guns, or by messengers, Davis mustered his men in an incredible short time, to the number of about fifty, at his house. No doubt the venerable pastor, Swift, was there, speaking words of encouragement to the men and striving to cheer the hearts of the women who had come to see their braves ones off. The soldiers were engaged variously in their hasty preparations. Some were burnishing the barrels of their muskets,

Some Were Grinding Their Bayonets,

some were powdering their hair—all were eager to meet the foe and, as one said, "have a hit at Old Gage." Most of the men were in a gay and playful mood, but Davis was noticeably serious in his bearing, and reproved the levity which was about him, saying "that it was a most responsible duty which they were called upon to discharge, and that upon the issue of that day might depend the liberty of America." But at length, and when the sun was scarcely two hours high, the company was ready to fall into line to report as soon as possible at the place of rendezvous in Concord.

After Davis had marched his men from the lane which led from his house to the highway he went back and bade his wife a final adieu, giving it, as his last injunction, that she should take good care of the children. The brave captain then returned to his men and, as though every private concern had been duly provided for, he gave himself up completely to the service of his country. It is perfectly evident that, from that time on, he was as one standing between the altar and the plough, ready for either. At the parsonage one of the men was furnished with a well-filled powder-horn. It is evident that the ministers of all the towns which were most distinguished on this memorable day, were patriots. Before Davis led his men across the Acton line he caused them to halt and gave to any of them wishing to do so the privilege of returning to their homes. Said he: "If there is a man among you who is afraid to face the foe let him go home." It is needless to say that not one turned back. The spirit of self-sacrifice which filled the heart of the leader inspired the men. At a certain point the company left the road and took a shorter course across the fields and through the woods, coming out again into the highway near the house of Colonel James Barrett, not far from the old North bridge. Here the men caught a glimpse of the foe, for at this place was Captain Parsons engaged with a company of British troopers destroying gun carriages. As is known to most of the readers the main object of this expedition to Concord was to destroy certain military stores, which spies or Tories had reported to General Gage were collected at that place.

Captain Davis' First Impulse

was to fire upon the red-coats then and there, but he was a man of military discipline, and the simple import of his orders was to report at the place of rendezvous, hence he felt it to be his duty to move on. Without other interruption, the Acton men soon reached the eastern flank of the Punkatasset hill, in full view of the beautiful river most appropriately named Concord and the usually quiet but now tumultuous village beyond. Upon the southern slope of this hill were assembled several hundred provincial minute men and militia. The regiment to which Captain Davis' company belonged was already drawn up in line, and Davis wheeled his men into a position upon the extreme left, the place which he had held at a recent muster and which would properly fall to him as the youngest captain in the regiment. Upon the arrival of the Acton company a council of war was called, and was attended on the spot by the commissioned military officers and by the committees of safety. The long-anticipated crisis in the affairs of the province and of all of the colonies had at length come. Petitions had been slighted, remonstrances had been unheeded, evident restlessness under abuse had only resulted in new aggravations, and now, when it was evident that the people had taken steps in the direction of a forcible resistance, their preparations were sneered at by the ruling power. A prominent English earl said of the patriots at about this time, "They are a set of cowardly undisciplined men. If they do not run away they will starve themselves into compliance with our measures." General Gage thought that the simple pleasure trip of a few hundred of his regulars to Concord, which was virtually the centre of the revolt, would quench every spark of insubordination in the province.

As the council of war was being held by those farmers upon the southern slope of Punkatasset, it was being decided whether what the patriots had done in the way of remonstrance was merely bravado, or whether they had been in sober earnest. Captain Davis had seen the red-coats destroying property that had been purchased by the people for their own defence. At this point smoke began to rise from the midst of the village.

A Body of Regulars Had Advanced

to the bridge, seemingly to cut the provincials off from the town so that not only the property but the helpless inhabitants of the village might be at the mercy of the foe. What could be done? It was evident that the time had come for the use of arms, but who would lead? What captain is so sure of the courage of his men that he can vouch for it that they will not quail before the steel of those soldiers who follow war as a profession, and who have become veterans upon the great battlefields of Europe? A decision was reached. The voice of Davis, speaking in most decided tones, said: "I haven't a man that is afraid to go." Captain Davis returned to his men and, marching them from the left to the right of the line, took the position which, in the onset, would be the place of danger.

Nothing should be written disparagingly of the courage of any of the brave fellows who had a part in the decisive work of April 19, 1775; but, in the words of Emerson: "In all noble actions we may say, 'tis only the first step that costs." Captain Davis should have the highest meed of praise, because he, with a deliberate purpose, was ready to take the first step, and which taken, cost him his life. The conclusion of that memorable day's work is briefly told in the following quotation from Bancroft's History, Vol. VIII., Chapter 59: "Barrett, the colonel, on horseback, in the rear, then gave the order to advance, but not to fire unless attacked. The calm features of Captain Davis of Acton became changed and, drawing his sword, he cried, 'March.' His company, being on the right, led the way towards the bridge, he himself at their head, and by his side Major John Buttrick of Concord, with John Robinson of Westford.

Thus Those Three Men Walked

together in front, followed by the minute men and militia in double file, trailing arms."

Though Davis was furnished with a small sword as filling his command he bore in his hands a musket, a piece of nice workmanship of his own manufacture, for he was a gunsmith, and with this firmly grasped and levelled, if not fired, he fell, shot through the heart. By his side also fell Abner Hosmer, a member of his company. Later in the day James Hayward of Acton fell at Lexington. Hayward and his foe raised their muskets and fired at the same time and both shots were fatal.

He and his foe were by each other slain,
His victim's blood with his ye earth did stain.

Three hours before Davis had bid his wife and children farewell; that afternoon he was borne lifeless to his former home and laid, "with his countenance but little altered," in his wife's bedroom. The next day the bodies of Hosmer and Hayward were brought to the same place, and there their funeral was attended by a great multitude from many miles around.

The sacred dust of these heroes, the protomartyrs of the revolution, reposed undisturbed in the town cemetery for a period of more than seventy-five years, until April 19, 1851, when it was removed and placed in a massive granite monument, erected by the Commonwealth and the town to perpetuate and honor the memory of Acton's heroes of revolutionary fame. This monument rises above the Acton common to such a height that its top may be seen from certain points in Concord, and it is customary with visitors who go to the old bridge and stand before the statue of the Minute man, as before a shrine of patriotism, to not leave the vicinity without at least looking at this granite pile, intended to perpetuate a name which is worthy to stand with those of Leonidas, Tell and Winkelried, and whose real service to his country was no less than theirs.

SLAVERY STILL EXTANT.

The Effect of Labor-Saving Machinery on Domestic Life Among the Indians.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

We hear a couple of fresh things from Tustenuggee, the chief of the few Seminoles remaining in the everglades of Florida. The old fellow emerges from the swamps, it is said, once every year or so, gets on a colossal drunk and retires to his fastnesses. The other day he came into civilization bringing with him a particularly weak-looking negro—one of the slaves still owned by the Indians. He was told that all the slaves had been freed. He replied: "Injun's nigger ain't free," and after getting comfortably drunk he meited into the swamps, carrying his negro with him. A few months since a sewing machine man entered Tustenuggee's domains and sold him a machine. The old chief watched its working carefully and when he was satisfied as to what it would do deliberately arose and kicked his wife out of the door. "Need squaw no me," he said.

A German Immigrant with Horns.

[New York Herald.]

One of the immigrant passengers who landed at Castle Garden yesterday made a sensation when he took his hat off. His name is Leopold Daen; he is a German peasant, a gardener by trade and 45 years old. He came with his wife and child in the steerage of the steamer Waesland from Antwerp, and, until he exposed his head in removing his hat, looked like scores of other stolid and swarthy sons of the Fatherland among the hundreds who crowded the rotunda. Mr. Daen is gifted with two incipient but unmistakeable horns, one over each side of his forehead, just where the growth of hair stops at the temples. The horns are hard and bony and about an inch long. The skin that covers them is unlike that upon the forehead, in that it seems to be tough and calloused. The horns are not sufficiently developed to "come to a point," being round and knobby. The owner of these appendages seemed to be very proud of the attention he attracted and occasionally lowered his head and made a feint to rush upon the crowd that surrounded him, like a playful billygoat. The horned man said he did not know whether or not his ornaments are wens or whence they came. The protuberances began to appear when he was 8 years old and reached their present development when he was 20, since which time they have not perceptibly grown. Mr. Daen was plainly in doubt whether to "go West" in pursuit of his calling as a gardener or yield to the solicitations of his friends to become the leading attraction of a dime museum. He was hesitating between the two horns of the dilemma when the reporter left.

Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Kidney, Liver or Urinary Diseases.

Have no fear of any of these diseases if you use Hop Bitters, as they will prevent and cure the worst cases, even when you have been made worse by some great puffed up pretended cure.

The Crime of a Hairpin.

From time immemorial hairpins have been accused of various idiosyncrasies, but never, until lately, of actual crime. This mediocre record has recently been varied in Manchester, England, where a hairpin has been found guilty of murder in the first degree. A woman lay down upon her bed to sleep, and presently awoke a corpse to all intents and purposes, for she lived only a few moments. An examination showed that a hairpin had been driven more than two inches into her brain.

Woman and Her Diseases

is the title of a large illustrated treatise, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., sent to any address for three stamps. It teaches successful self-treatment.

Famine in Labrador.

MONTREAL, April 24.—Accounts received from Labrador are to the effect that the settlers have undergone appalling sufferings for want of food during the winter. Several have already died, and if navigation does not open soon it is feared that scores will starve to death. The famine was caused by the violent storms last fall, which prevented fishermen from laying in stores for the winter.

THERE is no worse enthrallment for tormented man than the exactions of a morbid nervous condition. The over-taxed brain then gets no rest from tranquil sleep and needs the pacifying influence of Dr. C. W. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills.

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CHECKERS.

CHARLES F. BARKER.....Editor

Chess and checker players' headquarters, No. 15 Pemberton square.

Notice.

All correspondence sent to Mr. C. F. Barker's address pertaining to the checker column or his work, the American Checker Player, will be promptly attended to by his brother, Mr. Isaiah Barker, during his absence from home. Parties will please address C. F. Barker, care of Isaiah Barker, No. 8 Houghton street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

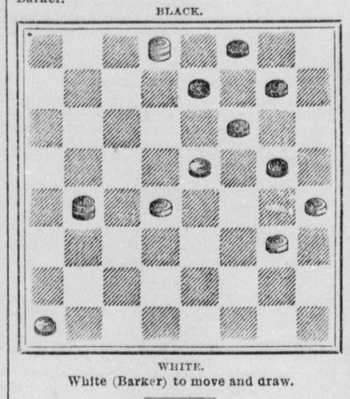
Now Ready,

the "American Checker Player," comprising twenty-two openings, with 534 variations, of the best analyzed play, together with thirty-five critical positions, twenty-two of which have been contributed to this work by the celebrated composers, Messrs. Wardell and Lyman, containing in all 179 pages, by Charles F. Barker, author of the "World's Checker Book," etc. It is handsomely bound in cloth. Price 75 cents (in silver, currency or American postage stamps), postpaid. All orders promptly attended to. Address Charles F. Barker, No. 8 Houghton street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Position No. 936.

End game from the "Laird and Lady" between Mr. Miles Merry of Lonsdale, R. I., and Mr. C. F. Barker.

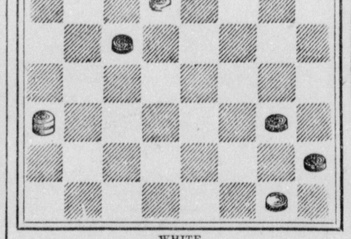
BLACK.



WHITE.

White (Barker) to move and draw.

Position No. 937.
BY JOHN ARMOUR.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

Game No. 1383—Old Fourteenth.

BY THEO. W. KIMLEY,		GREENFORD, O.	
11..15	6..15	19..26	15..24	27..31
23..19	28..24	30..23	28..19	2.. 6
8..11	2.. 6A	7..10B	3.. 8	31..27
22..17	31..26	25..22	22..18	6..13
4.. 8	15..19	18..25	8..11	27..18
17..13	24..15	29..22	20..16	13.. 9
15..18	6.. 9	5.. 9	11..20	W. wins.
24..20	13.. 6	27..24	18..15	
9..14	1..19	8..12-1	20..24	
26..23	23..16	24..19	15.. 6	
10..15	12..19	11..15	24..27	
19..10	26..23	32..28	6.. 2	
		(Var. 1.)		
11..15	12..16	9..13	14..18C	18..25
20..16	11.. 7	7.. 2	2.. 7	7..14
8..12	16..20	3.. 8		W. wins.
16..11	32..27	23..19		

Notes by Mr. Kimley.

A—In Cincinnati Commercial, game No. 463 (Old Fourteenth), Mr. F. J. Feidler continued 31..26, 7..10, 26..22, etc., claiming a correction of the "A. D. P." Mr. Spayth (so far as I know) never claimed other than a win for white after 2..6 at 15th move. See "A. D. P." variation 45.

(B)

5.. 9	18..25	7..10	27..24	W. wins,
25..22	29..22	same as game at 32d move.		

(C)

8..12	14..17	7..14	17..26	19..10
2.. 7				W. wins.

Game No. 1384—Irregular.

Played at Providence, R. I., between Mr. Freeman and Mr. C. F. Barker. Barker's move.

11..15	6..15	15..19	23..26	22..25
22..17	29..25	22..18	14..10	32..27
8..11	2.. 6	7..10	26..30	25..30
17..14	31..26	14.. 7	10.. 7	19..24
10..17	6.. 9	3..10	30..26	26..22
21..14	26..23	25..22	7.. 3	27..23
9..18	9..18	10..14	8..12	12..16
23..14	23..14	18.. 9	3.. 8	24..27
12..16	1.. 6	5..14	11..15	22..17
25..22	30..26	22..18	8..11	28..24
4.. 8	6.. 9	14..23	15..18	Drawn.
24..19	26..23	27..18	11..15	
16..23	9..18	19..23	18..22	
26..10	23..14	18..14	15..19	

Game No. 1385—Bristol.

The following two games are from the English Draught Player for April. Played between J. Smith and T. Smith, both of Spennymoor. T. Smith's move.

11..16	9..14	14..18	4.. 8	1..10
22..18	18.. 9	22..17	32..27	31..26
16..19	5..14	18..22	2.. 7	22..31
24..15	25..22	17..14	26..22	5.. 1
10..19	8..12	22..25	8..11	31..24
23..16	29..25	21..17	*13.. 9	28.. 3
12..19	10..15	25..29	6..13	13..22
21..17	27..24	14.. 9	22..18	1.. 6
7..10	3.. 7	7..10	15..22	W. wins.
17..13	25..21	9.. 5	24.. 6	

Game No. 1386—Fife.

Played at Cardiff between Mr. George Smith and Mr. J. A. Kear of Bristol. Mr. Smith's move.

11..15	26..23	12..16	1.. 6	25..30
23..19	4.. 8	15..11	18..14	17..14
9..14	28..24	16..19	11.. 7	19..23
22..17	8..12	32..27	14.. 9	27..24
5.. 9	19..15	6..10	7.. 2	30..25
17..13	11..16	9.. 6	9.. 5	6..10
14..18	15..11	2.. 9	6.. 1	18..22
19..16	16..19	13.. 6	10..14	13.. 9
12..19	24..15	10..15	2.. 6	23..27
26..23	7..16	25..22	14..18	9.. 6
19..26	23..19	1..10	6..10	22..26
30.. 5	16..23	5.. 1	18..22	6.. 2
15..18	25..22	30..25	10..14	26..31
24..19	18..25	22..17	22..25	2.. 6
10..14	27.. 9	25..22	14..17	27..32
31..26	25..30	17..13	15..18	Drawn.
8..11	29..25	22..18	1.. 6	

Solution of Position No. 935.

BY R. E. BOWEN.

10..15	6.. 2	22..26*	30..26	19..28
9.. 6	7..10	23..30	16..19	27..23
15..22	2.. 6	11..15*	26..22	*20..24

*The only moves to win.

Correspondence.

NORTH BROOKFIELD, MASS., April, 1882.

Checker Editor of The Globe:

DEAR SIR—By permission of Mr. Sawyer, I send you the following: Mr. Sawyer informs me that he is about to fit up a room for the accommodation of checker and chess players in his store, and which will be the headquarters for both games. He cordially invites all lovers of the game to call in and see him if they happen to be in the city. There are a few strong players in Worcester who will make it interesting for all visitors. The place is kept by Mr. F. B. Sawyer, No. 612 Main street, Worcester, Mass. A cigar store—sign, the Indian girl. Yours truly.

D. DICKINSON.

Checker News.

THE CHAMPION AT PAWTUCKET, R. I., AND ATTLEBORO, MASS.—Mr. Charles F. Barker commenced play on Monday, April 10, at Pawtucket, R. I., and after three days plays his score with the players of that place stood as follows:

Barker.....7	Lost.....	0	Drawn.....7

In Attleboro, Mass., Mr. Barker's score, after three days' play with the players of that place and vicinity is as follows:

Barker.....6	All others.....	0	Drawn.....2

Mr. Barker is expected to play in Haverhill, Mass., this week.

Mr. P. P. Cain and Mr. J. H. Irwin met across the board at the checker headquarters in New York City, and, after a hot contest of ten games, resulted in the following score:

Cain.....5	Irwin.....	0	Drawn.....5

We learn that this was most gratifying to the players present, as Mr. Irwin put himself out considerable to test his skill with the California giant.

Before Mr. P. P. Cain left for New York he played a series of twelve games with Mr. George Oak of this city, which resulted as follows:

Oak.....5	Cain.....3	Drawn.....4	

Mr. Wyllie, who has been playing in Canada for some time, will soon return to the States and proceed West. His score at Guelph, Ont., stands: Winning, 154; losing, 0; drawn, 9. He played last week in Thorold. We will give his score in that place in our next.

On invitation of the players of Danbury, Conn., Dr. Schaefer visited that city on "Fast day," and had a pleasant time with them at the game. His score stood at the close:

Schaefer.....6	Benedict.....0	Drawn.....2	
Schaefer.....8	Bigelow.....1	Drawn.....1	
Schaefer.....14	Earl, Sr.....0	Drawn.....1	
Schaefer.....12	Earl, Jr.....1	Drawn.....2	
Schaefer.....6	Murray.....1	Drawn.....1	
Schaefer.....10	All others.....0	Drawn.....2	
Totals.....56		3	9

—[Turf.

Mr. P. P. Cain informed us while at Providence, R. I., that he contested a series of twenty-five games with Mr. R. E. Bowen at Millbury, Mass. The score at the close stood:

Bowen.....10	Cain.....5	Drawn.....10	
Totals....35		7	20

Mr. A. Mathews of Schenectady, N. Y., sends us the following scores made by Dr. Clute while on a recent visit to that place:

Dr. Clute.....2	Fairgrieve.....2	Drawn.....2	
Dr. Clute.....2	Robinson.....2	Drawn.....6	
Dr. Clute.....6	Mathews.....1	Drawn.....10	
Dr. Clute.....4	H. S. Clute.....0	Drawn.....0	
Dr. Clute.....21	All others.....2	Drawn.....2	
Totals....35		7	20

THE GRIST MILL.

EDITED BY "COMUS."

Send all communications for this department to W. H. Todd, 157 Harrison avenue, Boston, Mass. Contributions and solutions solicited from all.

Solutions to the Grist Mill—No. 13.

No. 893.
ROMPU
OSARS
MARAI
PRAWN
USING

No. 894.
ADIEU
DANKS
DIDRI
EKTON
USING

No. 895.
ELIHU
LINES
INDRI
HERON
USING

No. 896.
CATES
ADONI
TOPAZ
ENATE
SIZEL

No. 897.
RACKS
AZANI
NAIAD
KNIFE
SIZEL

No. 898.
PACAS
AMARI
CADIZ
ARISE
SIZEL

No. 899.
FACAS
AHARI
CADIZ
ARISE
SIZEL

No. 900.
HOWEVER.

No. 901.
USING
SEDAN
IDARO
NAHUM
GNOME

No. 902.
SIZEL
IRISH
ZERDA
ENDER
LEARN

No. 903.
USING
SANER
INDRI
NERVE
GRIEF

No. 904.
YNYS
YACHT
SCARE
THROE
STEEL

No. 851—Numerical.

(To "Captain N. Frank.")

The *whole*, composed of 5 letters, is the highest member of a cornice.
The 1, 2, 3, 4, is a bird.
The 4, 3, 5, is gained.
The 2, 3, 4, is a file.
The 3, 4, 5, is to confess.
The 1, 3, 2, 5, is a plant.

Boston, Mass. SKELETON.

No. 852—Diamond.

1. A letter; 2. A Hebrew measure (obs); 3. A genus of sea-worms; 4. Reckoned; 5. A species of valerianella; 6. Captured a second time; 7. To lease; 8. A title; 9. A letter.

Boston, Mass. CLIO.

No. 853—Half-Square.

A. A coarse upper coat; 2. Zigzag centres on which the florets are arranged in spikelets of grasses; 3. One who speaks with a peculiar modulation of the voice; 4. Beat; 5. One who cleanses by the introduction of water; 6. To become different; 7. To convey on a certain vehicle; 8. A chariot of war; 9. Like; 10. A letter.

Natick, Mass. MYSTIQUE.

No. 854—Letter Enigma.

In poisoned points;
In pointed joints;
In lantern jaw;
In crescent saw;
In aching tooth;
In lovely Ruth.

The *whole*?
'Tis used
And oft abused
By you,
And me,
When writing; see?

New York City. TITUS MARX.

No. 855—Rhomboid.

Across—1. To enter upon the docket; 2. Part of a ship; 3. A corpse; 4. A rest-house; 5. Resembling a net.

Down—1. A letter; 2. A coin; 3. A bed; 4. We should never tell; 5. A female name; 6. A father; 7. An animal; 8. A pronoun; 9. A letter.

Boston, Mass. MOMUS.

No. 856—Diamond.

1. A letter; 2. Belonging to a female; 3. Rods used in billiards; 4. Vexes; 5. Semitone; 6. Requisites; 7. Telling again; 8. Bearing only stanzas (bot.); 9. The shin, or front part of the leg; 10. An animal (prov. Eng.); 11. A letter.

Boston, Mass. J. E. W.

No. 857—Charade.

I've an uncle in the country,
Where in spring I spend some days,
Watching all the sheep and horses
And cattle in the *primal* graze.

Uncle's wife is a nice woman,
And in time that long has past
Could lay claim, so he told me,
To being quite a charming *last*.

The total is a pretty plant,
Bearing showy, purple flowers,
In the *first* a-gathering them
I have spent some pleasant hours.

Aurora, Ill. NED HAZEL.

No. 858—Square.

1. A masculine name, 2. Commerce; 3. Fleet animals; 4. Skilful; 5. A bed for birds or insects.

Upper Gloucester, Me. DYKE CLEMENTS.

No. 859—Square.

1. A law-breaker; 2. born of the same mother but by a different father; 3. To stain again; 4. Young salmon on their return to fresh water; 5. Stuffs made of linen and wool (obs); 6. Greek or Latin proper name; 7. To retry.

Manayunk, Penn. DANDY LYON.

No. 860—Letter Enigma.

(Dedicated to "Knox.")

In general, never in sword;
In sling, never in cord;
In hole, never in bird;
In butter, never in curd;
In eat, never in drink;
Now to work, bustle think
And possible see, *whole* a world it will be.

Dorchester, Mass. OLIVE MOSSE.

No. 861—Reversed Rhomboid.

Across—1. A heavy built vessel; 2. Soft shining silks; 3. Birds' claws; 4. A Russian measure of length; 5. A male name; 6. A city of Russia.

Down—1. A letter; 2. A boy's nickname; 3. To petition; 4. Joins; 5. Men of wisdom; 6. Sulphuret of lead; 7. To reconcile; 8. One-tenth of an inch; 9. Existence; 10. For example; 11. A letter.

Lawrence, Mass. ARTHUR F. HOLT.

No. 862—Reversed Rhomboid.

Across—1. A shell-fish; 2. Concave mouldings; 3. To disperse; 4. To soil; 5. A dog that rouses game; 6. Writer (1770—1834); 7. Insolence of manner.

Down—1. A letter; 2. A point on the compass; 3. A mineral spring; 4. A gander (prov. Eng.); 5. A bound (Scot.); 6. Uncommon; 7. To sprinkle around; 8. A cottager; 9. Corrupt matter; 10. One who rests; 11. A bank of sand or gravel; 13. A letter.

Constitution, Penn. CHARLIE.

SOLUTIONS AND PRIZE-WINNERS IN FOUR WEEKS

Prizes.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE six months for first complete list.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE three months for next best list.

Accepted Grists.

CHARLIE—Reversed rhomboid, charade, inverted pyramid, and cryptogram.

NED HAZEL—Double acrostic, charade, letter enigma, double octagon, rhomboid, und rebus.

Prize-Winners.

1. Captain N. Frank, San Francisco, Cal.
2. Ned Hazel, Aurora, Ill.

The following sent correct solutions to the "Grist Mill" of March 28:

Capt. N. Frank, Ned Hazel, Sphinx, Mystique, O. Possum, Charlie, Maud Lynn, Trebor, Globe, George W. Warren, Mrs. Mary W., L. E. Vator, Annie S., Marble Table, A. J. K. and Mable D.

Chaff.

MR. G. M. C——K.—All words marked obsolete are allowable. Prefixes and suffixes are not allowable in the word hunt.

KROOK has opened a department in the Massachusetts Ploughman, and desires contributions from all our readers. Address John W. O'Keefe, 1 Lime-street place, Boston.

VIOLIN.—Sphinx desires us to tender you his hearty congratulations, on having become a beau of another sort. Do not lay aside the old bow wholly, nor yet use it so often that it will be worn out prematurely.

Word Hunt.

The great success which attended our word hunt of December has induced us to offer another array of substantial prizes for this month's competition, and we trust that the hunters will avail themselves of the opportunity to try for the prizes. For the three largest lists of words formed from the word BACHELOR we will award the following prizes:

1. Five dollars.
2. Three dollars.
3. One dollar.

CONDITIONS.

1. Only such words found in the body of "Webster's Unabridged Dictionary" will be allowed.
2. No letter must be used more than once in a word.
3. Abbreviations, biographical, geographical, proper names, nicknames and plurals are not allowed.
4. All lists of words must be arranged in alphabetical order, and in vertical lines.
5. Lists should be written on one side of the paper *only*. With each list should be sent a statement of how many words it contains.
6. In case of a tie between two or more contestants, other matter shall be considered in bestowing the award—such as the fewest number of mistakes in the selection of words, clearness, neatness and order in making up the lists.
7. All lists must positively contain a three-cent stamp, and be received on or before June 1, 1882.
8. Open to subscribers only, but subscriptions may be sent in with lists.

Address all lists to W. H. TODD, 157 Harrison avenue, Boston, Mass.

DIED.

ALLISON.—At East Boston, 7th inst., John W. Allison, 54 years.

MAUSHARDT.—In Boston Highlands, 19th inst., at her residence, 36 Whitney street, Effie, wife of Charles A. Maushardt.

MILLER.—In Cambridge, 14th inst., William F. Miller, 27 years 11 months 8 days.

McKENNA.—In Cambridge, 14th inst., John P., son of John and Mary P. McKenna, 11 months.

McNAMARA.—In Cambridge, 17th inst., Johanna McNamara, 41 years.

MUNROE.—In Cambridge, 17th inst., Ann Munroe, 79 years.

Obituary notices (including original poetry, will be inserted in this column at five cents per line.)

TO OUR READERS.

It will pay you to read every advertisement in this paper. When you answer them please do us the favor to say you saw the advertisement in THE WEEKLY GLOBE.

FREE TO YOU

We make the following extraordinary offers to every reader of this paper for the purpose of introducing our new works of art to every household, and to obtain agents. We propose to send absolutely free to any person the four beautiful engravings described:

Lord's Prayer.—This is just out and eclipses all others now in the market. It retails for fifty cents. We will send it free to any person who sends six cents in stamps to pay postage and roller. Don't fail to send for it.

Marriage Certificate.—This is engraving worth one dollar. It will be sent free to any one who sends 6 cents to pay postage and roller.

Longfellow.—This is a large copperplate engraving of the poet. It also contains picture of the house where he was born, his signature, and a picture of the poet seated in his library. Sells for fifty cents. We will send this free for 6 cents to pay postage and packing.

Garfield.—This is a large copperplate engraving of President Garfield which has sold for fifty cents. It will be sent free to any one who sends 6c. to pay postage and cost of roller.

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